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Mr Wm Foxton author of
The Marvellous Pl... Dove St.
Johnna Southcott, 45. 69 page 87

His man of Stokely, p 92-3

Regist office a play 160.

Johnna Southcott 45

Thos Thurst Light & ...

Ortho ...

Henry Heavener ...

Living in 1865 ...

Potato ...

Ship ...

Cholera ...

Tokens issued ...

Mounts,

Hornings ...

...

1842 Aug 22 Duke of Cambridge came to Darlington
 on his route to Wynyard - There was not much curiosity
 excited - on the platform the Duke ^X asked for an
 address - Lord Londonderry said, - "There ~~there~~ is
 none Sir" - "Eh! eh! what place is this" replied H.R.H.
 "Darlington, Sir" said the Marquis - "what is it famous
 for?" was the rejoinder, "Quakers" Eh! Eh! said H.R.H.
 "Quakers! Quakers, breed like rabbits - breed like
 rabbits" - Mr Joseph Peace, jun., unperceived being
 in waiting to offer beautiful grapes from Southend -
 Newburn's "Larchfield Diary" p61.

X The fat-headed fool deserved a bruching for his
 cheek! This





H. A. Adams del.

Henry Harrisides

in his 72nd year.

THE ANNALS
OF
STOCKTON-ON-TEES;
WITH
Biographical Notices.

BY HENRY HEAVISIDES,
AUTHOR OF
"THE PLEASURES OF HOME," "THE MINSTRELSY OF BRITAIN,"
"COURTSHIP AND MATRIMONY," ETC.

"I'll view the manners of the town ;
Peruse the traders, gaze upon the buildings,
And then return."

SHAKSPEARE.

STOCKTON-ON-TEES :
PRINTED BY H. HEAVISIDES AND SON.

1865.

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TO
JOSEPH DODDS, ESQ.,
OF STOCKTON-ON-TEES,
WHERE HE HAS RESIDED SO MANY YEARS,
AND WHOSE
INDEFATIGABLE EXERTIONS AND SUPERIOR ABILITIES HAVE
ALWAYS BEEN DEVOTED TO THE ADVANCEMENT
OF ITS INTERESTS,
THIS LITTLE WORK IS DEDICATED,
With Permission,
AS A TRIBUTE OF RESPECT FOR HIS PUBLIC SPIRIT
AND SERVICES,
BY HIS DEVOTED
AND HUMBLE SERVANT,
THE AUTHOR.

P R E F A C E.

It is now thirty-five years since the Rev. John Brewster published the second edition of his History of Stockton-on-Tees. Since that time a new era has dawned upon the town, and so many circumstances have lately arisen to give it a more important character by the development of additional sources of industry, that I was led to imagine, a work showing what it has been, and what it now is, published in a cheap form, would not be unacceptable to my fellow townsmen. Impressed with this idea, I commenced writing the present production, though, I must confess, under many disadvantages, which I need not here relate.

I deem it necessary, however, to remark, that in writing the work, I have endeavoured to give a faithful and an

impartial record of the annals of the town where I have so long resided, paying a "passing tribute" to the "Men that are Gone," who once lived in our midst, and also giving such reminiscences of past events as have come under my own observation. How far I have succeeded in accomplishing this object, I leave the reader to decide who may honour these pages with a perusal.

In conclusion, I return my grateful acknowledgments to those gentlemen who have favoured me with their obliging communications to the work, and particularly to John Reed Appleton, Esq., F. S. A., of Western Hill, Durham ; and, at the same time, I respectfully tender my best thanks to the numerous subscribers who have deemed it worthy of their support and patronage.

H. H.

STOCKTON-ON-TEES, 29th Nov., 1865.

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THE

ANNALS OF STOCKTON-ON-TEES.

THROUGHOUT the length and breadth of England numerous are the towns and cities that have sprung into existence and left no record whatever of their origin, or whence they derived their titles. Amongst this number may be included Stockton. Its origin is involved in obscurity, and how it obtained its appellation is unknown. One author states, that "It derived its name from the stocks or stumps of trees with which the site was formerly overspread," and another deems it not unreasonable to suppose, "That Stockton was originally a Danish post—a depot of plunder for Danish freebooters; or it might," he continues, "have been the medium of a more peaceable intercourse with the Baltic and the northern district of England—the word *Stock* signifying a fund or depository of goods," &c.

The statements, however, of these and other writers on this subject are merely supposititious; no reliance can be placed on them, as there is not a document extant to prove how, or at what period, Stockton came into existence or whence it derived its present title.

Mr. Brewster, in his History of Stockton, remarks, "Whether the town of Stockton derives its origin from its vicinity to the Castle, or whether the Castle was erected there for the convenience of the town, is neither easy nor material to determine." It is conjectured, however, that the manor-house at Stockton belonged about the time of the conquest to some of the Norman barons, by whom it was given to the See of Durham.

The bishops of Durham for a long period, in succession, resided at this manor-house, and it became one of their

favorite residences. Most of them were eminent for their piety, their learning, and liberality; and their power was so great, that they were more like secular princes than pious prelates: for, it is recorded that Bishop Bec, who granted a charter to Stockton in 1310, had at one time of his own family twenty ancient standard bearers, and "Commonly retained in his own livery one hundred and forty men and above;" and it is also stated, when another bishop, Richard de Bury, who resided at the castle in 1333, went on a mission to Rome, he was attended "When he came into the presence of the Pope and Cardinals, by twenty clerks, all attired in garments alike," and also with "thirty-eight livery men in another livery."

The prelates of Durham, in those days, took great delight in visiting the manor-house, and they spared no expense in improving and embellishing it, as most of them were opulent and lived in the greatest magnificence. In 1311, it was re-built by one of them, Bishop Kellow, on, it is stated, a "beautiful plan." It is supposed that, previous to the manor-house being re-built, it had been injured or destroyed by the incursions of the Scots who in this Bishop's time had "burnt the city of Durham, with a great part of the Bishoprick."

Like most of the edifices erected in former ages by those who professed the Romish faith, a beautiful situation had been chosen for the building of this princely residence, which commanded a fine view of the Tees winding its sinuous course towards the sea, and also a delightful prospect of the vale of Cleveland and its picturesque mountains, where

"Distance lends enchantment to the view."

At what period the manor-house became fortified and assumed the appearance of a castle there is no reliable data to prove. That it was fortified, we have no reason to doubt, as many traces of this lead to the conclusion, that on the east it was protected by the river, and on the other side it was surrounded by a deep moat. The ground foundations of the castle and the moat, however, are now scarcely visible, so much has the hand of modern improvement and the ravages of time altered their aspect. The ground on which the castle stood, and which still retains the name of Castle Field, was, a few years ago, purchased by the Messrs. Pease, of Darlington, for building purposes, and where the illustrious bishops of Durham once resided in stately magnificence, with their numerous retainers in livery, several streets have lately being

built, besides a Presbyterian place of worship, and spacious wine and spirit vaults, belonging to Messrs. Kirk and Co., and extending from the Bridge Road to the banks of the Tees.

It is unknown at what period Stockton became incorporated as a borough. It is supposed to have received this privilege from king John, when, according to report, he paid a visit to Philip de Poicteu, at Stockton Castle, between the years 1200 and 1208.

Owing to the frequent incursions of the Scots, Stockton suffered severely in 1325; but from an instrument dated 1344, it seems to have enjoyed an increasing trade at that time. This instrument, which altogether is a singular document, is from the Mayor and Bailiffs of Newcastle to the "Mayor, bailiffs, and burgesses of Stockton," calling upon the latter to observe certain usages and customs for the better regulation of the borough of Stockton. Amongst these usages and customs the following curious ones are enumerated in this document:—

"That every burgess *may have* a mill of his own upon his own land, house-mill, water-mill, or wind-mill; he may also have an oven or furnace, but not to bake bread *to sell*; and he may receive his neighbours unto his oven, save the Right of our Sovereign Lord the King, of furnace or bakehouse.

"Every burgess may have his own proper measure in his own proper house. The son of a burgess when he is at the finding or table of his father shall have the same liberty as his father hath.

"If the servant of a baron or knight be made a burgess, and shall remain within the borough one year and one day, without calumny of his lord or his bailiff, he shall be a burgess for ever.

"Every burgess may send his own corn to whatever mill he will.

"No merchant, not being a burgess of the town aforesaid, may buy in the town walls or hidings except it be of the burgesses of the town.

"Butchers which shall sell flesh dead of the murrain, or other flesh unwholesome or superseminating, shall be punished according to the statute, &c.

"Cooks which shall sell *pies half baked*, or flesh *not well sodd, or warmed*, according to the same statute, shall be punished.

"Hucksters shall be amerced at the first time which shall buy anything before the fifth hour, as forestalling; for the second fault, they shall forfeit the thing bought; for the third fault, they shall suffer the judgment *on the pillory*; and the fourth time they shall be imprisoned and redeemed; and the fifth time they shall abjure their office."

It appears by the document just quoted from, that Stockton at the time of its date, must have been a corporate town, with "Mayor, bailiffs, and burgesses," and a place of some consequence, otherwise the authorities of Newcastle would not have troubled themselves about giving advice to their neighbours at Stockton about putting into force the usages and customs they mention.

What the population of Stockton was at the date of the instrument alluded to cannot now be ascertained; but about forty-two years after this date a long account of both the manor and the borough was given in Bishop Hatfield's Survey, wherein he stated that there were thirty-nine tenants within the borough and forty-six without it. These were probably his own tenants; and amongst other curious matters, it is recorded in this survey, that adjoining the manor-house there was "*a park, with an ancient orchard,*" and *seven score acres* of demense meadow, lying in divers parcels, worth *three shillings an acre*, in all £21." "Divers pasture grounds," he continues, "were let for £6 13s. 4d., and the woods in the park for 16s. 8d. About this time, too, a *ship* was built at Stockton, and according to a register kept by Bishop Burnett, the charge connected with her building, including cost of pitch, nails, sawing, leading wood, carpenters' wages, &c., *only amounted to six pounds, five shillings, and tenpence half-penny!* What a great difference the alteration in the value of money has made since those days! The following items taken from these charges shew the remuneration that carpenters then received for their labour:—"Carpenters for the new ship, 7d.,—21s. Other carpenters at 6d.!" It may be presumed, therefore, that each carpenter received for his labour about *one penny per day!* !

Although the bishops of Durham resided occasionally for so long a period at Stockton, and though from time to time they granted charters to establish fairs in the borough to improve its markets, yet these fairs through time gradually declining, they at last were discontinued, and the trade of the

town became languid and lifeless—so much so, that at the Restoration, in 1600, it had become so poor, so despicable a place, that the best house in it could hardly boast of any thing better than clay walls and a thatched roof, and the whole town *only contained one hundred and twenty houses*, none of them built of brick, and many years after this even the mayor resided in a house with a *thatched roof*!

From the period just noticed, to the year 1717, little or nothing had been done towards improving the town. At this time, however, an order was given by the Corporation to have the principal street, the High-street, paved, which had never been paved, though, it is stated, that passengers were accommodated by *causeways*; and in 1735, the Tolbooth,* a miserable looking building, ascended by steps and built on open arches, was ordered to be pulled down and the present Town Hall erected in its stead.

The present Town Hall† is rather singular in appearance. I

* A school was kept in this Toll Booth, and the master was Mr. Robert Cockerill, who was the first schoolmaster that commenced teaching in the Charity School, opened in 1721, and now known as the Blue Coat Schools, on the Norton Road, and which have lately been re-built in an elegant style. Mr. Cockerill's father was captain of a ship. He was generally called "Old Cockerill," and in a violent storm, being washed overboard with one wave, and thrown on deck again by another, in pious remembrance of his remarkable escape, he would never afterwards suffer his beard to be shaved, and kept every Wednesday (the day of the week on which it happened) as a solemn fast. This is the age of beards, therefore no notice is taken now of the Cockerills of the present day.

† On the west side of the Town Hall there is a small dismal looking place, with a strong door and a little aperture in the wall having iron bars, which has frequently reminded me of the black hole I have seen in the Tower of London, where the brave and accomplished Sir Walter Raleigh was once imprisoned. This miserable looking place has been for many years used for storing away carriers' goods and for other purposes; but fifty years ago it went by the name of the "Black Hole," and was used as a kitty, where all culprits were placed in "durance vile" without light or a place on which to lie, until they were removed to appear before the magistrates to answer the charges brought against them. This place was not fit to imprison a cat in, let alone a Christian; and yet it was long employed as a lock-up to confine human beings. Happily at that period there were few offenders against the law in the town to what there are now. We had no police then;

impartial record of the annals of
so long resided, paying a "passi
that are Gone," who once lived
giving such reminiscences of p
under my own observation. How
accomplishing this object, I leave
may honour these pages with a pe

In conclusion, I return my grat
those gentlemen who have favoure
communications to the work, an
Reed Appleton, Esq., F. S. A., of
and, at the same time, I respectfu
to the numerous subscribers wh
of their support and patronage.

STOCKTON-ON-TEES, 29th Nov., 1861

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THE OF STOCKTON-ON-TEES.

length and breadth of England numerous cities that have sprung into existence, whatever of their origin, or whence they derive, amongst this number may be included Stockton, long in obscurity, and how it obtained its name. One author states, that "It derives its name from the stocks or stumps of trees which were overspread," and another deems it to suppose, "That Stockton was originally a depot of plunder for Danish freebooters, who, 'have been the medium of commerce with the Baltic and the northern seas, and the word *Stock* signifying a fund or deposit."

however, of these and other writers, supposititious; no reliance can be placed on a document extant to prove that Stockton came into existence or was entitled to the title.

In his History of Stockton, remarks, that the town derives its origin from its vicinity to the Castle was erected there, and the town, is neither easy nor pleasant, conjectured, however, that the name was given about the time of the conquest, by whom it was given to the town.

Durham for a long period, in a manor-house, and it became

believe there is no other structure in England in the same style of architecture, save the Town Hall at Yarm, which seems to be a vile imitation of its neighbour. But though the architecture of the present Town Hall of Stockton is so out of character with that of similar edifices in this country; yet, I must confess that I consider its spire by no means inelegant. It contains a bell, which is rung to inform the inhabitants when any fire takes place, and it likewise contains an excellent clock, presented, some years ago, by Robert Clarke, Esq., formerly recorder to the Corporation. The building has, at the north front, a handsome room, 46 feet long, now used as a justice room, but formerly it was a ball room, under the jurisdiction of the mayor.

In the last edition of Brewster's* History of Stockton, there

(Address of Cuthbert)

the only officers for preserving the peace were two constables, old Cuddy Robinson and old Prince. They were our protectors, our guardian angels in those days—and when any tumult took place, old Cuddy had only to appear and pull out his staff of office, and in a moment all was quelled. Poor Cuddy! It is a long time now since he quitted the stage of life. Though he was a terror to evil-doers, what a happy, good natured countenance he possessed! When the act for lighting the town with gas was put into force, a number of watchmen were engaged to protect life and property at night. In their new vocation what a row these old fellows used to kick up every night! They were nothing more than common disturbers, bawling out every hour the time of night and which way the wind blew, as though all the people in the town had vessels at sea and could not sleep for wanting to know the state of the wind. When these noisy Dogberrys went their rounds at night, there were more rows in the streets than have ever occurred either before or since, as their huge rattles were everlastingly going like so many alarm clocks, when any young bucks tormented them by way of a lark. It was a happy thing for the community when these noisy brawlers were discharged. What a nuisance they were. Since then, things have gone on in the right direction, a suitable police station having been built, and an effective police force established.

*The Rev. John Brewster, A. M., was a minister of the Church of England sixty-six years, the last twenty-eight of which he was incumbent of the parish of Egglecliffe, having previously held successively, the livings of Greatham, Stockton, Redmarshall, and Baldon. Numerous as his preferments were, they were conferred upon him solely from the high veneration which his diocesan entertained for his truly christian and zealous exertions. He published the second edition of his "History of Stockton"

is a wood engraving of an ornamental spur. In that work this spur is stated to have been found in "Digging for the foundation of a house between the situation of the Castle and the river Tees." We are told by the author that it resembles the spur of Charles I, and he says, "From the elegant appearance and decoration of this spur, why may we not presume that it made its appearance in a *Stockton ball room*!" Now when Brewster's History was in the press, and I was engraving a representation of the spur alluded to, I happened one day to call at a whitesmith's shop adjoining to the Castle Field, and observing some curious pieces of old iron in a box, I simply asked the owners of the shop, Messrs. Edward and William Fawell, the vulcans of the place, what they did with them. "Did with them," reiterated the elder vulcan, with a significant smile, "Why, we sell them to antiquarians who call upon us sometimes to see if we have any ancient relics dug out of the Castle Field. Of course whatever curious articles we meet with amongst the old iron we purchase, we say, they have all been dug out of the Castle Field. Mr. Brewster," he added, "often calls here to purchase antique articles which we say we have dug up, and he once bought an old curious spur of us, which we received along with a lot of old iron from Shields, and a rare good price we got for it. I wish we had plenty of such customers." Now this spur which came along with a lot of old iron from Shields is the identical spur that we are told in the History of Stockton "Might have made its appearance in a *Stockton ball room*!" I mention this to shew how easily antiquarians may be imposed upon.

I hope the reader will pardon me for introducing here a similar anecdote connected with antiquarian researches, as I cannot resist the pleasure of relating it.

when he was seventy-eight years of age. He was the author of several other works, mostly on religious subjects. When the History of Stockton was in the press I was then foreman at Messrs. Christopher and Jennett's printing establishment where it was printed. During the progress of the work, I had frequent interviews with the author, and I can truly say that I always found him kind and affable, and in every respect a pattern for any Christian minister. Though only an amateur, I engraved the whole of the illuminated and other wood cuts in the work alluded to. Mr. Brewster died at the Rectory, Egglecliffe, Nov. 28th, 1842, aged 89 years.

When Mr. Brewster's History of Stockton was published, I was much pleased to find in that able work, an elaborate account, occupying two pages and a half, of an ancient Teutonic well, said to have been recently discovered by John Hogg, Esq., near Billingham corn mill, and which well, it was stated, "Tended to prove the antiquity of Billingham and its Saxon origin."

"This simple well," states one part of the account, "consists of a huge lever, from the upper end of which a common bucket is suspended by a chain, and which is supported by a prop or *fulcrum*. The bucket is counterpoised by a large piece of sheet lead fastened to the lower end, and is in *equilibre* when it is filled with water. The fulcrum is the rough and unformed trunk of an ash tree, and the lever is a long branch of the same wood. The surface of the water, below that of the earth, is not more than two feet."

On perusing this account, which was accompanied by a wood engraving of the well, I was really at a loss to conceive why no one before Mr. Hogg had ever discovered this curious relic of the olden time, which had a tendency to throw such light on the beleaguered history of Billingham. The account, in consequence, excited my curiosity. I thought, therefore, that I would endeavour to see this ancient well with my own eyes; and though no antiquarian, I conceived the sight of such a Teutonic curiosity, which I naturally enough imagined had for centuries braved the unsparing ravages of time, would afford me no little gratification.

Impressed with this idea, I bent my steps, one fine summer evening towards Billingham mill, and after a most delightful walk through fields growing with flowers, and with a charming prospect, on my right hand, of the beautiful vale of Cleveland, I at last reached the street which I wished to behold. For some minutes I stood in silence, viewing it with the greatest attention, and, on the whole, I could not discover what this well had to do or see with the antiquity or the origin of Billingham. I most assuredly expected to find this "*ancient well*," as it was called, either built of stone or brick, or such hard and unyielding materials, in some measure able to resist for a long time the ravages of time. Nothing of the kind, however, existed there. The well, except the fulcrum and the lever, was composed of a few deal boards, arranged in a circle of about four or five feet in diameter. "What!"

I mentally exclaimed, "And is this the precious relic, the wonderful structure, never discovered till now? Is this the ancient well that tends to prove the antiquity of Billingham and show its Saxon origin? O monstrous! Away with the idea! How can such a flimsy, miserable-looking erection prove any thing of the kind? Why, we might as well say, and with equal truth too, that a Yorkshire cheese found near Guisbro' would tend to prove the antiquity and *Saxon* origin of that town!"

Just as I was indulging in this mental soliloquy, behold, the miller's man, with his flour-sprinkled jacket, made his appearance at the door of the mill, probably wondering what I was about in examining the well so long and so attentively. Thinking I might glean some particulars, relative to its erection, I advanced to him, and inquired how long he had been at the mill. He answered, in the broad Yorkshire dialect, "Why, aw deant know exactly—sum way about four years." "About four years," I reiterated, "And was the well standing when you came here?" "Oh, no," he replied, "My maister built it aboon twee years since. He yance had thoughts o' makking a pump there, but thinking a pump wad be expensive, he set to wark and maide what answers just as weel. He maide it efter 't fashion o' ane he saw sum where near Leeds, where he cums frae. *It's* a capital contrivance for getting up't watter, isn't it?" I answered in the affirmative. He then added, "Nut lang since aw saw a gentleman sort of a chap lying his lang length on yon bank, takking a drawing on't."

Thinking I had got a full history of this Well, I thanked him for the information he had given me, and bidding him "Good evening," I returned home, every now and then heartily laughing at the idea that the flimsy structure I had seen could in any way prove the antiquity of Billingham and show its Saxon origin.

I must not, however, forget to add, that this once singular well is not now in existence. It disappeared, alas, a few years ago. What a loss to Billingham! How vain would now be the attempt to prove its antiquity and *Saxon* origin!

But leaving this digression, let me return to the improvements that took place in the town in 1735. Though these improvements were in consequence of an order issued by the Corporation, and no doubt they added much to the comfort

and convenience of the inhabitants of the town; yet for many years afterwards, no steps were taken for its further improvement.

During a great part of the eighteenth century the approaches to Stockton from other places were in a wretched state. There was no communication with Sunderland except by going round by Durham, and agriculturists and others in Cleveland attending Stockton market, had either to go round by Yarm bridge, or cross the Ferry at the foot of Castlegate. Farmers and their wives then used frequently to ride together on horseback, the lady being seated behind her husband on what was called "a pillion," a kind of stuffed seat, and thus they were in the habit of contentedly jogging along. To accommodate those who travelled in this rude fashion there + used to be stone steps, called "Mounts," attached to every inn in Stockton, and other places, for the accommodation of parties who wished to dismount or mount on horseback. But these Mounts have long since disappeared. They vanished with sedans, pigtails, and hair powder,* at the beginning of the present century.

In 1666 the population of the town was only 544; but at the expiration of the year 1800 it had gradually, yet very slowly, risen to 3666, and at that period no fewer than 128 gentlemen had in succession filled the office of mayor since the year 1495! But though the town had had so many mayors, though it had been governed so long by a corporate body, yet it was not until a little after the middle of the last century that it began to show much symptoms of important improvement. The building of a bridge across the Tees, the formation of turnpike roads, the erection of shambles, the building of a theatre, and the pulling down of the old covered cross and erecting the present elegant Doric Column on the site where it stood, all tended to prove the progression of the

* At the close of the eighteenth century, pigtails and hair powder were considered necessary appendages to every well-dressed gentleman. When I belonged to the band of the Darlington Volunteers, I remember having wasted many a bit of soap and many a pound of flour when dressing for parade, though I was only a youngster; but at that time it was considered not regimental unless both boys and men appeared on parade with their polls besmeared with vile soap and flour. Methinks I still see the old dredging box that formed then so necessary a part of my toilette.

+ *Stockton Mounts*

town. The old Cross was a shabby-looking structure of a square form, with open arches on each side to admit the market folks, and when it was pulled down, it is recorded, there were great rejoicings and the very spouts were made to run with wine !

For a considerable period before the formation of turnpike roads to Stockton, and the opening of its present stone bridge across the Tees, the weekly markets and general trade of the town seemed at a standstill, or rather in a retrograding state. Its shops were few and mean—its markets badly attended, and as scantily supplied—and the fairs granted to it by the bishops of Durham had all gradually declined, and at last had been discontinued. And how could this be otherwise ? How could its trade extend, its markets improve, its inhabitants thrive, when there was no access to it save by paveless roads, frequently impassable, and a miserable kind of Ferry boat at the foot of Castlegate, where a toll was levied for taking passengers and agricultural produce across the river, horses being charged one penny a head, sucking calves a half-penny a head, oxen or cows twopence each, and sheep, lambs, or swine twopence a score. These tolls were levied by the See of Durham; but they ceased to exist when the bridge was opened, and an indemnity was made for the loss of them. By an ancient custom the inhabitants of Stockton were allowed the privilege of passing and repassing the river in this boat, each *paying a cake, value, fourpence*, twice a year, save when it was frozen, and then they were obliged, by some ancient custom, to pay a half-penny going and a half-penny coming, probably at the risk of losing their lives or getting a good ducking on a cold winter day !

The beginning of the present century presented a more cheering aspect in the trade of Stockton, as two important Shipping Companies were formed—one called the "Maritime Shipping Company," and the other "The Merchants' Shipping Company," for the purpose of conveying goods to and from London. These companies commenced with the most flattering prospects of success. They were dissolved, but, phoenix-like, others rose in their stead, and to the present day the trade carried on by them to London, has been beneficial to the town as well as to the country around it. Soon after, the Cut* at

* Mr. EDMUND HARVEY. The idea of making a cut or channel at this

Portrack Point was opened by the firing of guns, &c., and three sloops, the custom house boat, the Redcar life boat, and numerous pleasure boats, sailing through it. This Cut shortened the distance from Stockton to the sea nearly three miles. It is only 220 yards across. It cost £12,163 5s. 4d. and was opened on the 18th September, 1810.

What changes, in a short lapse of time, take place both in the natural and the social world—changes which we seldom heed, yet they come and pass before us like the shifting scenes in a panorama! How few now live to recollect the time when vessels bound to Stockton had to sail round by Mandale and Portrack, where they frequently had to wait for days for a fair wind before they could reach that port. The Tees, however, still rolls on, the Cleveland hills still lift their bleak summits towards the skies, but the eyes of most of those who looked upon them when this cut was opened are now closed in death. What changes the unsparing hand of death makes in a few years! The gentlemen who formed the corporation of Stockton in 1823, thirteen years after the cut was opened, were John Wilkinson, Esq., mayor—Leonard Raisbeck, Esq., recorder,—William Sleigh, Watson Alcock, John Hutchinson, Richard Dickson, Henry Hutchinson, William Braithwaite, Thomas Jennett, William Skinner, Sen., Richard Jackson, Sen., Esquires, aldermen, and Mr. Henry Wade Foxton, town serjeant—and yet all these gentlemen are gone, not one of them is now living; the remembrance of their worth and virtues is all that survives them.

place was conceived and advocated so early as 1769, by Mr. Harvey, pewterer, a respectable though obscure tradesman in Stockton. He was no doubt the first person that commenced a ragged school, as he educated at his own expense, half a dozen poor boys, whom he used to take every Sunday morning to the parish church. He afterwards added six girls to his school, and, by the bounty of his friends, hired a young girl to teach them sewing. Mr. Henry Mellanby was one of his pupils. He was for a long period a clerk in Mr. Bayley's office, solicitor. On Mr. Harvey's death, he wrote an elegy to his memory, and he composed an address, delivered at the opening of the Mechanics' Institute. He was the author of "Robin Redhead's Whisky," a poem, possessing some poetic merit, and he was one of the many rhymesters of that day who contributed to the "Stockton Bee" under the signatures of *Vitringa*, *Nendangling*, *Evanthus*, ~~*Landdangling*~~, and other strange and uncouth names.

As the whole of these gentlemen took an active part in advancing the interests of Stockton, I hope the following brief notices of them will not be considered out of place :—

JOHN WILKINSON, Esq. During his mayoralty in 1825, the present shambles were erected, which, at the south end, bear his name. The old shambles were a disgrace to the town. When the workmen commenced pulling them down, in 1821, the remnant of the old Volunteer Band mustered on the occasion and played "The Downfall of Paris." When down, the high-street had a noble appearance, and it was against the wish of a large majority of the inhabitants that they were re-built. The opposition to this measure was so great, that the building when being erected was twice levelled to the ground. The street would have looked decidedly better without any shambles. The then poet laureate of the town, Thomas Webber, in some verses at that time published by him, thus alludes to the subject :—

"The *Shambles*, as some people say,
Demand my chief attention,
Since they have been on many a day
A subject of contention;
And sure it was humorous to see
The war when hottest reigning,
And hear when in emergency
Some gallant chief complaining;
To see the Architect sublime,
And with him many others,
With bricks and mortar, spades and lime,
Like true Masonic brothers,
Prepare the *Shambles* to erect,
And hear the opposition
Swear they would send the Architect
And crew into perdition;
And if (lest angry critics lash)
The truth must be indited,
The walls fell with a dreadful crash
And numbers were delighted."

Mr. Wilkinson, after having seen better days, died at an advanced age in extreme poverty in the town where he had been twice mayor.

LEONARD RAISBECK, Esq., was for many years recorder of the corporation, and on the 9th of January, 1824, he was presented

by the mayor, aldermen, and other members of the corporate body, with an elegant epergne, value £100, as a mark of esteem for his services, and for the great zeal and exertions he had always displayed in promoting the general prosperity of the town. In his demeanour he was always affable and gentlemanly, and in his habits of business extremely punctual. As colonel of the Stockton Volunteers, he was presented by the members of that corps with a handsome sword, mounted with gold, and two silver goblets, when it was disbanded. Mr. Raisbeck died July 26th, 1845.

WILLIAM SLEIGH, Esq. This gentleman, a native of Stockton, was the son of Charles Sleigh, Esq., by Mary Sutton, daughter of William Sutton, Esq., and sister of George Sutton, of Elton. Entering the 19th regiment of foot in early life, he served in the American war, and was present in two actions. After various promotions, he was made, in 1794, Lieutenant Colonel of the 83rd. On retiring from the army, he returned to Stockton, where he died, from an attack of paralysis, at the advanced age of 66, on the 13th of February, 1825. He was an experienced and judicious officer, gentlemanly and pleasing in his manners, both in public and private, and an upright magistrate in his native town, the interest and prosperity of which he was always desirous to promote.

WATSON ALCOCK, Esq. An eminent surgeon in the town, and twice elected mayor. After spending many years in the discharge of the duties of his arduous profession, he enjoyed the evening of his life in retirement at his residence in the Square, Stockton, where he died at an advanced age. He left two daughters, one of whom died, and the other married the Rev. Masters White, of Rotherdam, near Sheffield.

JOHN AND HENRY HUTCHINSON were bankers in Stockton. The former was the father of the late George William Sutton, Esq., of Elton Hall, who assumed the name and arms of Sutton on the death of his uncle, George Sutton, who died at the advanced age of eighty-two, and bequeathed his estates to his grand nephew. Mr. John Hutchinson, had, like his talented son, George William, a taste for literature, and he was, I believe, one of the contributors to the Stockton Bee, a local magazine, published during the latter part of the last century. He died in 1833, aged 64 years. The bank of Messrs. Hutchinson & Co. was established in 1785, and, in 1824, a most expert robbery was committed on it as follows:—

A box belonging to them, containing £8,000, was stolen from the mail coach at Stockton, at three o'clock in the morning, while a change of horses was taking place as it stood in front of the Vane Arms Hotel. £200 were immediately offered for such information as might lead to the discovery and conviction of the offender. The tin box was under the direction of Mr. John Dobson, a clerk belonging to the Tees bank, who did not miss it until he reached Sunderland, when, on looking for it, he found to his great horror that it had gone. He had placed it when at Stockton under his seat, shutting the empty coach door; but before he had left the mail eight paces, a London thief, as it afterwards appeared, wrapped in a dreadnought coat, had opened the opposite door and made off with the booty, and that on the night in question a chaise and four had taken him from the next stage to London, without losing much time by the way, or leaving any trace behind. Advertisements were inserted in the London papers offering a handsome reward for a tin box lost at Stockton containing a large sum of money; but no reply was made until a month had elapsed after the bank had ceased advertising. Then came a letter from London to the bankers, saying, that the writer knew of a tin box found at Stockton on the night named, and that it would be returned in exchange for a draft for £2000 and £700 more for expenses; but, in the meantime, there must be a bond of security forwarded for the fulfilment of the contract, and no questions were to be asked. This looked like compounding a felony, so a compromise was attempted, but it was never answered. The full terms were then concluded, and the bond of security dispatched; and eight hours before the mail that carried it returned, a person with the appearance and address of a gentleman, with an easy and confident air, walked into the bank with the identical tin box, and an open note which told its own tale, simply soliciting an answer. The stranger was paid over £2,700, and left the bank with a bow to the manager, Mr. Hutchinson, but without uttering a syllable, and posted back to London, as he came, with four horses. A few days after, the manager received a case of excellent wine, value about £30, and a note thanking him for his good faith, complimenting him on his business habits, telling him that the expenses of his party in the transaction had been heavy, as they had made four attempts before they succeeded, and concluded by an offer of similar services, if the writer should be fortunate enough ever again

to render them necessary. What an expert fellow this London thief must have been !

THOMAS JENNETT, Esq. A printer and bookseller in Stockton, who died June 27, 1846, aged 77 years. Mr. Jennett and my father served their apprenticeships together with Robert Christopher, Esq., who was more than half a century a respectable printer in the town. Mr. Christopher afterwards took Mr. Jennett into partnership, and I was foreman in the printing office of their establishment for the long period of forty-two years. Mr. Jennett was the first magistrate under the new Municipal Act. He continued an alderman to the time of his death, and no man ever enjoyed a larger share of well-merited popularity among his fellow-townsmen and neighbours. Perhaps no one had a better opportunity than myself of ascertaining and appreciating his virtues. I was thirty-one years in his service, and during that time I never received a harsh expression from him. In the domestic circle, Mr. Jennett was ever the life and soul of all around. A better husband, a firmer friend, a more affectionate parent could not be. As a master he was invariably kind and affable. Few masters are like him at the present day. He possessed, too, a truly benevolent heart, and was naturally of so amiable, so cheerful, and so happy a disposition, that his benign countenance, generally lit up with a smile, at once showed that the base passions of human nature had no place whatever in his bosom. He was three times mayor of Stockton, and his funeral was one of the largest ever known in that town.

RICHARD DICKSON, Esq., was for more than half-a-century a respectable draper in the town. Having amassed a fortune by his attention to business, he retired from it, and died at Stockton, June 14th, 1850. At his funeral all the shops in the town were closed the whole of the day, as a mark of respect.

WILLIAM SKINNER, Sen., Esq. He was a banker in the town, much respected, and father to the present William Skinner, Jun., Esq., who has five times filled the office of mayor of Stockton, and who for many years has taken an active part in all public matters connected with the town. He was mayor in 1827, when the Duke of Wellington visited Stockton, and he had the honor of proposing the noble duke's health on that memorable occasion.

RICHARD JACKSON, Esq., was a great number of years a respectable currier in the town, and, taking an active part in its public affairs, he was elected mayor in 1821. His manners were pleasing, his integrity unimpeachable, and, as a master, he was kind and liberal to those in his employment. The present Richard Jackson, Esq., his son, who follows the same business as his father, has also filled the office of mayor of Stockton.

WILLIAM BRAITHWAITE, Esq. He resided in High-street, No. 39, where for a long time he carried on business as a wholesale merchant. He was mayor in 1818, when the kingdom from one end to the other was in a fearful state of political agitation, and it was dangerous for any liberal-minded person to give expression to his political sentiments. All classes of men were then thrown into prison for uttering the slightest thing against the existing government. Thanks to a free press, we live in an age now when acts of this description would not be tolerated. Mr. Braithwaite, at this perilous time, discharged his duties as chief magistrate of the town in a very judicious and liberal manner. He died in 1829, aged 57 years.

MR. HENRY WADE FOXTON. He was originally a spirit merchant in Ramsgate. He afterwards removed to the Hotel at the Town Hall, which he took with the tollage of the markets. He was many years town serjeant in the corporation, and adjutant in the Stockton Volunteers. When this corps was on permanent duty three weeks at Hartlepool, it was quite a treat to hear the adjutant give the word of command, with his stentorian voice, as the men went through the platoon exercise, and to see at the same time the little dapper sergeant-major, Tommy Hunter, the tinner, watching every movement with the sharp eye of a lynx, while Tom Paul, the stay maker, as fogleman, charmed every one with his unique and graceful evolutions. They were glorious days these, when our brave defenders were at Hartlepool, and they kept so sharp a look out to deter old Buonaparte from landing. During the time this corps served their king and country in the Hartlepool campaign, (for the good queen Victoria did not reign then,) they never made any charge except charging their glasses; which, it is said, they did in the best and most soldier-like style, often chanting in their merry moods such ditties as the following:—

"We soldiers drink, we soldiers sing,
We fight our foes, and love the king,
With all our wealth two words impart,
A knapsack and a cheerful heart.
While the merry, merry fife and drum
Bid intruding care be dumb,
Sprightly still we sing and play,
And make dull life a holiday."

Aye, they were glorious days these at Hartlepool to those who served in that never-to-be-forgotten campaign. I never met with one that did, but he was garrulous as an old woman when talking about it.

Soon after the opening of the Cut, the east side of the High-street was flagged, and two years afterwards the west side. In consequence of the increased facilities for then advancing the trade of the town, the shops on both sides of the principal street, the High-street, became more numerous and showy; and this street, which is about three quarters of a mile long and sixty yards broad, is now considered to be one of the handsomest in the north of England.

In 1822 the first rail in the railway world was laid near St. John's Well, at Stockton, by T. Meynell, Esq., of Yarm, in the presence of the late George Stephenson; and about two hundred stalwart navvies walked in procession from the market-place, accompanied by a large concourse of people, to witness the interesting ceremony. Who would have thought then that the laying of this rail would have led to the formation of the numberless railways that have since sprung into existence all over the world!

On the 27th of September, 1825, this railway was opened by a procession from the permanent steam engine near Brusselton Tower to the town of Stockton. The day being beautiful, it was a glorious sight to behold the locomotive engine, quite a curiosity then, advancing towards the station, with its cloudy machinery, dragging at its heels, like a mighty conqueror, a long train of waggons, being the first coal borne on a railway, besides a number of carriages laden with hundreds of holiday folks, accompanied by a band of music. The train arrived at Cottage Row, which was the terminus then of the line, where the engine continued two or three days an object of great interest. This engine, the first employed on a railway with passengers, is mounted on a pedestal, opposite

the railway station at Darlington, where it stands as a great curiosity.

The credit is generally given to Edward Pease, of Darlington, for being the originator of the Stockton & Darlington railway. I have strong reasons, however, for believing that a gentleman from Wales, brother to the late Rev. Mr. Bradley, of Yarm, was the projector of this railway; as, in order to induce capitalists to embrace his project and carry it into execution, he published many important papers on the subject, wherein he strongly pointed out the advantages that the construction of a railway would have to the formation of a canal from the Collieries to Stockton—a report of the survey for which canal had previously been made by Mr. Rennie in 1811. A writer in *Frazer's Magazine* for May, however, observes, "To the success of the Stockton and Darlington Railway may be traced the rise of all others. We hope the time may never come, when the millions at home and abroad, who enjoy the advantages of railways, have forgotten that they owe them to Edward Pease, of Darlington." It would be idle to relate the endless opposition he received, the hostility of antagonists, the cold support of friends, the vexatious obstacles, the absurd objections, the doubts of some, the prejudice of others, and the ignorance of all. Confident in his judgment, ready in resource, undismayed by difficulties, with indomitable energy and perseverance, he gradually surmounted every thing; and it remains a striking instance of foresight, that, without any experience, and with 'all the world before him where to choose,' he selected, what, to an ordinary observer, is an unpromising district, and made the first and successful railway."

The opening of the Stockton and Darlington Railway led to the erection of a number of staithes or "drops" opposite the terminus at Cottage Row, for the shipment of coals for exportation, brought by rail from the collieries. The erection of these staithes raised an expectation that Stockton was about to become a seaport for the exportation of coals, and in 1826 the first coals shipped on the Tees were shipped from them.

In 1822, "The Union Shipping Company" was formed, having for its object the improvement of the trade and commerce of the town, which at that time was in a languishing state. The projector of the company was Mr. Andrew Brown, a shrewd, worthy man, who carried on an iron foundry in the town. This company began with a very small capital, but in

December, 1835, it had increased to £12,000, and the average dividend for the three preceding years was $16\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. Its immense success, no doubt, led to the formation of "The Commercial Shipping Company" in 1834, also with a small capital, which afterwards rose to £12,000. In the same year, "The General Shipping Company" was formed with a capital of £22,000, and with the most sanguine anticipations of success. About this time other shipping companies were originated having the same object as those I have noticed. Though the shareholders belonging to these companies took shares, some from one object and others from another; yet they all took them with the notion that the various speculations would tend to improve the trade of the town as well as bring good dividends into their own pockets. The result was, that nearly all the capitalists and tradesmen in the town became shareholders. A kind of mania was abroad for investing in shipping speculations,—and butchers, bakers, tailors, store-dealers, and others in the town talked about "Our ships" as though they were great shipowners. Men were placed upon the committees for managing the affairs of the various companies who knew nothing of maritime matters, and even did not know the difference between starboard and port. All of a sudden they became, in their own estimation, important commercial gentlemen, managers of ships, and every one was so lifted up with sanguine anticipations of the result of their respective speculations that they imagined Stockton would soon become a second Liverpool! Those who entertained these sentiments had not the least idea that Stockton as a port was too great a distance from the sea for exporting coal—they never imagined that in this traffic, Middlesbro', being a much shorter distance, would become a formidable rival—and that West Hartlepool, which then only comprised a few miserable-looking houses, most of them tenantless, would all at once, as it were, spring into existence, like Aladdin's palace, with docks, close to the sea, capable of holding hundreds of colliers and other vessels of great tonnage.

In consequence of so many new companies entering into the export trade at Stockton, and the great demand for coal from the river Tees, the receipts of the duties of customs at that port rose, from the year 1836 to 1840, from £54,477 0s. 4d. to £97, 22s. 1d., and the number of vessels, belonging to the port was as follows:—

YEAR.	SHIPS.	TONNAGE.
1836	126	17,394.
1838	218	39,566.
1840	272	51,386.

And the number of vessels with their tonnage that cleared outwards from and to foreign ports, for five years, were as follows :—

YEAR.	SHIPS.	REGISTERED TONS.
1836	327 outwards with coals, &c.,	33,766
	90 inwards with cargoes	13,484
1838	637 outwards with coals, &c.,	65,600
	124 inwards with cargoes	20,250
1840	923 outwards with coals, &c.,	102,184
	163 inwards with cargoes	25,960

From these statements it will be seen that in the course of five years, up to the year 1840, the receipts of the duties of customs were *nearly doubled*, the number of vessels belonging to the port, with their tonnage, *more than doubled*, and the number and tonnage of vessels in the foreign trade *more than trebled*.

In the year above noticed, the population of the town had increased to about 9,000, so that from the beginning of the present century it had multiplied at the rate of 150 per cent. The trade and commerce of the town and its weekly markets were both then in a most flourishing condition. New schools, new chapels, new streets, and new shambles had arisen. The town, moreover, was now lighted with gas, railways were in operation at both ends of it, the highway of the Tees from the sea to Stockton had been shortened by two important cuts, and on every side there were signs of increasing industry and prosperity.

The extension of Stockton at that time was particularly owing to the enterprising spirit of Mr. William Smith, a builder, who purchased ground both on the north and the west of the town, where he built a number of streets, besides the present Methodist chapel in Brunswick-street, and thus gave the first impulse towards the present extension. Previous to this gentleman's speculations a house for many years had not been built in Stockton. In this respect, it had been at a stand-still for many years. Improvement in the town, like a wounded snake, had long "dragged its slow length along,"

and scarcely left any perceptible marks of its progress. We live in a different age now. A revolution has taken place in the mechanical world, and the active genius of man has developed, both in art and science, a thousand things for our benefit and convenience which our forefathers never dreamt of, and which they would be astonished to see could they rise from their graves.

Mr. Smith was not only an active speculator in building streets at Stockton, but he was the projector and builder of the extensive pottery now carried on at South Stockton under the firm of Messrs. Skinner and Co. Many of the goods manufactured at this establishment are fine specimens of British workmanship, and, for exquisite beauty, they can scarcely be excelled. Mr. Smith may not inaptly be termed the founder of South Stockton, as the erection of a pottery there, and the cottages adjoining it, certainly formed the nucleus which led to the formation of that increasing place, which now contains about 5,000 inhabitants.

In the summer of 1840, about the period I am speaking of, when Stockton exhibited so many marks of growing prosperity, a volume made its appearance in the literary world, entitled "The Spas of England," by A. B. Granville, M.D. and F.R.S., which volume contained a short description of that town, so entirely destitute of truth and so grossly libellous that I have no hesitation in saying, this *learned* doctor, this fellow of the Royal Society, knew as much about Stockton, its trade, its commerce, and its residents as he knew about the man in the moon. This must have been the case; or otherwise when he *honoured* the town with a visit, his organs of vision had been much impaired, or his intellects somewhat disordered by drinking the nauseous Spas he had visited.

Dr. Granville tells us in his book, that after leaving Dinsdale Spa he reached Stockton in an omnibus, and was soon "comfortably ensconced in the commercial room at the Vane Arms Hotel." He forgets to tell us that, on leaving this inn in the evening, he sauntered into the market place, where some person was haranguing a crowd of people from the market cross, and that, on his rudely interrupting the speaker, he was obliged to beat a retreat and take shelter in the inn where, according to his own account, he had been so "comfortably ensconced."

The doctor in his notable volume, after speaking very disrespectfully of Stockton, goes on to say, that it is losing its topographical character and *is become quite insignificant*. He then thus continues:—"A visit to the water side soon convinced me of this; and a further inspection of the principal streets, exhibited to my view the inevitable effects of such a change. I found every part near the water side in a deplorable state of dirt, and most of the streets branching off from the long and wide main street, and leading or descending toward the river, narrow and filthy. In the upper part of the town, towards the back of the old church, many of the houses, still retaining their showy fronts, were closed—the grass growing in the middle of the streets—and some of the latter, which seemed quite new, were unpaved and steeped in mud."

What a fine picture is this of Stockton, drawn by the inimitable pen of A. B. Granville, M.D. and F.R.S. ! Who, that has seen Stockton, will say the representation is correct? Many of the houses, still retaining their "Showy fronts," were closed, says he, "and the grass growing in the middle of the streets!" What a dismal description! Why, we might be led to imagine from the doctor's account that the town had been swept by the besom of desolation, and imagining this we might exclaim with the poet:—

"Where is Stockton?

She lives but in the tale of other times;
Her proud pavilions are the hermit's home,
And her *desolate houses*, her public walks,
Now faintly echo to the pilgrim's feet,
Who comes to muse in solitude and trace,
Through the *rank grass* revealed, her honoured dust."

How refreshing is the contrast from the pen of the late Rev. John Brewster, who, in his History of Stockton, says, most truthfully, "It is generally acknowledged that Stockton is one of the handsomest towns in the north of England. Its beauty, besides its situation on the winding banks of a fine river, consists in the breadth of its main street, and the neatness and elegance of its buildings." Brewster likewise remarks "That the streets are *clean* compared with the streets of other towns.

It would be difficult, I believe, to find a town better paved than Stockton, or one in general that has fewer drawbacks on the beauty and neatness of its appearance. All towns, more

or less, have drawbacks of some kind. Where, I ask, is the populous place that has not its "Winding lanes and narrow rows," where idleness begets poverty, and poverty creates filth?

"Places like these the noblest town endures,
The gayest palace has its sinks and sewers."

We are next told by Dr. Granville that the people of Stockton "Appeared squalid and ill-dressed—*discontented and not well-looking!*" What a sweeping charge is this! A charge against all the inhabitants of the town, including even the ladies, whose "Matchless beauty" has been sung since the days of Ritson, of antiquarian fame, to the present period. Ritson, in some verses, addressed to the ladies of Stockton, first printed in 1772, and afterwards reprinted in London in 1824, thus sings of them:—

"Where Tees in sweet meanders slowly glides,
And gently murmuring rolls his easy sides,
There stands a town with peace and plenty crowned,
For wit, for wealth, for loyal sons renowned;
Far famed for dames, wise, charitable, chaste,
And first in *beauty's annals* ever placed!"

Now in opposition to the statements made by this wholesale calumniator, Dr. Granville, I venture to affirm, that the ladies of Stockton at present are equally worthy of praise for their beauty and refinement as they possibly could be in the days of Ritson. "The people of Stockton," however, says Dr. Granville, "Are squalid, ill-dressed, discontented, and not well-looking." According to his account, what a set of miserable, ugly beings the inhabitants must be! Why, he has not the generosity to give them one redeeming good property. But, let me ask, did this unscrupulous calumniator, this visitor of spas, ever see the lovely groups of elegantly dressed ladies when gracing the ball room in Stockton? Did he ever witness the galaxy of female beauty in more humble life annually displayed at its public tea meetings? Did he ever behold the members of its various benevolent societies walk in procession in the town, dressed not like artisans, but like so many opulent tradesmen? Had he ever had opportunities of beholding the happiness and domestic comfort enjoyed by its inhabitants at their own comfortable homes? Oh, no! not he. He had never beheld any of these pleasing and interesting pictures of their real condition, or he would have been

constrained to acknowledge that no people dressed better and looked happier than the kind-hearted courteous, and liberal inhabitants of the very town he has so unjustly libelled.

What could Dr. Granville know of Stockton? By visiting the Vane Arms Hotel, and sauntering an hour or two about the town, was it at all likely that he, a stranger, could acquire much information respecting its commerce or trade, or form a correct estimate of the character, habits, and pursuits of its various residents? Besides, at the time he visited Stockton, it was never in a more prosperous state. Not a single person was out of employment. "Bricklayers, masons, and mechanics," he says himself, "could then command from 22s. to 24s. per week wages, and shipbuilders as much as 30s. per week. How then, I ask, was it possible the inhabitants could appear so "Squalid, so ill-dressed, so discontented" as he represents. The theatrical season, too, at that time, was never more prosperous. Whilst other theatres were then playing to "A beggarly *array* account of empty benches," the average receipts weekly at the Stockton theatre amounted, to my knowledge, to nearly £70. This, then, is surely indicative that the people in Stockton were not in that "Miserable, abject, and wretched" state described by Dr. Granville, seeing that they spent so large a sum per week merely for the sake of being amused.

It has often been observed that travellers see strange things. This, no doubt, is true in many instances; but not unfrequently we may learn, from their own wonderful accounts, they see what no one else ever saw but themselves. Too often leaving the province of reality, they soar into the regions of improbability while detailing their travels, and then "bodying forth the form of things unknown," they give

"To airy nothing

A local habitation and a name."

Probably it was the perusal of such wonderful accounts by lying authors that induced the celebrated Dean Swift to write the marvellous travels of Mr. Lemuel Gulliver and the no less wonderful adventures of the redoubtable Baron Munchausen, which, generally speaking, are more amusing and interesting, equally as veritable, and as much to be credited as the contents of many of the publications issued into the literary world, under the head of travels, tours, or other imposing titles, amongst the number of which I do not hesitate

to class "The Spas of England," by A. B. Granville, M. D. and F.R.S.

But to return. Mr. Thomas Webber, the author of "Stockton, a poem," published in 1830, alludes to its port, in the following lines:—

"Here ships of commerce now unfurl their sails,
And weekly, daily, court the favouring gales,
To steer to neighbouring ports or foreign climes,
Unknown, unheard of, in remoter times,
When Navigation and her sisters were
Compelled, constrained, to languish and despair.
Here, in despite of each malignant art,
The *Coal Trade* forms a most distinguished part."

In a note to these lines, the author says, "Those who ridiculed the idea of Stockton becoming a port of any importance for the shipment of coals will be surprised to learn that no fewer than 101 vessels were laid on for coal cargoes from the 1st to the 31st of March inclusive, in the present year, 1830."

From this statement it seems there were persons then who ridiculed the idea of Stockton becoming a port of any magnitude for the shipment of coals. This idea, however, was not considered in any way ridiculous by the shareholders of the various companies shipping coal at Stockton. So long as these shareholders obtained good dividends, which they did at first, they believed they had made capital investments, and that the coal trade would continue to be prosperous and be the making of themselves as well as Stockton. But these ideas ultimately proved delusive. After their vessels had been in operation a few years, a series of unforeseen circumstances led to such untoward results, that the whole of these companies were dissolved one after another, their vessels were sold, and the "drops" where coals were shipped vanished "Like a vision," and thus the export coal trade at Stockton became numbered amongst "The things that were."

The failure of these companies was attributed to different causes. Some thought they failed from want of unity on the part of the shareholders, many of whom, it was said, looked more to their own private interest in furnishing the vessels with stores, provisions, &c., than studying to benefit the respective companies with which they were connected. Some imputed the breaking up of these companies entirely to bad

management, and others to the other incapacity of the various committees ; but the principal reasons, no doubt, were—First, that Stockton was too great a distance from the sea to export coal to any advantage—Second, there were not sufficient berths in the river at Stockton to carry on an export trade of any magnitude—and lastly, there was such a depression in the shipping interest at that time, and freights fell so extraordinary low, that vessels could not be worked even to pay the expense of working them.

The originators of the Stockton and Darlington Railway seeing, with their usual shrewdness, that Stockton was not adapted for exporting coal upon a large scale, they at once bought the Chilton estate at Middlesbro', and having obtained the requisite powers from parliament, they extended their line to that place, where there was then only one house tenanted by the late Mr. William Parrington, a fine old English yeoman, "One of the olden time." Here they soon built quays, and erecting "drops" on the newest and best principles, a new coal port rose up as though by magic, having two important advantages over Stockton ; first, being four miles nearer the sea, and second, having more and better berths for the accommodation of shipping.

When the originators of the railway just referred to, were in treaty with Mr. Chilton for purchasing his estate at Middlesbro', I happened to dine one day with Mr. Parrington at his solitary farm-house there. Two friends of his, farmers, dined with us. After dinner, the conversation turned on the purchase then talked about. "I suppose," said one of the farmers, "the quakers at Darlington are about buying your farm to build a town here." "Build a town here," reiterated Mr. P. with a shrewd smile and incredulous air, "What! build a town at this out-of-the-way place! Why, it is said, 'That time works wonders;' but, you may depend upon it, if ever a town's built here, I'll be hanged if I don't turn this house into a public house, and hoist the sign of the 'Quaker's Arms,' as I suppose if a town is built here it will be a Quaker one." The purchasers of the estate, however, built the intended town on it, the very house in which this conversation took place became a public house, and the town now comprises about 25,000 persons.

The inhabitants of Stockton have frequently been accused of the greatest apathy in not opposing the extension of the

Stockton and Darlington line to Middlesbro'. When this measure was in agitation it was prophesied by the croakers at that time in Stockton, and there are croakers in every place, that if a town were built at Middlesbro' it would soon be the downfall of Stockton. But time has proved the fallacy of this prophecy; for at present, Middlesbro', instead of being an injury to Stockton, is decidedly and has always been an advantage to it. The interests of the two towns are reciprocal. One is an advantage to the other, in the same way as Shields is to Newcastle and the latter place to Shields. Shields is the great port on the Tyne for coal exportation; but, in this respect, it is not injurious to Newcastle. Their interests in general are bound together; and so it is with the towns of Stockton and Middlesbro'.

Not long ago I attended a public dinner at Middlesbro'. On the removal of the cloth, several toasts were given, and amongst the number, "The town and trade of Middlesbro'," by an alderman of that borough. In the course of his remarks, he said, "That during his long residence in Middlesbro' he had noticed that the inhabitants of Stockton had always envied its rising prosperity; but, in spite of this envy, Middlesbro' had flourished and was still flourishing." Now, the fact is, that Stockton, I believe, never entertained any envious feeling towards Middlesbro'. Some of the inhabitants of the latter town may indeed fancy this to be the case; but the idea is not merely fanciful, it is egotistical. If Middlesbro' prospers, the effects of its prosperity, like refreshing dew descending upon the earth, will fall upon Stockton. The two towns, like the Siamese twins, are better united by the same interests, than separated; and, at present, I really think, that Stockton is more indebted to Middlesbro' than the latter place is to it. Do not numbers from Middlesbro' weekly visit our market to purchase agricultural produce? Do not the small shop-keepers in that town buy their goods, generally speaking, of our wholesale merchants? And does not a large body of the Middlesbro' butchers weekly attend our market, purposely to purchase live stock, where they can be best accommodated? Away then with the idea that Stockton envies Middlesbro', or that it has the least occasion to envy any town. It may occasionally stand up to resist an unfair encroachment upon its trade and commerce by unscrupulous means; but this it has a legitimate right to do, and every other town has the same right.

But to return to the Stockton companies for shipping coal. The whole of the vessels belonging to these companies, with the exception of the "Union Shipping Company," were sold at a great loss to most of the shareholders, after they had been in operation about ten years. The result was that the seamen who had worked them were thrown out of employment, and obliged to seek a livelihood elsewhere. This untoward event, added to the depression of the shipping interest, and the large number of carpenters discharged from the shipyards at that period, created a gloomy aspect in the town as regarded its future prosperity; for a short time afterwards, in 1847, *the natural consequence of such a change* was, that nearly two hundred houses were tenantless in the place.

The manager of the "General Shipping Company," for some time, was Capt. Wilkinson; a kind of harem-skarem gentleman, in no way qualified for the situation. Another company, I have forgot its name, but it was generally called the "Black Diamond Company," was managed by Mr. Alonzo Clarke, an auctioneer, who contrived ultimately to bring the vessels to be knocked off to the best bidder by his own hammer. The manager of the "Commercial Shipping Company" was Mr. Joseph Laing, a gentleman well experienced in shipping affairs. Mr. Robert Craggs had the management of the "Union Shipping Company," and when it was dissolved a handsome testimonial was presented to him for his services. This company was the first formed and the last dissolved. Its dissolution took place in 1853, when the following ships were sold:—the "Paragon" for £1,410; the "Commodore" for £1,405; the "Hero," for £1,300; the "Black Boy" for £1,120; the "Hope" for £980; the "Rosebud" for £950; the "John" for £1,455; the "Union" for £765; and the "Empress" for £1,625.

The dissolution of the above companies gave a check to the growing prosperity of Stockton; but this check did not last long, as its markets still continued to improve and its manufactures to increase. A new era, however, began to dawn on the district lying contiguous to the Tees. The discovery of immense fields of ironstone, in the long range of the Cleveland hills, led to the development of new sources of industrial action and enterprise in Cleveland, which has since become one of the most important iron districts in the kingdom.

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Not many years ago, the town of Middlesbro' had no existence. No steamers, those huge leviathans of the deep, then shook the sides of old father Tees, and no murky blast furnaces and rolling mills then studded its banks, belching out volumes of smoke and flame like so many burning volcanoes. But we live in a different age now—the age of iron it may be called. We have now iron railways, iron coal waggons, iron steam horses, whistling and flying through the air in all directions, and even iron steam vessels, to make which swim would have puzzled the brains of our forefathers. Middlesbro' has become the emporium of the iron trade in this district, and Stockton shares the benefit arising from it as well as its neighbour. Steamers, possessing every accommodation for the purpose, now run daily every half hour from and to these towns with passengers at twopence per head, and on some days from two to three thousand persons avail themselves of this mode of transit. The north of Cleveland from Stockton to Eston Nab displays at present a scene of the greatest activity, swarming with an industrial population all employed in the manufacture of iron, which, in various forms, is shipped on the Tees, and exported to all parts of the world.

How singular it is that the inexhaustible stores of mineral in the Cleveland hills should have lain so long dormant without being discovered! It was only in 1850 that public attention was called to those hidden treasures; but, about twenty years previous to that time, Charles Attwood, Esq., and Mr. T. Y. Hall, author of a treatise on the Northern Coal Field, placed on record their belief that a large extent of ironstone abounded in Cleveland. Messrs. Bolckow & Vaughan were the first who commenced to work ironstone in this district, and since then, the gigantic operations they have carried on at Eston, Whitton, and Middlesbro', have been crowned with success. These enterprising gentlemen having lately built splendid residences in Cleveland, they have retired there, where, amidst its peaceful, sylvan shades, it is hoped, they will enjoy the fruits of their united labour.

I have before remarked that Stockton shares in the benefits arising from the iron trade, and this it does to a considerable extent. At present, in close proximity to it, on the north shore of the Tees, there are three blast furnaces carried on by

Messrs. Benington, Byers, and Co., and two extensive rolling mills; and on the south shore of that river, there are three more blast furnaces and two large rolling mills, which are in full operation, besides several engine and other manufactories, and two iron ship-building yards employing upwards of a thousand hands.

In addition to these cheering evidences of the growing prosperity of Stockton, the town is constantly undergoing considerable improvements. It has been extended nearly to the hamlet of Portrack on the east, and to Norton bridge on the north; and on the west numerous new streets and villas are being erected, while its weekly market, both for buyers and sellers, is now universally acknowledged to be the best in the north.

Looking, therefore, at Stockton in its present state, I have no hesitation, whatever, in saying, that it is now one of the most flourishing towns in the kingdom, and that its prosperity is placed on such a basis that there is no doubt but it will go on prospering for many years to come.

"I have loved thee, old Stockton, and deep in my heart
Will the feeling be cherished for ever;
Strong as an Indian's love for his wife,
Which death, and death only, can sever.

Firm be the hands and the hearts of thy sons,
In the struggle for Liberty's right,
Scorning the base and revering the good,
True to the just and the right.

May the high and the wealthy be kind to the low,
For kindness is prized by the poor;
May they lighten their sorrows and sweeten their joys,
And help them in misery's hour.

Bright be the smiles that illumine the fair,
Like fairy-shaped creatures they shine;
Light be the step and unequalled the grace
Of every fair daughter of thine.

May the maidens that dwell on the banks of the Tees,
Be pure as its soft flowing stream;
Their days like the course of its waters roll on,
Still gentle as childhood's young dream.

May their friendships be true ones, unsullied in love,
As the zephyr that kisses the rose;
May they smile on the present, yet sigh o'er the past,
And hope for a future repose."

E. M. HEAVISIDES.

Having thus given a brief glance at the rise of Stockton from its dark origin to the present period, I shall now, under distinct heads, give a detailed account of its markets, its manufactories, its ship-building yards, its amusements, and of all other matters worthy of notice and likely to be interesting to the reader.

The River Tees.

"Ye climes of the sun, ye bright lands of the vine,
Ye gay blooming landscapes that skirt the blue Rhine,
Though your vales be more lovely, perfuming the breeze,
Yet dearer to me are the banks of the Tees."

H. HEAVISIDES.

The Tees, which is considered one of the most beautiful and romantic rivers in England, still "rolls its easy sides" as it was wont to do fifty years ago; yet, what changes have taken place since then! Fifty years ago, droves of seals frequented this river on the broad sands at the estuary of the Tees, where they used to lie basking in the sun, as happy, apparently, as turtle doves, having one of their body placed as a sentinel on the look out. On the least appearance of danger, the sentinel gave the alarm, when the whole body, for safety, immediately rolled one after another into their native element.

In those days the seals in the Tees were so destructive to salmon that the fishermen employed in the river occasionally every season set a day or two apart for catching them with strong nets; and many a time I have seen them land nine or ten of these animals at the Custom-house quay, where they lay

for the inspection of the public. The increased traffic on the Tees has long since deterred seals from frequenting it.

Not long ago I saw a couple of these animals, full grown, disporting in a large reservoir of clear water in the Zoological Gardens, in Regent's Park, London. I spent some time with much pleasure in viewing their motions. How extremely intelligent they appeared to be! What expressive, what lustrous eyes they displayed!—and with what ease and grace they swam and dived in various ways as though they were “showing off” before the delighted spectators, just to let them see their graceful movements. An elderly gentleman along with a party witnessing these amusing aquatic feats gave the keeper half-a-crown to bring the animals some fish. He immediately brought some, and placing them on rising ground, about a yard from the water's edge, they both sprang out of the water and each seizing a fish they rolled back into it to enjoy their repast. This they repeated, to the great amusement of the spectators, until they devoured the last remaining fish.

But to return. Fifty years ago! What changes have taken place since then, and what reminiscences of the past they bring to my mind! Since that time the beautiful little island, called “Jenny Mills's Island,” with its shady grove in the centre, and the rustic bridge leading to it, have all vanished, and huge masses of slag, like frowning battlements, now occupy its place. This island, where Flora used to spread the carpet of nature with her choicest flowers, is now no more. It was called “Jenny Mills's Island,” from an old woman, called Jenny Mills, who formerly resided in a small cottage on it. The large tract of cultivated land stretching from these masses of slag as far as Blue House Plantation, and which now grows fine crops of wheat and other grain, was, not many years ago, nothing more than mud or slime, daily covered by the Tees at high water.

A schoolmaster of Stockton, Robert May, thus alludes to this Island in his “Stockton, a poem,” which he published some years ago:—

“Farewell, farewell, ye towering Cleveland hills!
Now I will walk as far as Jenny Mills!”

Poor Robert May! In the first line he seems to have topped Parnassus, and was about to be very grandiloquent on

Cleveland; but, in the next he falls from the clouds as though his indignant Pegasus had kicked him off for daring to take so high a flight! Therefore, having thus been thrown from his poetical nag, he says, in the most prosy style,

"Now I will *walk* as far as Jenny Mills."

When May published his "Stockton, a poem," he expressed a hope in the title page that the critics would pardon him for ushering it into the world, as it was his first production. This called forth the following epigram from one of his rhyming brethren:—

"A poet in his motto thus
Unto a cynic cries,
I hope and trust production first
You will not satirize!
Agreed, agreed, we critics all
Will pardon what is past,
But beg and pray, O Robert May,
That this may be thy last."

Robert, however, was not the only rhymster in Stockton at that period, as he had a formidable rival in the person of Willy Trenholm, as he was called. Willy was a grocer in the town, and he used to boast that he produced the best verses when grinding coffee. Thus he kept both his mind and body going at the same time. Poor Willy! he believed that the more he laboured away at his coffee mill, the more his muse was gracious to him! Therefore, when he had any extraordinary effusion to compose, he straightway ran to his wonderful poetry-producing machine, where, like the mountain in labour, he puffed and sweat until he brought forth what he conceived to be a poetical gem. At one of these laborious bouts, Willy once composed a poetical effusion (for Willy was loyal to the backbone) in celebration of the famous victory at Waterloo. Impressed with the idea of its excellence, he sent the composition to the editor of the Durham Advertiser for insertion. Whether it graced the columns of that journal or not, I never knew; but I here present the reader with a verse of this notable production as a fair sample of the others:—

"He that wont Lord Wellington clap,
Cut off his head and send him to Nap;
He that wont Lord Wellington toast,
Cut off his head and send him to roast."

What a sanguinary verse is this! It reminds one of the days of Robespierre. After chopping off any poor fellow's head that would not toast the hero of Waterloo, this loyal grocer, this indefatigable grinder of verses, would have sent him to roast, with as little remorse as though he were a skewered chicken.

About this time some verses of a different character were published in Stockton. They were composed, I believe, by Mrs. Wilson, an accomplished lady, wife of Capt. Wilson, manager of one of the Shipping Companies in the town. As these verses possess poetic merit, and they deplore the loss of the sylvan beauties connected once with Jenny Mills's Island, I have much pleasure in giving them a place here.

LINES

ON SEEING A HAWTHORN FENCE NEAR JENNY MILLS'S ISLAND CUT DOWN.

"Ye grassy seats! ye hawthorn bowers!

That crown the watery glade;

Where commerce all her bounty pours

By *Mills's* verdant shade;

Shorn are your fragrant honours now,

Your turfy hillocks are laid low,

Scared is the linnet from the spray,

Silent the thrush and blackbird's song,

Where rolls the rapid Tees along

His wildly devious way.

Ah! pleasing mounds—regretted shades!

Ah! flowers beloved in vain!

No matrons grave, no blooming maids,

Shall lead their infant train

To feel the gales that o'er ye blow,

A cheering influence bestow,

Chill'd is their gladsome wing!

No more the aged shall they soothe,

Nor minister to drooping youth

A foretaste of the Spring.

Say, Father Tees, for thou hast seen,

Say, was it ruthless taste

Or Av'rice from thy margent green,

Thy sylvan beauties chas'd?

The furious north wind now shall cleave
With icy arm thy glassy wave,
Thy captive streams shall thrall;
No more his mates the school boy leads,
To gambol midst thy whispering reeds,
Or on thy echoes call.

To each his sufferings; why complain,
Or these lov'd scenes bemoan?
A lot awaits the flow'ry train
Congenial to my own;
Let not this truth one sigh create,
Sweet Hope attends on every state,
Though happiness too swiftly flies;
May the resemblance teach us this,
Justly t' appreciate earthly bliss
And evanescent joys.

In the summer time when the picturesque woods that grace the banks of the Tees between Stockton and Yarm glow in all their sylvan beauty, numerous pleasure boat excursions take place to these shady retreats, where picnic parties land, and throwing aside the starch formalities of town life, they gipsy-like enjoy themselves by forgetting for awhile the cares and anxieties of the world. Thornaby and Berwick woods are the favorite resorts of parties of this description. Formerly, when the latter wood was more frequented than it is now, it was a pleasing sight to see many a happy group encamped there, making it ring with sounds of mirth and heartfelt joy. From this place there is an excellent prospect of a fine bend of the river, fringed with hanging woods, above which the hamlet of Preston* and Preston Hall, the

* George Ord, a monomaniac on matters of religion, once lived on a farm at this hamlet. This person wandered over the three kingdoms selling little books or pamphlets of his own composition, partly prose and part doggerel rhyme, wherein he represented himself to be the only true Branch mentioned in the Scriptures. He went so far as to say that he was the great I Am, the Messiah or Shiloh. He looked like a respectable farmer, was generally decently dressed, and particularly obliging and unassuming in his general deportment.

I once met with this religious fanatic at Foggy Furrows farm, near West Hartlepool, where he came to sell his pamphlets. On entering into conversation with him, I said, "I've heard that you once met Joanna

residence of Marshall Fowler, Esq., just show their heads.

Southcot at Stainton, where you went with the intention of converting her. Is this true, George?" He answered in the affirmative, and added "But I could not persuade her I was the only true Branch. She called me a vile impostor, and laying violent hands on me she scratched my face, and I was obliged to run out of the house to save myself from her rage. Oh, she was a vile, a bad, a wicked woman!" I then asked him if he ever got any converts when he preached. "Oh, yes!" he replied, "lots of converts," and handing a book to me, which he pulled out of his pocket, he said "You will find all their names registered in this book!" On looking over the names I found them of the most laughable and fictitious character, such as *Tommy Swillpot*, *Abraham Likes-a-drop*, *David Funnychap*, and so on. "And where did you obtain these names?" I enquired. To which he answered with the greatest simplicity, "At the public houses where I've called to sell my books." Thus it appeared he had been grossly imposed upon by fellows pretending to believe in his doctrines, and he had not the sense to discern the joke they had played upon him.

"Although," says Mr. Longstaffe, "George could hardly spell a word right, he was continually using his pen in writing hymns or spiritual plays of a doggel character. Sometimes he sang them at the market crosses during the hiring of servants, or at other public meetings; and he commonly had a crowd of disorderly persons about him, some commiserating his conduct, others casting dirt, stones, or vile potatoes in his face. Sometimes a well-directed aim brought the blood from his nose, but he never ceased his singing or took any notice. He was father, grandfather, and great grandfather to descendants almost innumerable, who were living in low employments; most of them he married off when they were little more than children, being a great stickler for matrimony.

"In his wanderings he traversed the three kingdoms; often, when his finances were low, he was conveyed by a pass-cart from one township to another, and, sometimes on his route homewards, was further from Preston-on-Tees at night than he had been in the morning. He declared most solemnly he would never die, and was certainly, notwithstanding his age, very active. In 1830, he was still rambling from house to house, but was not so erect as formerly; he had lost his teeth, and his hair was as white as snow; still he was as amorous as ever, and the matrons and young lasses scampered off at his approach, to avoid a salute, or a Sion kiss, from the Ancient of Days. Such damsels as submitted patiently to his tales of heavenly love and delight, were immediately registered in his Book of Books, being destined afterwards to be seen hand in hand with him, singing and dancing in the air, and kicking with their feet the heads of those who were so stubborn as not to hearken to the charmer's voice. Notwithstanding his predictions, he was at last gathered to his fathers, though maintaining, to his dying moment, that he was a true prophet. His eldest son, whose imagination was filled

Sometimes there are boat excursions from Stockton to Yarm, a distance of about seven miles, by water, and occasionally steamers ply between these places, generally well laden with pleasure seekers.

Boat excursions from Stockton down the river to the Tees Bay, or Seaton Snook, a tongue of land at the entrance of the Bay, are not so frequent, as they are too often attended with danger, and sometimes with loss of life.

When pleasure trips to the neighbouring ports by sea were more popular than they are now, I once availed myself of a trip of this kind to Whitby, in the British Queen steamer, a crack pleasure boat in those days. What a glorious morning it was when we sailed from Stockton, having a fine band of music and above two hundred pleasure-seekers on board, including a gay assemblage of the fair sex, with their bright eyes and smiling faces, every one fondly anticipating the realization of the greatest pleasure from the excursion.

After a pleasant voyage we reached Whitby, and it being high water, we at once entered its scanty harbour with flags flying and the band playing, while hundreds on the pier hailed our approach with cheers. When landed, we spent the day in seeing every thing worthy of notice in Whitby, and in the evening having all got on board the steamer again, we sailed out of the harbour in jolly style, amid loud huzzas and dancing on deck to the tune of "Weel may the keel row." But this jollity was of short duration. We had not proceeded far on our voyage, before a white dense fog set in, the dark shades of night crept silently over the wide expanse of waters, and the music and dancing having ceased, our voyagers, alas, were seized with the most fearful apprehensions that they would not reach Stockton that night. At this juncture, I went to the captain at the helm, and said,—

"Captain, we are a long time in making the Tees lights! Have you any idea where we are?"

"I must confess, Sir, I really have not," he replied, "the compasses on board are good for nothing—I've long been

with wheels, perpendiculars, and diameters, and who firmly believed that he had discovered the perpetual motion, was, on his death, buried beside the patriarch at Seamer, in Cleveland, where a small property had been left to the parties."

looking for the Tees lights, but to no purpose. I suppose the vessel has gone out of her course or the fog is so dense I can't see them—but don't mention this to any one."

"O no," I answered, "You may rely upon my secrecy."

So there we were, on the broad ocean at night, in a thick fog, without a compass or light to guide us, and two hundred persons on board, sitting in silence and sadness as though musing on their melancholy situation.

This silence was at length broken by one of the party, in pitiable accents, exclaiming, "O that our wives and families only knew where we are!"

"Aye, that's all very well," replied another, "but it would be much better if we only knew *ourselves* where we are!"

Soon afterwards a little strange looking fellow, called Nichol, a sort of Uriah Heep in appearance, and an assistant fireman on board, all on a sudden in a curious shrill tone cried out, "Captain, all's reight now, here's the eighth buoy." The captain on seeing we were actually at the eighth buoy, declared that all was right, and we should soon reach Middlesbro'. These words cheered the drooping spirits of all on board. Three lusty cheers were given for the captain, and away we set sail again. It was then about eleven o'clock at night and high tide. Well, after sailing about half an hour, and we imagined we were not far from Middlesbro', what was our astonishment to hear little Nichol cry out, at the top of his shrill voice, "Stop her, captain, stop her; I'll be hanged if here is not the eighth buoy again!" And so it was. We had got to the eighth buoy by going a round-about course in another channel north of the Bay, which is here about three miles across. Every one, including the captain, was astonished at this strange adventure. He was now put to a nonplus—he knew not what to do. At last he made another attempt to proceed, but in the attempt the steamer struck on the cockle bed sands, and there we were at the "witching hour of night" in a fog, with no provisions on board, and a cold north-east wind sweeping across the Bay.

Being thus shipwrecked as it were, all hands tried to make themselves as comfortable as they could under the circumstances. Some were hustled up in one part of the vessel, and some in another. Some tried to sleep, but sleep was too coy a dame to be wooed amidst the eternal racket on board. Here

a set of young bucks were singing,

“We'll not go home till morning,
Till daylight doth appear,”

With other equally choice refrains; and, on deck, some one was continually whacking away on the big drum, which hung at the mast, and thus invited thumping. Added to this, there was a pack of otter hounds on board, under the superintendence of the celebrated Jack Walton,* that every now and then sent forth the most dismal howls. Jack surrounded by his canine darlings was in all his glory. When one of them howled, Jack, delighted, cried out, “Hark away, Ringwood! Talk about music! What's finer music than the cry of a pack of hounds? Bless you, when in full cry, all the parts of music are going at the same time. That black dog's a first-rate bass, this a tenor, and that little rough-haired one is a capital alto. They mak better music than ony Cathedral singers!” Just at this moment, two of the animals set up another long howl, as though they understood the encomiums passed upon their musical qualifications, when Jack shouted out, as though in the greatest ecstasy, “Hark away, my tulips! Go it, my beauties! There's music for you, my lads! It's nat'ral music! Nane o' yer artificial music blawn fra instruments o' brass, wood, and catgut! Gi'e me nat'ral music, there's nought like 't.” Such was the noise on deck during the night, so that it was impossible for any one to sleep.

* John Walton, of Otter hunting notoriety, who, though only a cartwright, has, for many years, kept a pack of otter hounds in Stockton at his own expense. John is one of the keenest of sportsmen, and his pack of hounds has always been considered famous. At various times it has been engaged by noblemen fond of this old English sport to hunt in their respective localities. John once enjoyed a week's sport with his pack in Scotland, where they were engaged by Sir George Douglas, of Springwood Park, to hunt in the river Tweed. On another occasion he had a week's sport with Lord Milton, near Malton, in Yorkshire, who sent for John and his noted hounds to hunt in that district. Otters are very destructive to the fish. They have often been seen fishing for salmon. They are now “Few and far between” in the Tees, so that otter hunting is not so much enjoyed in this river as it used to be formerly. An old verse on this subject runs thus:—

“An otter in the Wear
You may find but once a year;
An otter in the Tees
You may find at your ease.”

At day break, the tide having ebbed and the fog dispersed, we found the "British Queen" lying dry on the sands, and we were told she could not be got off for some hours. Fortunately we were spared the infliction of staying long at this barren place, as a steamer belonging to the owners of the "British Queen" came to take us on board and proceed with us to Stockton.

This steamer was called "The Gleaner." She had "seen some service," and was a poor tub of a vessel with only one cabin, where there was scarcely room enough to whip a cat. After some trouble we at last got on board, where, being closely stowed on deck, we looked like so many disconsolate, tattered sheep packed in pens.

At nearly six o'clock a. m. we once more set sail for Stockton; but, lack-a-day, we were doomed to meet with one more addition to our misfortunes; for, we had not proceeded far, when it began to rain in torrents upon our defenceless heads. With no awning to protect us, no cabin to shelter us, we had to endure, alas, in philosophic silence, the "pelting of the pitiless storm" till we reached Stockton, where we landed drenched to the very skin, and like half drowned rats wended our way as fast as we could to our respective homes; there to muse on our night's adventures and sad mishaps on the cockle bed in the Tees Bay.

The Fishery in the river Tees has been for centuries considered an important pursuit. Besides flounders, eels, smelts, sparling, cockles, shrimps, &c., it produces salmon of the best quality. For some years the Salmon fishery in the Tees was in a declining state, principally owing to the destruction of spawn high up the river, where, we have been told, it has been carried off to feed pigs. The fishery extends from Dinsdale to the mouth of the Tees, a distance of about 21 miles. Every fishing coble has to pay an annual tithe of four shillings and a cock and scurf, worth sixpence, to the vicar of Stockton,

Some years ago, when the Rev. George Newby* was vicar

* The Rev. George Newby was educated at St. Bee's College, Cumberland, and, in 1806, he was appointed subcurate of the parish of Whitton, where his attention to his clerical duties was exemplary. In 1832 on the removal of the Rev. J. Cundill, vicar of Stockton, to the living of Coniscliffe, Mr. Newby succeeded him as vicar of Stockton, and soon took up his abode at the vicarage, to which, at his private expense, he added various new

of Stockton, while I was standing in the High-street, he came to me, and pointing to a person at a short distance, he said, "Is that Kit Wardell?" I answered in the affirmative. "Do you think," he then added, "that he will be offended if I address him in a familiar way." "O no, I replied, "he's not a person of that description." Turning to Wardell, he then in a pleasing manner, cried "I say, Kit, come here, I want to speak to thee." Wardell at once stepped up to the worthy vicar, and respectfully inquired what he wanted.

"I want to tell thee, Kit," said the vicar, "that I consider thou art an HONEST MAN. Thou hast always paid thy fishing coble dues regularly ever since I came to Stockton, and this is more than I can say of any other fisherman in the place."

"Why," replied Kit, "I only pay what's reight, Sir—ivery man should pay what's reight."

buildings and considerably improved the old parsonage house. Though the value of his benefice was small, and his parochial duties heavy, his charity and munificence to the poor were so extensive as to be proverbial; and it was observed by those acquainted with his habits, that his private purse was never closed to any object of merit, affliction, or poverty within the precincts of his parish.

About a year after I had published the first edition of the "Pleasures of Home," I met Mr. Newby, and he said he had been reading the work and was much pleased with it. On soliciting me strongly to publish a second edition, I told him that I was afraid of doing this, as I might suffer pecuniary loss by the speculation. "Never mind," said he, smiling, "publish a second edition, put my name down for six copies, and if the work should not pay you, come to me and I will make up any loss you may sustain by the venture." I published a second edition, and it was so successful that I had no occasion whatever for the reverend gentleman's kind assistance. Since then I have published a third edition of that work with equal success.

Mr. Newby having gained the respect and esteem of all classes in Stockton, he was appointed, in 1844, to the rectory of Whickham; and, on his collation thither, his parishioners presented him with a testimonial in token of their high sense of his able and meritorious discharge of his duties. He died at Whickham on the 8th of May, 1846, aged 67 years. His surviving son, William Crawford Newby, Esq., who inherits the virtues and manliness of his father, now practices as a solicitor at Stockton-on-Tees, where he is highly respected.

"So he should, Kit, so he should," said the vicar, smiling, "thou art an HONEST MAN, as I said before; but I say, Kit, I never see thee at church—I would like to see thee there sometimes. Thou art getting old now, Kit, make up thy mind to come and hear me next Sunday. I shall be glad to see thee, and I'm sure thou'lt hear nothing but what will be for thy good."

This was said in the most pleasing and persuasive style. Kit, with his honest, good-natured countenance, appeared much delighted with the vicar's frankness, and on the Sunday following this conversation, and many a Sunday afterwards, he attended morning service. To have rudely expostulated with Kit about not attending church would have been in vain; but words kindly and familiarly spoken had the desired effect of leading him to a place of worship.

This reminds me of the following circumstance connected with salmon fishing:—There formerly lived a fisherman at Berwick-on-Tees, whose name was Gabriel Wilson; and he, like many of our fishermen, made no scruple of fishing on Sundays. The then Rector of Egglecliffe hearing of this shameful practice was determined to put a stop to it, so he took a walk one Sunday afternoon along the Tees side till he came to the place where Gabriel and his partner were fishing. He accosted them with the usual phrase of "What luck?" and then sat down on the grass and talked cheerfully to them; taking not the least notice of their fishing on the Lord's day. When they had done fishing, the Rector asked Gabriel to take a walk with him. This was readily agreed to, and while walking he amused Gabriel with subjects of various sorts, and at last turned his discourse on the ingratitude of servants to masters. I have heard, continued he, of a good-natured gentleman, who had once occasion to go a long journey; his man, who went with him, he knew was very extravagant; and therefore he thought he had better let him know how much he intended to allow him for his travelling expenses.

"You see," said the Master, "this purse of gold must support us both, and we shall divide it before we set out; you will have SIX-SEVENTHS of the money to support yourself with, and I will be content with the remainder. They set forward; the servant became very extravagant; he drank part of his money, part he lost by gaming, and by these and other disorderly ways, he soon came to the bottom of his pockets; and,

what was worse than all the rest, when he found his money had gone, he robbed his master of the trifle he had taken to himself."

"Oh, the rascal," cried Gabriel, "what did he deserve? Hanging, I'm sure, was too good for him."

"Well," replied the Rector, "as Nathan said unto David, 'THOU ART THE MAN!' Six days in the week has God allowed thee to work, and thou art not content with them; but robbest him of the SABBATH, the day which he has taken to himself."

Gabriel was convinced of his error; and it was commonly reported by his neighbours and those who knew him, that it was not in the power of man to persuade him to fish on a Sunday after that time.

The Salmon Fishery in the Tees is open from the 1st of February to the 1st of September. Since the last Act of Parliament was passed for the improvement of our Salmon Fisheries, an Association of Landowners has been formed for the purpose of protecting and preserving the salmon in the river Tees. This Association is called the Tees Salmon Fisheries Landowners' Association, the Honorary Secretary and Treasurer to which is Joseph Dodds, Esq., of Stockton, who has energetically exerted himself in carrying out its important objects. Under the auspices of this Association the river above Yarm has for two or three years been well protected by watchers employed for the purpose. A great number of poachers in consequence have been convicted and severely fined for illegally taking salmon, the fish locks have been attended to, and the proprietors of the various lead mines adjoining the Tees have been urged to adopt some means for abating the "hush," which is represented as being so injurious to salmon. There is reason, therefore, for believing, from the vigorous measures used for protecting the Tees Fisheries, that we shall have a greater quantity of salmon in future seasons than has been obtained for the last few years.

At the beginning of the present century the navigation of the Tees was in a most wretched state. The river then winded its serpentine course by the hamlets of Mandale and Portrack, and a cross sand ran westward from *Jenny Mills's Island*, below the shipyards, obliquely towards the Yorkshire shore.

Geo. Yarrow
 "This sand," says ~~Chapman~~, the author of the History of Whitby, "was mostly covered, and though the channel over it was sufficiently wide, yet it was no where deep enough for a small ship's boat to get over it, without forcing its keel through." Through the operations, however, of the Tees Navigation Company great improvements since then have been effected in the river, not only by shortening its course by two important cuts, but by more effectually lighting and deepening its channel.

In 1852 an Act of Parliament was obtained by this Company, vesting in a public commission the conservancy of the river Tees—such commission to consist of fifteen members appointed in the following manner:—three by the Board of Trade; two by the ratepayers of Yarm; five by the Town Council of Stockton; and five by the Town Council of Middlesbro'. From the above period to 1858, the Commissioners continued to improve the river by dredging and training works, though limited in the pecuniary means necessary to fully carry out their designs. The Company then obtained another Act which gave them powers to derive benefit from the reclamation of land saved by the formation of training walls, the money arising from the sale of such lands to be applied for further dredging and deepening the channel of the river. The result has been that upwards of twelve miles of training walls have been completed, 160 acres of silted-up foreshore between Haverton Hill and Port Clarence have been reclaimed, and all the foreshore between Middlesbro' and Newport, similarly silted-up, has been sold for the erection of wharves, &c.

In 1863, the Commissioners, in order to carry out more effectually their objects, commenced erecting a large breakwater on the South Gare, a gigantic undertaking; and Mr. John Fowler, their engineer, in his paper "On the Improvements of the River Tees," read before the British Association, at Newcastle-upon-Tyne, in 1863, emphatically concludes that paper by stating, that when this breakwater "is sufficiently extended eastward to afford shelter to the North Gare, the construction of a North Gare breakwater, which, in consequence of the protection then afforded, will be constructed much more easily and cheaply than if commenced with now. The training walls, still in progress, will require about eighteen months to carry them as far as it would be safe or prudent to

extend them until the breakwaters have been completed. Vigorous dredging in the Channel from Stockton to the sea will be commenced with as soon as the training walls have, for the present, been finished. When the works to which we have referred as being in progress, or in contemplation, shall be successfully terminated, the lateral channels, in which the flowing and ebbing tides waste their strength, will be shut up—the shifting sand banks will be enclosed within permanent walls—the scouring power will be confined to the proper channel, when it will do its work to the right place and to the best advantage—the entrance will be unmistakably pointed out by substantial landmarks on either side, between which vessels may run with confidence and perfect safety—the lower reaches of the river will be effectually sheltered and the area of the anchoring pools will be greatly enlarged. Between the pier heads it is calculated that nearly 100,000,000 tons of water will pass every flow and ebb of the tide. This, it is expected, will be sufficient to scour the sand from the bar, leaving it with a depth of at least 14 feet at low water, or an average depth of 28 feet at high water, 20 feet to Middlesbro', and 18 to Stockton."

Ship Building.

"Near there a crew amphibious, in the docks,
Rear, for the sea, those castles on the stocks;
See! the long keel, which soon the waves must hide;
See! the strong ribs which form the roomy side;
Bolts yielding slowly to the sturdiest stroke,
And planks which curve and crackle in the smoke.
Around the whole rise cloudy wreaths, and far
Bear the warm fragrance of o'er boiling tar."

CRABBE.

Stockton during a great number of years has had its ship-building yards, where wooden vessels have been built of the

most enduring construction. According to traditional report, a Mr. Chapplelow was the first that commenced a ship-building yard on the banks of the Tees. It is said, that he was sent by Government to Stockton to buy timber, and when he arrived there, it struck him that what was 'oo small to send to London might have been advantageously worked upon the spot. Hence the commencement of ship-building at Stockton.

The forefathers of the late Dr. Headlam, M. P. for Newcastle, were once ship-builders at Stockton, whence they removed about the middle of the last century to Gateshead, and there they launched in 1750 on the Tyne a ship of thirty keels, called "The Russells." The ship-building yard now occupied by Messrs. Pearse, Lockwood, & Co., as iron ship-builders, was once the property of the Headlams, and the father of the late Dr. Headlam, in his advanced years, being a visitor at the seaside village of Seaton Carew, went to Stockton during his stay there, and on visiting the home of his youth, where the offices belonging to the above establishment now stand, he lingered in the well-remembered garden, and begged of Mr. William Mellanby, Sen., who then occupied the shipyard, not to cut down "the old pear tree" round which he had played and spent many a happy day in his childhood. Mr. Mellanby, who was a generous, kind-hearted man, afterwards sent the old gentleman, while he was at Seaton, a basket of pears from the tree he was so glad once more to see, and he expressed his gratification that an opportunity had been afforded him of again renewing one of his boyish delights.

After the Headlams, Mr. Michael Humphrey took their shipyard, where he built a number of vessels. Whilst carrying on business here, an East India captain, promised to send him from India a cask of rice. To the astonishment of Mr. Humphreys instead of a cask of rice he received a cask of dollars, which enabled him to retire from the trade.

Mr. Humphrey was succeeded by one Stephenson, who continued the business till 1782, when it fell into the hands of Mr. Thomas Haw, Sen., who, from that time to 1800, built sixty-one vessels; the largest, the "Experiment," being 750 register tons.

Mr. Mellanby, Sen., next occupied the yard, and Mr. Thomas Haw, Jun., for some time carried on the ship-building

business in the yard adjoining, and afterwards removed to a yard at Cottage Row; where he built a number of first-class vessels, including the "Anrora," which was lost with all hands.

Mr. William Mellanby, Jun., carried on ship building for many years in his father's yard abovealluded to. He afterwards removed to one near Stockton bridge, and Mr. Henry Markham commenced business as a ship builder in the yard which he had left. Both these gentlemen built a number of fine vessels which were much admired. Messrs. W. Turnbull and Craggs afterwards occupied shipyards near to the bridge where they built many excellent vessels.

In the year 1812, a Shipping Company was formed at Yarm, for the purpose of trading to and from London with goods. A capital for carrying on this project was raised by shares of £25 each, and with this capital the company at once, in a most spirited manner, got two fine schooners built at Hull, and other two at Yarm. Those built at Yarm were built on the north side of the Tees, not far from the bridge. They were ultimately launched amidst great rejoicings, as it was expected that Yarm was going to be a place of some importance. The names of these vessels were the "Kilvington," the "Wensleydale," the "Cleveland," and the "Richmond." They were built in the best style, regardless of expense, and, considering their size, they cost a good round sum. It was said the timber wasted in steaming the wood of those built at Yarm was sufficient to build a good-sized sloop.

With the most sanguine hopes of success the company began to run their vessels to and from London; but these hopes, alas, were never realized. What with bad management, unforeseen disasters, and one thing or another, all went wrong; and consequently, after a few voyages, the company was dissolved, the schooners were sold at a great loss, and the shareholders had to make up the losses of the company instead of receiving a return for the money they had invested in the undertaking.

Since the dissolution of the Yarm Shipping Company, a few small sloops have been built at that place; and, twenty-one years ago, a fine schooner and a brig were built there by Mr. Pile, now an eminent ship-builder at West Hartlepool.

In 1805, an elegant iron bridge was erected at Yarm over the river Tees. It was on the point of being publicly opened, when it fell, about midnight on the 12th of January, 1806,

owing to some defects in the abutments. A day or two before the structure fell, Richardson Ferrand, Esq., ex-mayor of Stockton, and three or four more gentlemen visited it in an open carriage, and, when on the centre, they drank the king's health and success to the bridge, over a crown bowl of punch. This bridge cost £3,000, and after its fall the present stone bridge, in consequence of the Tees so frequently flooding over Yarm, was considerably widened and strengthened.

When the great flood took place in the Tees, Yarm was almost completely sunk under water. I spent two or three hours lately there with an intelligent merchant, Mr. Dod, an old inhabitant of the town, who, after showing me, in the most obliging manner, his commodious, well-stocked warehouses, pointed out the height which this tremendous flood had risen by a mark cut across one of his granary doors when it occurred, and cut, no doubt, in commemoration of it. The granary is a tall building, two stories high, and the cut is nearly at the top of a door in the second story, which is ascended outside by a long flight of stone steps. On looking at this cut some idea may be formed of the immense height which the waters rose at this flood. They were so high indeed, that "many houses," says the Annual Register of 1771, "were covered almost to the rafters, and many inhabitants taken from them in boats. Much assistance was afforded by the inhabitants of Stockton to their distressed neighbours: Carts with bread and other provisions were sent speedily to them, and great bodily exertions were made by several gentlemen to rescue them from their alarming situation." The river Tees swelled to such a degree on that occasion as to rise twenty feet perpendicular higher than the oldest man then living could remember. It was long remembered by the name of "THE FLOOD."

A work, published in 1818, entitled "An account of the great Floods in the rivers Tyne, Tees, &c. by W. G.," states, that "on Saturday night, Nov. 16th, 1771, there was the greatest flood in the river Tees that was ever known in the memory of man. The flood at Stockton, though greater than ever remembered, did not do much damage; one warehouse and two or three cellars with liquor were under water. As soon as the flood was discovered at Stockton, carriages were procured to take boats over land to Yarm, with some experienced sailors, who thereby saved the lives of many."

Another work, entitled "A particular description of the Bishoprick or county Palatine of Durham, by Nat. Sander-son," published in 1767, says, that "Stockton has risen upon the ruins of the trade of Yarm, and from a little dirty town near the mouth of the Tees, with a few thatched clay houses, it is become a neat well-built market town, driving a considerable trade in lead, butter, cheese, bacon, corn, and ALE, which, says another account in 1762, is "remarkable for its beautiful colour and fine flavour, and much better known in London than it is at present."

In 1817, a large sloop was built by two brothers, named Simpson, in Portrack Lane, near to where the Ragged School is now erected. The vessel, which was called the "Old Bug," was taken on rollers along Portrack Lane, across the Square, over Thistle Green, and down to the slipway at the foot of Silver-street, where, as the phrase runs, it was launched into "its native element," after occupying two days in removing it from the place where it was built. It stood one night opposite the Half Moon Inn, in the Square, and presented a singular appearance. In a voyage to Yarm, this vessel was lost on "Old Roger," a rock in the centre of the Tees, where the Bysaltic Dyke runs across the river near Preston quarry. Since then this obstacle to the navigation between Stockton and Yarm has been removed.

In the year 1826, Mr. John Mellanby, commenced ship building at Portrack, where he built, I believe, seven vessels, some of them of large dimensions. Traces of the ship-yard at that place are still visible. The family of the Mellanbys have been identified with the ship building on the Tees upwards of ninety years; and at Thornaby church there are tombstones which show that since 1,700 the Mellanbys have been connected with the town and port of Stockton.

A friend of mine was at Liverpool a short time ago, and, while looking at the shipping in the docks, he perceived a strong-built frigate of war, named the "Tees," which was fitted up as a Bethel church for the religious instruction of sailors. Attracted by the name of the vessel he inquired where she was built, and was told at Stockton, about eighty-seven years ago, and that the last voyage she made was in 1820, when she brought Queen Caroline from St. Omers, accompanied by her suite and Lord Brougham. It is probable, therefore,

that this vessel would be built soon after the Headlams left their ship-yard at Stockton.

The first iron ship building yard on the banks of the Tees commenced in 1852, on the south shore, opposite to the Clarence staithes, at Stockton, by the Stockton Iron Ship-building Company, and the first vessel launched from their yard was the "Advance." This company finding their business not so profitable as was anticipated, it passed into the hands of Messrs. Richardson, Duck, & Co., of whom Messrs. Richardson & Duck are now the surviving partners. During the ten years these clever and enterprising gentlemen have been in business, they have launched from their building yard no fewer than fifty screw steamers, a paddle steamer, ten sailing ships, and twenty-nine barges, their total gross tonnage being 55,493 tons, and their total horse power being 7,045. Besides the vessels just enumerated, these gentlemen have at present on the stocks three screw steamers, average tonnage, 620 tons, and average horse power, 90; and fifteen barges of 240 tons each. In addition to these vessels, they have at present fitting out ready for sea, three steamers, average tonnage, 980 tons, and average horse power, 170.

The numerous vessels built by Messrs. Richardson & Duck have been distributed all over the world, and, in general, they are looked upon as models of naval architecture. The largest vessel built at their yard was a beautiful screw steamer for the Viceroy of Egypt, gross tonnage, 1,670 tons, and horse power, 306. This vessel was fitted up in the best style, and before it left the Tees it was much admired for its beauty.

The men employed in the yard of Messrs. Richardson & Duck average about six hundred in number, and the wages amount every fortnight to about £1,400. This yard, as well as that of Messrs. Pearse, Lockwood, and Co., on the opposite shore of the river, have long stood high for turning out first-class work.

Messrs. Pearse, Lockwood & Co. commenced ship-building in 1854, and the first keel was laid by them in February in that year. From that time to the present they have built thirty-four steamers, total horse power 3,680; also twenty sailing vessels, besides ten barges; total tonnage 42,588 tons.

In 1861, a gigantic steamer, called the "Talpoire," was built at their shipyard for the Government, by order of the Secretary

of State for India in council, for the purpose of carrying troops in the Lower Indus. She was built with steel plates, supported by girders, her length over all being 375 feet, length on the two feet water line 350 feet, her breadth 46 feet, depth 5 feet, and draught 2 feet. After being built at Stockton, she was taken to pieces and sent to London, where she was rebuilt on the Thames. Having been there launched and tried, she was again taken to pieces, and sent to India, where she was re-constructed for service. She had bed accommodation for 800 troops, and, if required, possessed room sufficient to carry 3,000 troops, besides taking to the extent of 300 tons of stores, and wood fuel for eighteen hours' steaming at the rate of thirteen knots an hour. This steamer, from her great dimensions may aptly be termed "The Great Eastern of the North," and much credit is due to Messrs. Pearse, Lockwood, & Co., for their enterprise and skill in completing her so as to have given every satisfaction to Government.

In 1862, this enterprising Company built a fine paddle steamer for the Indian Government, her length being 159 feet, breadth 23 feet, depth of hold 12 feet, tonnage 408 tons, horse power 140. They also, in 1864, built a pilot brig, for the same government, length 120 feet, breadth 25 feet, depth 15 feet 9 in., register tonnage 242. These vessels were sent to India, where they are now in service. In 1862 they built, for a Liverpool firm, a large screw steamer, "The Southerner," much admired for its beauty. This vessel is now trading in the Mediterranean. Her length over all is 295 feet, breadth 38 feet 2 inches, depth 22 feet; 1,980 tons, gross register, with 300 horse power; and she is fitted up in the best style for sixty-eight passengers. She went a trial trip to Scarbro' with a large party of ladies and gentlemen, including Mr. Baxter Langley, formerly editor of the Newcastle Daily Chronicle, who went as a spy, it was thought, to ascertain whether she had been built to run the blockade in America. The fact of Mr. Langley being on board this steamer on its trial voyage created a great sensation at the time, and various opinions were expressed about it in the public journals.

In 1865 this company also launched from their shipyard one of the largest screw steamers ever built on the banks of the Tees, being over all, 353 feet 6 inches, breadth 42 feet, depth of hold 28 feet 6 inches; 2,845 tons o.m., and 350 horse power. This beautiful steamer was built for a Liverpool

firm. Her engines, embracing all the latest improvements, were executed by Messrs. Fossick & Hackworth, of Stockton. This vessel is longer than the "Great Britain," lately the largest steamer in the world.

Another iron screw steamer of the same dimensions as the above is now on the stocks in this yard.

The ships built by Messrs. Pearse, Lockwood, & Co., have been much admired, and they have greatly contributed to give a high character to iron vessels built at Stockton, which are now pronounced to stand A 1 in the nautical world.

Besides the iron ship yards at Stockton, there are other two at Middlesbro', also one for the building of composite ships, and a wood ship-building yard now occupied by Mr. Leach.

The question has frequently been discussed whether wood or iron vessels are best. Judging from the fact that most of the old wood ship builders have turned their attention to the building of the latter, and that a large decrease of tonnage has lately taken place in wood ships afloat, it may reasonably be concluded that, ultimately, iron vessels will almost totally supersede wood ones.

As new mills for the production of ship building iron are constantly increasing in the neighbourhood of Stockton, and, as these mills can be readily supplied with coal, there is every prospect that iron ship building yards will still further increase on the Tees.

"On the banks of the Tees what thistles once did grow,
Where our iron ships are built—which now are all the go;
They are rivetted so well, and their models are so fine,
That the Tees *takes the shine* from the Clyde and the Tyne.

Then success to the furnace, the rivet, and the rail,
May the trade of old Stockton long flourish and prevail;
May the sun of its commerce, now risen, never set,
And our duty to each other may none of us forget."

H. HEAVISIDES.

The Theatres.

"Good, my lord, will you see the players well bestowed; Do you hear, let them be well used; for they are the abstract and brief chronicles of the Times."—SHAKESPEARE.

THE old Theatre, as it is now called, has a most miserable appearance outside, though the interior has frequently been well fitted up. It was opened in 1768 by Mr. Bates's company. Mr. Cawdell, his nephew, afterwards had the management. Mr. Emery, [a native of Sunderland, a very superior actor in personating Yorkshire characters; John Cunningham, the celebrated pastoral poet; Shield, the great English composer; and Stanfield, the author of "An Essay on Biography," printed at Sunderland, and published at 10s. 6d., formed part of Cawdell's company, and were all men of genius. Cawdell, himself, was the author of a large volume of poems published at Sunderland, where he was for many years highly respected and esteemed for his literary attainments and gentlemanly demeanour.

At the time Mr. Bates's company performed in Stockton, the wife of one of the actors died, and she was buried in the parish church yard at that place. A tomb-stone erected to her memory, bears the following inscription, some parts of which are now scarcely legible :—

"Wednesday, May the 10th, 1775, was here interred the body of Mrs. Sarah Baker, daughter of William Canning, Esq., of Halford Bridge, in the county of Warwick, and niece to John Hart, Esq., who died High Sheriff of the county of Worcester. From her infancy she was strictly virtuous, pious, good, just, humble, humane, benevolent, affable, and compassionate, that none excelled and very few equalled her. Aged 59.

Do thou reflect in time:
Death in itself is nothing—But
PREPARE
To be ye know not what,
To go you know not where."

Stephen Kemble, Esq., a member of the celebrated Kemble family, became manager and proprietor of this place of amusement after Cawdell. When he took the management, it consisted merely of pit and gallery, divided by a wooden partition, on which was a formidable array of iron spikes to deter the "gods" from "pitting," as it was called, any refractory fellow into the pit; which, by way of a lark, was occasionally put into practice. Mr. Kemble added boxes to the theatre, and otherwise much improved the interior. The house when crowded then held £42 at 3s. boxes, 2s. pit, and 1s. gallery, and the weekly average receipts run between £60 and £70, although the population of the town at that time scarcely amounted to 5,000 persons.

Some years ago, when that wonderful musical phenomenon, the great Paganini, gave a night's performance at this place of amusement, the prices of admission were then risen to 7s. 6d. boxes, 5s. pit, and 2s. 6d. gallery; and yet, at these extravagant prices, merely to see and hear this prince of fiddlers, this strange, unearthly-looking specimen of humanity, with his demoniacal countenance, and his long black hair flowing over his shoulders, the house was crammed in every part, and the receipts amounted to about £90.

In 1809, Mr. Kemble, published his "Odes, Lyrical Ballads, and Poems on various occasions." The work was elegantly printed by Ballantyne & Co. of Edinburgh, and it is now scarce. Mr. Kemble weighed about thirty stones. He was the only comedian who ever played Falstaff without stuffing. I had once the pleasure of seeing him play this character on the Stockton boards. The following address from his muse was spoken by him previous to his performing Falstaff in Drury Lane theatre:—

"A Falstaff here to night by Nature made,
Lends to your favourite bard his ponderous aid.
No man in buckram he,—no stuffing gear,
No feather bed, nor e'en a pillow-bear!
But all good honest flesh, and blood, and bone,
And weighing, more or less, some thirty stone!
Upon the northern coast by chance we caught him,
And hither in a broad-wheeled waggon brought him;
For in a chaise the Varlet ne'er could enter,
And no mail coach on such a fare would venture.

Blest with unwieldiness (at least), his size
 Will favour find in every critic's eyes;
 And should his humour, and his mimic art,
 Bear due proportion to his outward part,—
 As once 'twas said of Macklin, in the Jew,—
 This is the very Falstaff Shakespeare drew.
 To you, with diffidence, he bids me say,
 Should you approve, you may command his stay,
 To lie and swagger here another day;
 If not, to better men he'll leave his sack,
 And go as ballast in a collier back."

Mr. Kemble was a gentleman of considerable classical attainments, and author of many productions. When he visited Stockton he took much delight in lounging in the shop of Messrs. Christopher & Jennett, then booksellers in the town, where he used daily to spend a portion of his time in reading on a stool placed for him. The talented author of the "School for Scandal," Sheridan, frequently said, that he considered Stephen Kemble to be the best declaimer he ever heard on or off the stage.

This celebrated actor, after leaving his profession, spent the remainder of his life in elegant ease and retirement at Durham, where he was deservedly esteemed by the leading gentry of the place, and where, in 1822, he died much lamented.

Mr. John Bland, a nephew of Mr. Kemble, and a very clever low comedian, next had the management of this theatre, and ultimately Mr. William Beverly, Sen., became the lessee. Mr. Beverly, previous to his marriage, was a naval officer; and, on marrying an actress of considerable histrionic ability, he took to the stage, and became a theatrical manager. On his demise, his son, Samuel, who assumed the name of Roxby, became both proprietor and manager. But incomparable Sam, delightful, laughter-provoking Sam, who was once the prince of grimace, the paragon of drolls, yea, the very pink of humourists, poor Sam, who was wont to set the house in a roar, is now no more. After playing his part on the stage of life, he has gone to his last account, and this theatre has since been in the hands of his brothers, Mr. Robert Roxby and Mr. William Beverly, who are now the proprietors. The former gentleman has long been an eminent actor in London, and the latter, as a theatrical scene painter, is at the head of his profession.

Although the old theatre at Stockton has so miserable an exterior; yet, under the successive management of Messrs. Kemble, Faulkner and Anderson, John Bland, Mitchel, Crook, Beverly, Roxby, and J. W. Benson, it has produced, along with the other theatres in the circuit, a great number of clever actors, who afterwards appeared on the metropolitan boards as bright stars in the theatrical hemisphere.

During the last fifty years many eminent actresses have appeared on the Stockton stage. Amongst the number may be enumerated the fascinating Miss Foote, Mrs. Charles Kemble, Madame Vestris, the accomplished Miss Kelly, one of the finest performers England ever produced, and the celebrated and lively Mrs. Jordan, once the mistress of William the Fourth, and mother of the late Lady Falkland, who used to reside at Skutterskelfe, in Cleveland.

In 1832, Junius Booth, the father of Wilkes Booth, who assassinated President Lincoln, played six nights on the Stockton boards as a star. He was at that time the rival of the elder Kean, and, though rather diminutive in stature, he was a wonderful tragedian.

The old Theatre having become much delapidated, and the approaches to it being very bad, an elegant one has lately been built on the south side of Yarm Road, by subscription shares of £10 each. The front of this structure, which is an ornament to the town, is of red brick with stone dressings, and the rest is of ordinary brick. The style of the architecture cannot be recognised as belonging to any particular order. The building proper is in the form of a long parallelogram; but a wedge-shaped wing being added to the west, the ground plan has the appearance of an irregular quadrangle. This wing was added with the view to providing an entrance to the gallery staircases, refreshment room, dressing room, green room, music room, &c. without entering into the main building. The entrance to the boxes is by the centre door in the front of the building, and those to the pit and gallery by doors at the north-west corner. In addition to the three front entrances there is a door at the north-east corner, by which, should fire occur, egress may be had to the street. The accommodation, in round numbers, is as follows: boxes, 150; pit, 500; and gallery, 600; total 1,250. It is calculated, however, that on an extra occasion from 1,500 to 1,600 persons may be accommodated. The seats are arranged in a semi-circular form, so that

a good view may be obtained of the stage and the orchestra. The ascent to the boxes is by a commodious winding staircase, at the top of which is a spacious corridor. The total cost of the building is about £4,000. The architects were Messrs. John Potts & Sons, Sunderland, from whose designs the handsome new theatre lately opened at Glasgow has been erected. The contractor was Mr. Thomas Bowron, builder, of Stockton. Mr. William Clephan, architect, of the same place, at the expressed wish of the Committee, gratuitously superintended the progress of the work to see the designs were properly carried out.

The following account of the late inauguration of the Dramatic College at Maybury is so interesting and contains so many noble sentiments beautifully expressed, that I shall close these remarks by giving it insertion here :—

On Monday, the 2nd June, 1865, the Dramatic College at Maybury (an asylum for decayed actors and actresses) was inaugurated by the Prince of Wales; his father having laid the foundation stone of the building. The band of the Duke of York's school was present, besides a guard of honour, consisting of the Hon. Artillery Company and a number of influential gentlemen. On arriving at the Hall, Mr. Benjamin Webster, the master, presented the Prince with a golden key, with which the door was opened, and he was conducted into the hall, and to a seat on a dais tastefully draped with crimson velvet, and decorated with the familiar plume of the Prince of Wales. When the Prince was seated, Mr. Webster read the following address :—

"May it please your royal highness,—Five years ago, on the first of June, 1860, close to this spot, your royal highness's illustrious father, the late revered Prince Consort, laid the foundation-stone of the building which is to-day happily inaugurated by your royal highness. Upon that memorable occasion the illustrious Prince said that the Royal Dramatic College would confer a benefit upon the public as well as upon the stage, by aiding a profession from which the community at large derived rational entertainment, in which popular amusement was combined with moral instruction and intellectual culture. Sir, these golden words are treasured amongst the highest incentives which, from that time to the present, have stimulated our exertions in carrying out the design of the institution. We have sedulously endeavoured to establish the Royal Dramatic College on such a basis as would have justified the approval of the illustrious Prince your father. We have the satisfaction, sir, of being able to say that the design of which your royal father approved has not been in the slightest particular departed from, and that by steady perseverance we have already succeeded in effecting the

main purpose of the institution. Three objects were contemplated in the erection of this college:—A retreat for aged and infirm members of the dramatic profession; schools for the education of the children of actors and writers for the stage; and a central hall, which should embrace a library and gallery for the collection of works of art and literature illustrative of the English Drama. The first of these objects is accomplished; for the second, funds are in course of accumulation; the third, which crowns the edifice, your royal highness is now about to dedicate to the uses for which it was designed. Amongst the numerous benevolent institutions which abound in this country, there is none more deserving of generous support than the Royal Dramatic College. The actor, who is the interpreter of the poet in his gayest and in his gravest moods, and who imparts to the drama that vital grace and expression which brings out its passions and emotions into palpable life, possesses peculiar claims upon the sympathies of the public. His rewards are precarious: his fame is ephemeral; and when his faculties fail he passes from the bright footlights into oblivion. Here we hope to afford him rest and comfort in his old age, where, no longer fretted by the outer battle of life, he may serenely look through the loopholes of retreat,

‘to see the stir

Of the great Babel and not feel the crowd.’

Here, too, we hope to preserve the records and personal relics of his profession, so that, when the actor is seen no more, the memorials of his art shall survive him. The stage of this country owes your royal highness a debt of gratitude for the constant interest you have taken in its progress; and, by extending your favour to the Royal Dramatic College, your royal highness has not only bestowed a boon on the whole dramatic profession, but materially elevated its title to public respect and support. Upon your highness properly devolves the task of bringing to a successful conclusion the noble work whose foundations were laid by your illustrious father, and whose objects her gracious Majesty, your royal mother, has thought worthy of her patronage. We thank you for it from our hearts. May the work, which you have this day inaugurated, prosper; and may your royal highness long live to witness its happy fruits.”

The Prince of Wales replied as follows:—“Gentlemen, it is truly gratifying to my feelings to find myself this day called upon to take a part in the final completion of a building the foundation of which was the work of my lamented father, as it was also an object which he had much at heart. My satisfaction is increased by finding its beneficial plans carried out in a manner worthy of the cause and of the profession for the benefit of which the Dramatic College has been instituted, and that, as the inevitable hour approaches, he, who has so often administered to your amusement, blended with instruction, will here find a retreat opened for age and its infirmities in grateful recognition of a debt due to the world at large. The inauguration

of the building we are now in, completes the three purposes which you have enumerated as forming the original design of this institution. After having provided for the material wants and comforts of those who are entitled to seek a shelter in this asylum, the last object is to cheer their evening of life, and to embellish its closing scenes with the books, memorials, and records of their art, that they may live in the past, and make their final exit in a spirit of thankfulness to God and their fellow creatures."

The Markets.

"Happy Britannia!

Full are thy cities with the sons of Art;
And trade and joy, in every busy street
Mingling are heard."

THE establishment of weekly markets or fairs in a town requires not only a combination of favourable circumstances, but likewise great exertions on the part of its inhabitants to effect this important object. The fairs at Yarm have been of so long standing that they cannot be injured by any attempts to supersede them. Stockton has two or three times tried to do this, by offering prizes for the best show of dairies, &c., but all to no purpose. The October fair at Yarm is still, and ever will be, the great cheese fair in the north. New towns, such as Middlesbro' and West Hartlepool, generally make slow progress towards establishing any market or fair of consequence, as their position and many other things are against their succeeding in this respect.

Some years ago, an attempt was made at West Hartlepool to raise a weekly market at that place. This attempt signally failed. And why did it fail? Simply, because neither sellers nor buyers would attend it. The market building at West Hartlepool at that time was uncalled for, and it still remains as a monument of human folly, reminding one of a married couple having purchased a cradle with no prospect of a baby to put into it. A number of cradles were once presented to

Joanna Southcot, with the intention, probably, of having the promised Shiloh *well rocked*; but like the market building at West Hartlepool, with its colonades and iron gates, they were never wanted. A lot of grand baby linen to bedizen out the expected Shiloh was sent to the arch prophetess by her deluded followers at Stockton. When will people cease to be foolish?

The bishops of Durham granted in former days various charters to establish fairs and markets at Stockton; but these fairs and markets were long since discontinued. The present weekly market at Stockton was granted on "Wednesday for ever" by bishop Cosins, in April, 1666, and, with more or less fluctuati n, it has existed ever since that period.

When I came to Stockton about fifty years ago, the weekly markets were very poor to what they are at present. There was then a coal market at the north end of the Town Hall, where cart loads of coal brought direct from the collieries stood in long rows, and sold at 18s. to 22s. per load. Some hundreds of donkeys were then employed in this trade; every ass brought two or three sacks of coal each, which sold in the market for 8d. or 9d. a sack. There was a good market, then, for butter, eggs, and poultry, and also for corn; but few stalls, except for the sale of gingerbread; and few cattle of any description, Darlington being the great cattle market at that time.

The 'establishment of monthly fairs in 1811 contributed much to increase the markets and draw additional trade to the town. These fairs were ultimately so successful that in 1836 fortnightly fairs were established in lieu of them, and on the 21st of January, 1851, weekly fairs commenced, which have continued ever since. The Wednesday weekly markets are supplied with cattle, sheep, and pigs from the breeders in North Yorkshire and the county of Durham. As a corn market Stockton is noted for the immense quantity of grain brought to it. I once counted upwards of 400 carts and waggons at this market laden with corn. The fruit and vegetable market extends from the south of the Almshouses to the old parish church. It is abundantly supplied by the growers from Cleveland, Thirsk, and York, and by Mr. John Tweedy and Mr. John Heald, two wholesale fruit dealers in Stockton, who import large quantities of fruit and vegetables from Holland and Hamburg. The supply of butter, eggs, and poultry is generally quickly disposed of. In fact, whatever is brought

to this market, meets with ready customers from Middlesbro', the Hartlepoons, Sunderland, and other parts of the north. It is attended every week by about two hundred butchers for the purpose of purchasing stock, and altogether it is pronounced to be the best and most flourishing market in the north of England.

Stockton is surrounded by railways, and no person on land can either enter or leave the place without going over or under one. It may be truly said, therefore, that this town is much indebted for its flourishing markets to its central position and the great facilities it possesses by railway communication.

The following statement shows the great increase of the Tolls of the market during the last eleven years :—

1854, £98, 2s. 6d.	1857, £248 0s. 11d.
1855, £177, 19s. 6d.	1858, £249 13s. 8d.
1856, £204, 3s. 5d.	1859, £258 3s. 5d.

Being an increase of £160 0s. 11d. during the above six years.

1860, £257 1s. 8d.	1863, £341 13s. 5d.
1861, £276 1s. 5d.	1864, £385 8s. 6d.
1862, £320 10s. 3d.	

Being an increase of £140 1s. 9d, during the last five years.

Total increase during the eleven years. £288 6s. 10d.

Literary and Educational Institutions.

"From education, as the leading cause,
The public character its colour draws;
Thence the prevailing manners take their cast,
Extravagant or sober, loose or chaste.

COWPER.

"Delightful task! to rear the tender thought,
To teach the young idea how to shoot."

THOMSON.

I WELL recollect the period when the means of educating the children of the poor in Stockton were at a low ebb. At that time, there were only two public schools in the town; one, called the "National School," where the scholars were taught on the "Madras system" of education, introduced by Dr. Bell; and the other, the "School of Industry," instituted in 1803, by Mrs. Sutton and other ladies, and which is still supported by public subscription.

At the time to which I allude, the higher classes of society, generally speaking, were decidedly hostile to any extended system of education to the children of the working classes, as they openly declared that a little learning was "a dangerous thing," that the less educated the people were, the better servants they made, and, in a national point of view, the better they were to govern. This was particularly exemplified by the determined opposition and non-support of the influential inhabitants of Stockton to the Mechanics' Institute when it was formed in 1825 in that town. This opposition was probably adopted at that time in consequence of the kingdom being deluged with cheap political pamphlets advocating a reform in the House of Commons. Meetings for parliamentary reform were then held in almost every town in the kingdom; and, amongst others, one took place at Stockton, which I unfortunately attended, and having been called upon by the

Chairman to address those present, I obeyed the call, and thus made my maiden speech, which brought upon my poor devoted head a nest of human hornets I never expected. In this speech I merely exhorted the young men present to form a Reading Society in the town for the purpose of improving their minds and making themselves better acquainted with the subjects that then agitated the public mind. Mark, there was no Mechanics' Institute at that time in Stockton, and though in this speech I made no allusion to politics, though I said nothing to offend any one, nothing that I ever had the least reason to be ashamed of; yet, strange to say, so high did political feeling run in those days, that I was branded by the tory journals in the district as "a black *advised* man," a dangerous, seditious person, one who wished to plunder the rich; and I was even threatened to be discharged from my situation if I ever addressed another political meeting.

Many years after this event took place, and I had nearly forgotten it, I attended a Tea Festival of the Mechanics' Institute in the Borough Hall, Stockton, where, as one of the Committee, I was on the platform. During the proceedings, the Meeting was addressed by Mr. Lockey Harle, the sheriff of Newcastle, who was brought up at Stockton. In the course of his remarks, which were principally on popular education, he said, that he remembered when he was a boy and resided in Stockton, a party of young men in that town who used to hold meetings for the improvement of their minds by reading, and who took an active part in the reform movement then in agitation. "All honour," he continued, "to those then young men, "they were the pioneers of progress in Stockton at that time. I wonder whether any of these *chaps* are living now!" On hearing these words I felt proud of the part I had once taken in the reform movement, and had I been called upon to address the company I would have felt great pleasure in acknowledging the compliment thus paid to the party alluded to; all of whom, I believe, are dead, except myself and the Rev. William Foster, once a woolcomber in Stockton, and now minister of the Free Church, Clarence Road, Kentish Town, London, which church he founded twelve years ago, and where in June last he was presented by his congregation with a very handsome timepiece and a purse containing 160 guineas, as a mark of their appreciation of his services as their pastor.

I am reminded here of an occurrence which much annoyed me when I advocated parliamentary reform previous to the passing of the Reform bill in 1832. One day my employer came to me and showing me a written paper, said, that he would be obliged to discharge me if I did not sign it. The following is a copy of the paper :—

"I hereby acknowledge that I have acted very improperly in advocating political principles having a tendency to subvert the British constitution, and that in future I shall take no part whatever in the Reform Movement, provided my employer will retain me in my situation."

I was required not only to sign this precious document, but to consent, when signed, to its being published in all the newspapers in the district. Refusing to do this, my employer told me he was sorry, as he had the highest opinion of me as a man and a servant; but he was necessitated to part with me to oblige some of his best customers who had taken umbrage at my political conduct. I had then a wife and eight children depending upon me for support; and yet I received fourteen days' notice to quit my situation.* I took the paper home, and on reading it to my wife, she indignantly exclaimed, "I tell you what, Henry, I would rather we went a-begging than you disgraced yourself by signing so infamous a production." If ever I admired my wife more at one time than another it was at that moment. About ten days after this unpleasant event took place, and I knew no other but I would have to leave my situation, I received a visit from the Rev. Mr. Robson, who said he had come to convince me that in advocating parliamentary reform I was advocating what was dishonest. "Well, Sir," I replied, "I am open to conviction, and if you can prove what you say, I'll recant my opinions and sign the paper." After a discussion for some time upon this subject, he fairly acknowledged I had the best of the argument, that I was a different person altogether from what he took me to be, that I should retain my situation, and he would always be a friend to me. We then shook hands and parted, and I never heard any more of this disagreeable affair. Strange to say, when the Reform Bill passed in 1832, many of those who had insisted on having me discharged from my situation, actually turned reformers themselves, and took part in the procession at Stockton in celebration of that great event. Verily, "Time works wonders."

Since 1832 a great change has taken place in the public mind on the advantages derived from popular education ; and, it is now generally admitted, that no nation can be great and free where the people are not well informed. Had it not been for the voluntary support which our public schools formerly received from the friends of education, the masses in this country would have been in a deplorable state of ignorance ; but voluntary support lately having been assisted by Government grants for educational purposes, a better and more effective system of education has been adopted, and schools of every description have greatly multiplied : yet, with all the means at our disposal for cultivating the youthful mind, and our high position as a nation, it is said, the educational character of our working population does not keep pace with the material progress of the age. Not long ago, Lord Stanley, speaking on this subject, emphatically said, that in "educational provision for our juvenile population we are far behind every other European nation." Other statesmen have expressed similar opinions on the same point, and as an evidence that there is some truth in these opinions, I would refer to a Report published by the London Church of England Education Society. In this Report it is distinctly stated, on statistics that can be relied upon, that our educational provision for the rising generation in this country is at present so extremely defective, that nearly 400,000 children are actually left without any means being provided for educating them. The natural result is, that these children are cradled and nursed in the streets and narrow lanes of our towns, where herding with the lowest characters, they plunge into the great vortex of immorality and crime, and become pests to society.

I am happy in saying, that Stockton is an exception to the foregoing remarks, as at present its educational agencies are both numerous and well conducted, and thus they show that this town is behind no other in the kingdom as regards affording the rising generation a sound and useful education.

The following are the principal Educational and Literary Institutions in the town :—

MECHANICS' INSTITUTE.

This useful Institute was formed in 1825 ; but after existing for about five years, it fell gradually, for want of support, into a declining state, and was all but discontinued for some years.

In the year 1836, it revived by becoming united to the Stockton Reading Room, and continued its operations with more or less success till 1851, when the Corporation Hall, in Dovecot-street, having been proposed for sale, a subscription was set on foot by the members of the Institute for the purpose of purchasing this building, though the Institute was actually then in debt. When the subscription amounted to about £300, the Hall was bought for £1,100, which was very cheap, considering its central situation, and that the structure had cost the corporation upwards of £1,500, including £765, the price given for the old building and site. To make this purchase, £800 were borrowed on the building. In 1853, in order to liquidate this sum, a bazaar was held in the Borough Hall, and, by the profits of this undertaking, nearly £400 were realized, thus leaving above £400 to pay to get the building clear. A superb screen, value £30, was presented by the late Marchioness of Londonderry for this Bazaar, and numerous other valuable articles of taste and utility were contributed by the ladies of Stockton.

The Institute possesses a valuable library, comprising three thousand volumes, besides a variety of apparatus and mechanical instruments, and a collection of minerals. The classes for the study of Arithmetic, Mensuration, Algebra, Euclid, Geography, Grammar, Writing, and Reading, are conducted by Mr. Walker, and they meet five nights during the week in the winter season. A drawing class is also conducted by Mr. Kelly. Certificates of merit have been awarded at the examination of the West Riding Educational Board to several candidates from the Stockton classes. There are about three hundred and fifty members belonging to the Institute; of whom, the first-class pay 15s. per annum; the second-class 10s.; the third-class 8s.; and the fourth-class 5s. A preliminary Savings' Bank in connexion with it has been very successful. It was opened in April, 1852, and last year there were 1,300 depositors.

On the 8th of June, 1865, the annual Delegate Meeting connected with the Yorkshire Union of Institutes was held in the Borough Hall, this being the first time the Stockton Institute has had that honour. The meeting was well attended by delegates, whose speeches were very interesting, Edward Baines, Esq., M. P., occupying the chair. On the following day the whole of the delegates present at the meeting, with their friends connected with the Stockton Institute, had an

excursion by train to the delightful watering-place of Saltburn-by-the-Sea, where they dined together at the Zetland Hotel. During the day, the party visited the iron mines of Messrs. J. & J. W. Pease, at Upleatham, where they entered an avenue hewn out of the solid rock, reaching about a mile, and which was lighted up on both sides with candles placed at about six yards distance from each other. This avenue was about twelve feet wide and seven feet high, with a railway for small waggons in the centre. Through this subterranean excavation the visitors walked for nearly three quarters of a mile, admiring every thing curious that came within their notice. The visit of the party to these wonderful underground roads, displaying what human ingenuity and perseverance can achieve, will be long remembered. Too much praise cannot be given to Mr. T. W. Hornsby, one of the Honorary Secretaries of the Stockton Institute, for the active part he took in endeavouring to make the visit of the Delegates a source of pleasure to them.

The following gentlemen have been Presidents of the Institute since its formation :—1825, William Skinner, then mayor of Stockton—1835, John Cartwright, of Norton—1839, William Bayley, solicitor—1841, Robert Rayson—1842—Thomas Richmond.*

* On the 2nd of December, 1863, it being the 75th anniversary of Mr. Richmond's birthday, a tea-party, comprising a large number of ladies and gentlemen of Stockton, was held in the Borough Hall, for the purpose of presenting his portrait, which had been painted by subscription, from the studio of Mr. Guttenberg, of Stockton. The portrait was placed in the Hall, and it bore on its handsome frame the following inscription :—"This portrait of Thomas Richmond, Esq., President of the Stockton Mechanics' Institute of Literature and Science, was presented by the committee and members of the said Institute, as a mark of respect for his general character, and as a token of their appreciation of his valuable services to the Institute, since the commencement in 1825, and especially during the twenty-one years he has ably filled the office of President, and was, with his consent, directed to be hung up in the public room of the Institute, 2nd December, 1863."

After tea, Peter Romyn, Esq., J. P., then Mayor of Stockton, briefly opened the proceedings by bearing witness to the great public usefulness of Mr. Richmond, in various ways having served the town for a long series of years, in connection with the Bench, the Council, the Dispensary, and the Mechanics' Institute.

THE ATHENÆUM.

The opening of this Literary Institution took place in January, 1865, under the most favourable circumstances. It occupies a commodious building in St. John's Road, and besides a reading or lecture room, the members, numbering about 100, are accommodated with a billiard room and a chess room. The president of the Institution is Howard Head, Esq., the Vice-presidents being Joseph Dodds and G. R. Garthorne, Esquires, and the Honorary Secretaries, Messrs. W. H. Benington and J. S. Byers.

BLUE COAT SCHOOLS.

These Schools were originally instituted in the year 1721 by voluntary subscriptions and contributions; but they made little progress until about 1810, when the Madras system of education was introduced. The School Rooms were then enlarged, and the handsome sum of £1000 was bequeathed to them by George Brown, Esq. The girls at that period spun the clothing of the Blue Coat Boys as well as their own. These Schools have lately been re-built from designs by Mr. Pritchard, architect, of Darlington, Mr. Thomas Bowron, of Stockton, being the builder. The style of architecture resembles the Gothic, and the structure, which cost £3,000, is an ornament to the north end of the town.

Boys' School, Thomas Gregson, master—No. of boys, 250. Girls' School, Jane Hudson, mistress, E. A. Hudson, assistant mistress, No. of girls, 100. Infants' School, Ann Moore, mistress, Elizabeth Rolleston assistant mistress—No. of children 230. This School is inspected quarterly by the trustees of the Society. Total taught at these Schools, 680.

ST. THOMAS'S SCHOOLS.

These Schools, built in the Elizabethan style of architecture, are situate on the east side of the Square, and they were opened April 12th, 1847.

Charles Trotter, Esq., the senior Vice-president, then presented the portrait in the names of the subscribers, making some appropriate remarks, which were well received; and Mr. Richmond, when the protracted applause of his friends had subsided, proceeded to make his grateful acknowledgments for the honour conferred upon him by the subscribers. Several other addresses of an interesting character followed, when this agreeable meeting came to a close.

Boys' School, J. B. Martingale, master. No pupil teacher, but one paid monitor. No. of boys, 105. The report of the Government Inspector of the School in 1864 was as follows :—

"The School is in very fair order, and the master's work is satisfactory under the disadvantage of a crowded room."

Girls' School, Miss S. Megler, mistress. There is one candidate for the office of pupil teacher. No. of Girls, 92. Inspector's Report as follows :

"The School is very fairly worked; but is much in want of desk accommodation."

Infants' School, Miss J. Bradley, mistress. There is no assistant teacher, but one paid member. No. of children, 200. Total taught at these Schools, 395.

TRINITY SCHOOLS.

The site of these buildings was given by the Bishop of Durham. The Schools consist of a Boys' school, the School of Industry, which was removed here from Castlegate, and an Infant School. They are situate in Yarm Road, and built in the Elizabethan style.

Boys' School, P. Banning, master—No. of boys, 100. Girls' School, Miss Read, mistress, with two pupil teachers. No. of girls, 163. Infants School, Miss Chapman, mistress—No. of children, 170. Total taught at these Schools, 433. There is a Night School for adults, with voluntary teachers, which has done a great amount of good since its establishment.

BRITISH SCHOOLS.

These excellent Schools are situate in Tennant-street, Norton Road. They were formed by voluntary contributions, and for many years have filled an important place in the education of the children of dissenters and long occupied a prominent position amongst similar institutions in the town. Our respected townsman, Mr. John Dodshon, speaking of these Schools, said, that he had attended the Examinations for many years, but the last (in 1865) was the best he had ever been at.

Boys' Schools, J. Burn, master—No. of boys, 120. Girls' School, Miss Barningham, mistress—No. of girls, 90. Infants' School, No. of children, 70. Total, 280.

ST. MARY'S CATHOLIC SCHOOL.

St. Mary's Catholic Schools are situate in Major-street, contiguous to the chapel, Norton Road. The master having died lately, it is now a mixed school conducted by a mistress. Total No. of boys and girls, 200.

RAGGED SCHOOL.

These useful Schools were established in 1853, and since then they have been well supported by private subscription. They commenced in Castle-gate in a small way; they were afterwards removed to the Old Custom House, at the foot of House wife Lane; and now they are carried on in a large and elegant structure, situate in Portrack Road, built expressly for these schools by public subscription. The edifice was designed by Mr. Adams, architect, of Stockton, and is highly creditable to that gentleman's architectural taste. The object of these schools is the education of the poorest class of children by means of day, night, and Sunday schools, and their great success and the good they have done have been such as to merit the confidence of their supporters. Robert Evers, master, Mrs. Evers, matron. No. of children taught, 180.

INFANTS' SCHOOL.

This School, situate in Regent-street, was built in 1832 by public subscription. Being commodious, lofty, and extremely well-ventilated, it must be highly conducive to health. Miss Chapman, mistress—No. of children, 126.

The total number of boys, girls, and infants at present taught in the above Schools amounts to 2,294. Besides these Schools, there are several private ones; amongst the number, the Rev. J. Sladden's Academy, in Skinner-street, and Mr. Cooke's Collegiate School, in Church Row.

SUBSCRIPTION LIBRARY.

This Library commenced July 5th, 1791, and it contains a large number of useful and entertaining volumes in various departments of literature. It is kept in premises in High-street, and is under the direction of a committee.

Public Baths and Wash-houses.

"There's little comfort in the house
Upon a washing-day."

In a sanitary point of view public baths and wash-houses are highly necessary in every town. I consider, therefore, it was a great boon to the inhabitants of Stockton when they were opened at that place. Housewives can now have their clothes washed, dried, and mangled, at a trifling expense, without having their homes thrown into a litter and every one made uncomfortable, which used to be the case under the old abominable system, when women commenced washing soon after twelve in the morning, and, starting thus early, had no chance of carrying out the day, which was decidedly a bad practice and injurious to health.

It was for many years conceived by those who took an interest in sanitary measures that the establishment of public baths and wash-houses in Stockton would be extremely advantageous to its inhabitants; but no steps were taken towards carrying out this conception until the corporation took the important matter into consideration. Having decided in favour of the undertaking, they purchased ground in Portrack Road to carry it out, and ultimately built the present Public Baths and Wash-houses, which were opened on the 9th of June, 1859. The erection of the structure cost £3,000. In consequence of too much stone work in front, considering the size of the building, it does not, in my humble opinion, reflect much credit upon the taste of the architect. Towards the top of the edifice in front, beautifully cut out in stone, there is a representation of the corporation arms, encircled as follows:—"Erected Anno Domini MDCCCLVIII, Joseph Dodds, Esq., Mayor." A little lower down, also cut out in stone, appear the words "Opened June 9th, 1859, J. H. Wren, Esq., Mayor," with that gentleman's armorials in the centre.

The structure contains a large, commodious, and well-ventilated wash-house, having twenty-one places for the washers, who are each accommodated with a washing tub, a poss tub, and a tap where they have a supply of water at command. The charge for washing is one penny an hour for the first two hours, and three halfpence an hour afterwards. The wash-house is well attended, and here may frequently be seen one-and-twenty "washerwomen all in a row," working away up to their elbows in suds. Adjoining to the wash-house, there are two spacious rooms possessing every requisite convenience for drying and mangling, and close to them an excellent drying ground. On the right hand side of the entrance to the building are nine warm bath rooms, neatly and comfortably fitted up. They are divided into first and second class rooms. The first class are charged sixpence each bather, and the second threepence. Contiguous to these rooms there is an excellent swimming bath, 48 feet long and 25 feet broad, having 21 very convenient dressing boxes for bathers, the charge being threepence each bather on Mondays and Tuesdays, and one penny each the remainder of the week.

At present Mr. and Mrs. Cosins conduct this Institution, and since it was opened, they have, I believe, given general satisfaction in their respective situations.

Joshua Byers, Esq., has been chairman of the committee of management of these Baths and Wash-houses since they came into operation, and in a praise-worthy manner he has always taken the deepest interest in seeing that the important objects for which they were formed are effectually carried out.

No. of Bathers in the Year 1860.

Bathers.....	9,390.
Washers	5,120

No. of Bathers in the Year 1865.

Bathers	11,882
Washers	9,039

<i>Receipts 1860.</i>			<i>Receipts 1865.</i>		
Baths.....	£103	2 0	Baths.....	£135	10 5
Washers.....	85	17 0	Wash-house...	189	6 11
	£188	19 0	Total	£.324	17 4

Benevolent Institutions.

Hence yonder building rose : on either side
Far stretch'd the wards, all airy, warm, and wide ;
And every ward has beds by comfort spread,
And smooth'd for him who suffers on the bed."

CRABBE.

THE ALMSHOUSE.—This handsome structure, built in the Gothic style, is situate in the High-street, and it was erected in 1816; George Brown, Esq., of Stockton, having munificently bequeathed £3,000 for that purpose. The building is divided into thirty-six comfortable apartments for poor widows and poor families, and on a pediment over an arched entrance in front is the following inscription :—" These Almshouses were built A. D. MDCCCXVI with a sum of money bequeathed for that purpose by George Brown, Esq."

COTTAGE HOSPITAL.—Since the establishment of this useful Institution, which is supported by public subscription, it has been highly advantageous to numbers who have entered it and required surgical aid. It is situate in Thistle Green, and possesses every accommodation for the invalid.

THE WORKHOUSE. This spacious building is situate in Port-track Road. It has a garden in front, and another behind, comprising about two acres, with a commodious yard, school houses, bath house, and every accommodation for promoting the health and comfort of the inmates, who are well attended to by the present master and matron, Mr. and Mrs. Hopper. The boys' school is superintended by Mr. Speight, who has between thirty and forty boys under his tuition. Besides giving them a useful education, he takes great pains to teach them music in his leisure hours, and they now form a Drum and Fife Band, whose performances are highly creditable to their persevering instructor.

The Men that are Gone.

"What is this passing scene?

A peevish, April day!

A little sun—a little rain,

And then night sweeps along the plain,

And all things fade away.

Man (soon discuss'd)

Yields up his trust,

And all his hopes and fears lie with him in the dust."

KIRKE WHITE.

And is he dead whose glorious mind

Lifts thine on high?—

To live in hearts we leave behind,

Is not to die.

CAMPBELL.

THE "Men that are Gone!" How emphatic, how impressive are these words! How they speak to the heart, and recall to remembrance those near and dear to us—those whom we once respected for their worth or esteemed for their virtues, who have one after another passed from our midst, and now sleep in peace within the hallowed precincts

"Where mourned and missed

The lips repose our love has kissed;"

And where, sooner or later, when death crosses our path, we shall have to follow them and bid farewell for ever to this our earthly abode.

The "Men that are Gone," however, though dead, may be said to still live in our hearts; where frequently, with a mournful pleasure, we think of them with a sigh—think of them as connected with many pleasing associations of the past, and happy scenes still vividly retained in the memory.

Who is there that does not love to cherish in his remembrance some one gone before, once dear to him? Who is there that does not delight to dwell on records of those individuals, who departed, have left behind them

"Footsteps on the sands of Time."

To the reader, therefore, who loves to dwell upon the past, and feels a pleasure in recalling to mind the worth and virtues of those who once "lived, and moved, and had their being" in Stockton, it is hoped the following brief notices of such of them as attained to a high position by their talents, their genius, or their energy, or were in any way distinguished by their singularity, will not be found uninteresting:—

WILLIAM BAYLEY, ESQ.

SOLICITOR.

This gentleman was the second son of William Batcher Bayley, of Northallerton, a physician of considerable practical eminence. He practised in the legal profession at Stockton for thirty years, where he had an extensive conveyancing business. As a solicitor he had a high reputation for skill and integrity. In politics he was a liberal, and ever a consistent supporter of that interest in the Southern Division of the county of Durham. As foreman in the establishment of Messrs. Christopher & Jennett, printers, in Stockton, Mr. Bayley always used to send for me when he had instructions to give as to the work he required doing by that firm. On such occasions we frequently entered into conversation on matters unconnected with business, and thus we became personally acquainted. I always found him gentlemanly in his manners, lively in his disposition, and well versed in general literature. For some years he was president of the Mechanics' Institute at Stockton, at the annual soirees of which he many times, with great ability, discharged the important duties of chairman, for which he was so well adapted by his scholastic attainments and the fluent and clear manner with which he expressed himself. In 1839, he was one of the two anti-slavery delegates sent to the metropolis to treat with parliament on the abolition of negro slavery.

Mr. Bayley married for his first wife Miss D'Oyley, of Sion Hill, in the county of York, and those who remember her, as I do, will well know how truly the union of a christian and a gentlewoman was realised in her character. She was both amiable and accomplished, and died in 1832, much regretted by all who knew her. Mr. Bayley afterwards married Miss Sophia Broome, who is now the Baroness Von Steny.

What greatly tended to show the humane feeling of Mr. Bayley was the intense interest he took in rescuing John Ireland, a cabin boy, and his nephew, W. R. D'Oyley, from the savages of Torres Straits, an event which excited great attention in England, and which took place under the following appalling circumstances:—

John D'Oyley, a captain in the Bengal artillery, and brother-in-law of Mr. Bayley, set sail from India with his wife and two infant sons to visit Sidney, in Australia, for a change of air. Here they remained a considerable time till, in 1834, he received despatches from India intimating that a valuable appointment in that country had been conferred upon him. He, therefore, with his wife and children unfortunately embarked for India in that ill-fated ship, the "Charles Eaton," which, alas, never reached its place of destination.

For a considerable period the fate of the crew and passengers of the "Charles Eaton" was utterly unknown, and great anxiety prevailed in every quarter where Captain D'Oyley was known respecting the non-arrival of the vessel in India. At last in the Autumn of 1835, rumours reached England that the ship had been wrecked in Torres Straits, and that the crew and passengers had been ruthlessly murdered by the savages infesting the islands there. On further investigation this horrible account proved too true, and Mr. Bayley being the guardian of Captain D'Oyley's children he applied, through Lord Glenelg, to the English government, to send a frigate of war in quest of the survivors, if any, of the "Charles Eaton." This request being granted, the schooner, "Isabella," was ultimately dispatched on the humane mission.

At length it was ascertained, that the "Charles Eaton" had been wrecked in Torres Straits in August, 1834, and that with the exception of five sailors, who escaped in a boat to Batavia, and the two boys previously mentioned, Captain D'Oyley, his wife, and third son, with the rest of the passen-

gers, had all been murdered and devoured by the cannibals. These wretches, with the intention of adopting them, had spared from the general massacre the cabin boy, named Ireland, and Captain D'Oyley's youngest son, W. R. D'Oyley, then three years of age, who were discovered on Murray's Island, in the Straits, having resided with the savages more than two years. Both these unfortunate boys were, of course, ransomed, and brought to England. Mrs. D'Oyley's skull was found adorning a temple of the savages in the island of Aureed, in the Straits, and with many similar relics, it was conveyed to Sidney, in November, 1856, where they received the rites of Christian burial, and a monument was erected to record the horrid event.

Five narratives of this heart-rending occurrence have been published. The first, by the Rev. Thomas Wemys—the second, by Mr. Brockett, Newcastle—the third, by Capt. Lewis—the fourth, by John Ireland, the redeemed cabin boy—and another which appeared in the Dissenters' Magazine.

Mr. Bayley, as the guardian of the rescued boy, W. R. D'Oyley, brought him to Stockton, where he received an excellent education at the Grammar School, then under Mr. Special, and having been favoured with a military appointment in India from Sir Charles D'Oyley, he went there, and in 1852 died of cholera, being about twenty-two years of age.

Mr. Bayley, who acted with all the tenderness of a parent to the poor orphan left under such melancholy circumstances to his care and attention, died on the 5th of October, 1847.

MR. THOMAS WRIGHT,

ORGANIST.

In the beginning of the present century this gentleman was organist at the parish church of Stockton. When the colours were presented to the Volunteer corps at that place in 1809, he composed some appropriate music for the occasion, which was played by the Band. Amiable in his disposition, pleasing in his manners, and attentive to his professional duties, he was much respected. He resided many years in a house

adjoining the vicarage. His wife, the sister of Mr. Henry Wade Foxton, was said to be the authoress of a novel, ^{see p 25} in two volumes, entitled "A Marvellous Pleasant Love Story," which is now extremely scarce. I recollect reading this production many years ago, and was much pleased with a glowing description it contained of the picturesque scenery between Stockton and Redcar. When these volumes were published, they created a great sensation in Stockton, as some young ladies residing in the town were satirized in them under the title of the Misses Fizzgigs. Mrs. Sutton left £400 towards ^{see in} the organist's salary at the parish church; but with this proviso, that it was to accumulate for twenty years, and then the interest arising from this sum was to be paid annually to the organist for the time being. This was done, it was said, to prevent Mr. Wright from enjoying the interest, in consequence of his wife, who was a clever writer, having satirised the ladies alluded to. 1844.

Mr. Wright died Nov. 24th, 1829, aged 66 years, and an elegant obelisk is erected to his memory in Norton church-yard. His son, an excellent flute player, is now an eminent surgeon at Wakefield. 6. 1863

X Book pub? circa 1790 - 1800

MR. JOSEPH HILL,

ORGANIST.

THIS gentleman succeeded Mr. Wright as organist at the parish church. His father was organist at the Parish church of Louth, in Lincolnshire; and his brother, Frederick Hill, Esq., was an eminent organist at York, where he married a rich heiress. When Mr. Hill came to Stockton to fill the situation of organist, to which he had been elected by a large majority, he cut so strange, so outlandish an appearance, that he became the "observed of all observers." He wore a beard, a singular appendage then, and a three cocked professional hat, white waistcoat, and buckskin inexpressibles. He was well but grotesquely dressed. Though amiable in his disposition, he always retained a singularity in his dress, his habits, and the mode of expressing himself. He published several pieces of

vocal as well as instrumental music; amongst these, I remember a song, entitled, "Here's a Health to the King," which he dedicated to his pupils, the first verse of which runs as follows:—

"Here's a health to the king,
And the bells as they ring;
We'll protect our dear land
Till each ship we have mann'd;
Here's Pitt's sinking fund,
Our vessel now is gunn'd;
Our anchor it is cast,
We are free from the blast."

Mr. Hill, like many of the gentlemen who now-a-days compose the librettos to our operatic music, cared more for the sound than for the sense of his poetical effusions. He once wrote a stanza which he left at Mr. Jennett's shop for insertion in the York Herald. The Pope of Rome had just then died a natural death, at a very advanced age, and the following is the stanza verbatim which Mr. Hill wrote on that event:—

"ON THE DEATH OF THE POPE.

May none of us die like the Pope,
An *untimely* death by the rope,
While the Church and its sweets,
Keep us safe in our seats,
To pray for our lives.
Our babes and our wives.

PETER DISH."

This production was left on Mr. Jennett's shop counter for perusal. Entering the shop one day, I was solicited to add a verse to it, when I immediately took a pencil and wrote the following lines:

"O Peter Dish, thou man of chime!
To wisdom great pretence,
The next time that thou cook'st a rhyme
Pray season it with sense."

Mr. Hill married Elizabeth, daughter of Mr. Alderson, of St. Ann's Hill, Stockton, an amiable and prepossessing lady, and though she was much younger than he was, yet they lived many happy years together. After Mr. Hill's death, this lady

married John Shelly, Esq., then collector of the Customs, Stockton, and they now reside at Belfast, in Ireland. Mr. Hill was a skilful organist, and he played well on several other instruments. He was many years leader of an Overture Band which practised in the Masons' Lodge Room. As I was a member of this Band, I frequently enjoyed his company, and I can truly say, that I always found him affable and agreeable. He was, moreover, punctual in his engagements; and, in his domestic character, a kind husband, a good father, and a social companion. He died in 1852, aged 66 years.

MR. CHRISTOPHER ALLISON,

MASTER MARINER.

Stockton, like all other northern ports, has produced its quota of brave and skilful seamen, and in the list, Mr. Christopher Allison, master mariner, may be named, he having materially contributed to the capture of the "Machault" privateer, of 14 nine pounders and 182 men, on New Year's Day, 1758, in Dungeness Road. Mr. Allison was at that time master of the "Adventure," an armed ship which was commanded by Capt. Brag for the king. On perceiving the French ship standing in, she was at first taken for an English cruiser. "Dinner being ready," says Mr. Allison, "Captain Brag gave orders for all 'hammocks up,' and cleaning the ship, which was done at the time we were at dinner. Monsieur smelling our beef, roast pork, and plum pudding, came down in order to deprive us of it; we dined on our beef and pork before they came: the pudding was fought for." The cable having been veered out to the splice, and then cut, the ship bore away large; but as there was not time to get the topsails hoisted, and the enemy evincing an intention to rake the "Adventure," the helm was put hard a port, which brought the ship athwart the bow of the enemy; whose bowsprit was secured by ropes, and lashed to the capstan of the English vessel, the crew of which had the advantage of raking the other.

The credit of these manœuvres was claimed, and probably with justice, by Mr. Allison. The action was kept up, principally with musketry, from the quarter-deck and round-house of the "Adventure," until the enemy struck their colours; but the party who boarded, headed by Allison, was unexpectedly received by a volley of small arms, which compelled them to retreat. About ten minutes firing, however, with the great guns, closed the action. Capt. Bray was rewarded for this exploit with the command of the "Amelia," an eighty gun ship, though Allison stated, that, during the greater part of the action, he and the pilot were in the round-house, which was musket-proof. Mr. Allison afterwards ushered in every new year with a PLUM PUDDING, in remembrance of the dinner and the exploit on the 1st of January, 1758.

The "Machault" had forty men killed and wounded in the engagement, and the "Adventure" only one man killed and two wounded.

Mr. Allison died at Stockton on the 11th July, 1808, aged 87 years. His son became Lieutenant-Colonel of the Stockton Volunteer Corps, and, on the 4th of February, 1804, he was presented with the colours by Mrs. Carr, the mayor's lady, with an appropriate speech, concluding with the following emphatic words:—"I present you with these colours in full confidence that you, and the brave men under your command, will defend them with honour to yourselves, your king, and your country."

VICE-ADMIRAL NATHAN BRUNTON.

THIS brave and experienced naval officer rose to the high position he held in the navy entirely through his own merit and bravery. He was born at Stockton-on-Tees in 1744, and taking a liking to the sea, he went to Shields, and there got bound as an apprentice to the master of a collier, called the "Marlborough," belonging to that port. Having served his apprenticeship he became master of this collier, and five years afterwards he was pressed and drafted on board a frigate of war commanded by the Right Honorable Constantine John Lord Mordaunt, who for many years honoured him with his

Mordaunt

distinguished friendship. Six years after he had been in the royal navy he was promoted to be a lieutenant; on the 26th March, 1782, to be a Commodore; on the 6th of August, 1783, to be Post Captain; on the 9th November, 1805, was made Rear-Admiral of the Blue; on the 3rd July, 1810, promoted to be Vice-Admiral of the Blue; and on the 4th of June, 1814, to be Vice-Admiral of the White.

After being thirty-seven years afloat, the brave Admiral becoming very deaf, he was obliged to leave the service, where, by his gallantry and intrepidity, he had sustained the character of a true British sailor; and, returning to his native town, he died there on the 19th of November, 1814, aged seventy years, much regretted by a large circle of friends, by whom he was greatly esteemed for his amiability and gentlemanly manners. In the parish church of Stockton a plain marble tablet records his virtues.

Vice-Admiral Nathan Brunton was cousin to Mr. Thomas Haw, ship-builder, previously noticed in this work, and Mrs. Haw, his widow, now living, and in her eightieth year, is in possession of an excellent likeness of him executed by Mr. Lawson Dunn. She also possesses the old admiral's favorite arm chair, made from the hull of a worm-eaten vessel, and a fine model of the last frigate, the "Minerva," which the Admiral commanded. Many years ago, when Mrs. Haw showed the Admiral this model, he expressed himself as highly pleased with it. "But," he observed, "it wants one thing, Mrs. Haw." "And what is that?" inquired the lady. "Why," he replied, with an arch smile, "you know I'm VICE now, and therefore it ought to have a white flag flying at the mizen mast head!"

When at Stockton, in the evening of his eventful life, the Admiral resided in the house, 140, High-street, now occupied by Joshua Byers, Esq., and his bed-room window overlooked a garden at the back part of the premises. One morning when he got up, he found his window wide open, and a ladder left standing against the wall. He next discovered that the keys he had in a pocket of his small clothes were missing, and that by obtaining possession of them some one had opened his drawers and abstracted therefrom all his valuable trinkets and also cash to the amount of £60. In thus so cleverly effecting his object, the thief, no doubt, had taken advantage of the well-known deafness of the, brave old Admiral, who, being

*John
F. Smithson.*
much grieved at the robbery, especially at the loss of his valuable trinkets, went immediately to one of his intimate friends to consult with him as to what was to be done in the matter. His friend advised going to the Wise Man of Stokesley to find out the thief. Brunton, laughing heartily at this idea, said, "I have no faith in such rascally impostors." "Neither have I," replied his friend, "but when it is reported that a person robbed has gone to the 'Wise Man' to find out the thief, the property stolen is often secretly returned to the owner. I've known several instances where this has been the case." The gallant Admiral partly for the fun of the thing, yielded to the advice of his friend, and they both immediately proceeded in a conveyance to Stokesley, where, alighting at the head inn, the Admiral sent for the "Wise Man," the great prophet of the place, who, in those days, was famed all the country round as a person who knew all secrets both in the material and the spiritual world, and one who had long been in league with Beelzebub. The "Wise Man," however, would not submit to wait upon the Admiral, and the Admiral would not condescend to visit him. In this dilemma, his friend undertook to go to this diabolical imp of the Evil One at his own residence, where, relating the robbery that had taken place, the great Oracle with a horrible grin, said, that the thief was well acquainted with the premises, and in a day or two the property stolen would be returned. And this actually turned out to be nearly the case; as, in a few days after, a brown paper parcel was discovered in the garden previously alluded to, which parcel contained the whole of the trinkets stolen, besides one half of the money; therefore the gallant Admiral's journey to Stokesley was not altogether so foolish as it seemed.

In 1812 I resided in Stokesley when the "Wise Man," as he was called, was in the zenith of his popularity. At that time he was considered by the ignorant as a wonderful being, one who possessed the most extraordinary supernatural powers. "I knew him well, Horatio,"—he was a vile, illiterate, and wicked impostor; a fellow of the most consummate impudence and low cunning. Yet, for all this, he was considered the Delphic Oracle of Stokesley, the great Wizard of Cleveland; to whom the dark and hidden mysteries of the past, the present, and the future, were not as a "sealed book"—as the common people firmly believed he was in league with the devil, with whom, it was said, he held fearful communings every

night. The consequence was, if any one had any property stolen, the "Wise Man" was immediately consulted to discover the thief—if a young lady wished to have her fortune told, the "Wise Man," was the seer to tell it—and if any farmer in the neighbourhood imagined when his cattle were ill that they were bewitched, the "Wise Man," was the person to whom he applied to have the witches laid in the Red Sea, which he pretended to do, by jabbering some unintelligible jargon that neither he nor any one else understood. By thus imposing upon the ignorant and the credulous, he contrived, to my knowledge, to live many years on the fat of the land—aye, and to get drunk almost every day into the bargain; but though the ignorant were thus duped by him; yet, strange to relate, most of the working population of Stokesley considered themselves as highly honoured when the "Wise Man" so far condescended as to stand as godfather to their children; so that, when I resided there, I verily believe he was godfather to half the children of the parish. Officiating in this capacity how often I saw him with a christening party, vain as a peacock in full feather, strutting away to church—the only time he went to church. On such occasions, he was the great attraction, the man upon whom all eyes were bent; as he wore a dashing scarlet coat, a long white vest, crimson plush knee breeches, and white stockings. Thus equipped, with a long starched frill projecting from his breast, his lank cheeks daubed with vermilion, and his coarse black hair hanging wildly about his shoulders, some idea may be formed of the very grotesque figure he cut on what might be termed his "state occasions"—that is, when he honoured a christening with his presence.

But "Every dog has his day," and so had the "Wise Man" of Stokesley; for after leading an infamous course of life for many years, he was at length committed for an assault to the House of Correction at Northallerton, and when proceeding there in a post chaise, he suddenly fell back and almost immediately expired.

Thus terminated the earthly career of one whose name was once so famous in Cleveland as a "Wise Man," and whose influence over the ignorant and uninformed was once so great. What a wicked life he held, and how awful was his end!

ADMIRAL SIR THOMAS BERTIE, K. S.

THIS brave officer signalized himself on several occasions while in the naval service. He was fourth son of George Hoar, Esq., of London and Stockton, deputy master of the Jewel Office in the Tower, by Frances, daughter of William Sleigh, Esq. He was born at Stockton, on the 3rd July, 1758; and, after being instructed in the theoretical branches of his profession under Mr. Harris at Christ Church Hospital, he entered on actual service. He was at one period the messmate of Nelson and Trowbridge; and when, in consequence of ill health, he retired from the service, he had been twenty-five years afloat, of which upwards of twenty were spent in the service of war; and he had been engaged in between twenty and thirty actions, general or partial. He died on the 4th day of June, 1825, in the 67th year of his age.

THE THREE CHERRY FAIR BILLYS.

THE question is frequently asked, "How did Stockton Cherry Fair originate?" I imagine it must have originated at some distant period when the fair formerly held on the 8th of July, and eight following days, had nearly declined. This fair was granted to Stockton by Bishop Bec, bishop of Durham, in the reign of Edward II, in the year 1310. From circumstances not now known, this once important fair must have dwindled gradually away till it assumed the form of a village feast; and falling annually about the time when cherries are ripe, it thus obtained the name of "Cherry Fair," which it still retains. This Fair merely consists of donkey and foot races, and a variety of other sports, which take place in the High-street, under the superintendence of some one who officiates as Clerk of the Course. These Sports generally afford great amusement to the multitude assembled to witness them, and for nearly half a century they were carried on under three Billys—namely, Billy the First, Billy the Second, and Billy the Third—all singular and well-known characters in Stock-

ton. These humble individuals, however, having stood their appointed time at the wicket of life, they were, at length, one after another, bowled out by the king of all bowlers, Death, and now they sleep in peace beneath the green hillocks of the hallowed ground where their forefathers rest.

BILLY TIZAKER, alias Billy the First, was the first clerk of Cherry Fair Sports that I remember. His wife kept a gingerbread and cherry stall at the Fair, and thus Billy had an eye to his own interest as well as the sports. He had been a jolly jack tar; one who had lost a leg in action, when serving his king and country. What a fine looking fellow he was! What a swagger he had, when, the synosure of all eyes, he stumped about with his timber toe, while discharging his official duties as Clerk of the Sports! The 18th of July when these Sports came off was a red letter day to him. He was proud of it as the famous iron duke was of the memorable day when he beat old Napoleon at Waterloo. But Death at last brought Billy's frame to the ground, after' he had satisfactorily officiated many years as Clerk of the Sports.

BILLY NICHOL, alias Billy the Second, next became Clerk. He too was a gingerbread dealer, and in his official capacity no one could have been more indefatigable. Poor Billy, how he used to stickle about with his short leg and long one as the prime mover of the Sports, uniting in his person the important functions of Collector of the subscriptions, Steward, Secretary, Treasurer, Starter, and Judge; thus, Atlas-like, he bore the whole weight of the management upon his own shoulders. I recollect Billy being once in a sad pickle. The Tees had been frozen over for weeks, and on the ice a tent was erected where brandy and hot water were retailed at so much a glass, and near to which Billy had a tempting gingerbread stall. The ice was then about breaking up, and while hundreds were disporting on it, suddenly the tide rose, the ice cracked dreadfully, and the water began to flow over it in all directions, particularly where Billy's stall was standing. Alas, what a quandary he was in! The stall began to float. He stood aghast! He knew not what to do. He saw his property, his life in danger; so, like a wise man, to save his bacon he deserted his gingerbread, and scampered ashore as fast as his short leg and long one could carry him. To his sorrow, he then beheld the whole of his stock in trade, comprising gingerbread, brandy snaps, nuts, &c. swept away at

one fell swoop by the ruthless tide, to be devoured by little fishes instead of little boys.

BILLY FLETCHER, alias Billy the Third, succeeded Nichol as manager of the Sports. Like his predecessor he had a short leg and long one; and he had a slight impediment in his speech—yet, amidst the Babel-like noise and tumult on the Course he generally contrived to make himself heard and understood. On the whole, to his honour be it spoken, he discharged the arduous duties of his office very satisfactorily. It may justly be said, that Billy was for many years the prime mover in these Sports, and you might have as reasonably expected to see a Cherry Fair without cherries as a Cherry Fair without Billy.

ROBERT RAYSON, ESQ.,

LAND AGENT.

THIS gentlemen may be considered one of the worthies of Stockton, as he was highly respected and took a deep interest in all educational matters connected with it. He was agent to the Duke of Bridgewater, and nephew to Robert Clarke, Esq., formerly recorder of Stockton, who presented his townsmen with the excellent clock in the Town Hall. In 1841, Mr. Rayson was president of the Mechanics' Institute in that town, and having a turn for scientific pursuits, he set on foot, about this period, a subscription for raising one hundred pounds for the purpose of engaging Professor Johnstone, of Durham, to deliver a course of twelve lectures on Geology, in the Town Hall, Stockton. By Mr. Rayson's influence and perseverance this sum was raised, and the lectures were given to respectable audiences. Only think, £100 raised in Stockton for a course of twelve lectures, and on the science of geology! It would be next to an impossibility to raise such a sum now for a similar purpose, as lectures are quite at a discount. Mr. Rayson died the 4th of May, 1847, much and deservedly regretted.

THOMAS HENRY FABER, ESQ.,

SOLICITOR.

IN writing a brief memoir of this worthy gentleman I shall have no adventures to record, nor any events to relate, of an exciting nature; as he was one who led the even tenor of his life, either in attending to his professional duties or in the enjoyment of his own happy domestic circle; except when he occasionally spent a day in fox-hunting, of which he was passionately fond.

Thomas Henry Faber was the eldest son of Thomas Henry Faber, Esq., of Bishop Auckland, and he was born on the 24th of October, 1802. After receiving an excellent education, he was indentured to Leonard Raisbeck, Esq., of Stockton-on-Tees, at a period when young men in his position in that town were much given to wasting their time at nights in rioting and dissipation—a practice which Mr. Faber had too much respect for himself to imitate; therefore, I am happy to say, he always kept aloof from joining in their nocturnal revels, probably bearing in mind the old copy-head adage, that “Evil communications corrupt good manners.”

Having served his indentureship, the subject of this memoir was taken by Messrs. Raisbeck & Wilson into partnership, and until Mr. Raisbeck's retirement the business was carried on under the firm of “Raisbeck, Wilson, & Faber,” and then it was changed to “Wilson & Faber.” The office of Town Clerk of Stockton having become vacant by the retirement of Mr. Raisbeck, the Corporation, therefore, unanimously elected Mr. Faber as a person well qualified to succeed him. He retained this situation till his death; and, during the long time he held it, he discharged its important duties so ably and efficiently that the corporate body invariably reposed the greatest confidence in him. When, in his capacity of Town Clerk, Mr. Faber, at any time, addressed that body, or any public Meeting of the inhabitants of the town convened

for the purpose of taking into consideration some measure intended to improve and advance its prosperity, he always delivered his sentiments upon the subject brought before the Meeting, in a clear and forcible manner, and without the least embarrassment in giving expression to his ideas. On such occasions his thoughts were well conceived, and much to the point.

For many years Mr. Faber held, till his demise, the situation of Coroner for the Stockton Ward of the county of Durham—a situation which he was eminently qualified to fill, not only by his legal ability, but by uniting in his person quick perceptive powers, a vigorous intellect, and a humane and charitable disposition. When an inquest was held before him he was thus enabled to sum up with great perspicuity the evidence which had been adduced. If, on such occasions, there happened to be a doubt of the guilt of any prisoner charged with foul treatment of the deceased, he invariably recommended the prisoner to have the benefit of that doubt, probably bearing in his own feeling mind, that

“The quality of mercy is not strained;
It droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven
Upon the place beneath; it is twice blessed;
It blesses him that gives, and him that takes;
’Tis the mightiest in the mightiest.”

As a public individual Mr. Faber was highly esteemed and respected by every one with whom he came in contact; and, in his private character, he was beloved by all under his roof. I was long personally acquainted with him, and in gratitude for more than one act of disinterested kindness to me, I have much pleasure in stating, that I never met with a more kind-hearted gentleman, or one more affable and courteous in his manners. This was evinced even in the kind way in which he treated his servants. He always treated them with that respect and pleasing attention with which servants ought to be treated who faithfully discharge their duty in their respective situations. When he asked a servant to do any thing for him he never omitted expressing his thanks on obtaining what he solicited. He had no idea of treating his servants as though he was born to rule over them with a rod of iron. He therefore fully verified the proverb, that “Good masters make good servants.” I never knew a bad master make good ones; I would as soon expect to find grapes on thorns and briars.

With his usual goodness of heart, Mr. Faber made it a practice every Christmas to allow each of his servants to invite two of their relatives, or friends, to spend the day at his house and partake of dinner, tea, and supper, and enjoy a good dance at night. On these occasions both the master and mistress left the house so that the party assembled might fully enjoy the festivities of the season without restraint. How kind this was; and, during the many years I made one of the party to enjoy those happy re-unions, I never knew this kindness once abused.

Mr. Faber died on the 25th of October, 1850, aged 49 years, deeply regretted by every one who had the pleasure of knowing him. He was buried at Billingham, the mayor and Corporation accompanying the funeral to the limits of the Borough, and all the shops were closed until after the funeral as a spontaneous mark of respect.

A few days after this mournful event took place the following Memorial of Condolence from the Corporation of Stockton, engrossed in vellum, and bearing the Corporation seal, was presented by the mayor to Mrs. Faber.

"To Mrs. Faber and the Members of the Family of the late Thomas Henry Faber, Esq. The Memorial of Condolence of the Corporation of the Borough of Stockton-on-Tees.

It is due, not less to ourselves than to the memory of the late Mr. Faber, that we should take the earliest fitting occasion to testify our heartfelt condolence on his premature removal, and to offer the sincere expression of our sympathy with those whose loss is deepened by the strong claims of natural affection, for our official acquaintance with the deceased justifies on our part a ready though a mournful testimony that with the exemplary discharge of the duties of private life as a Husband, a Father, and a Friend, he combined professional talents of the highest order—talents at all times most ably and successfully exerted in our service as Town Clerk of this ancient Borough. Nor was the aid of his experienced mind withheld even from the poorest around him, whose only claim was their necessity; whilst many a destitute hearth has been cheered by his Benevolence and warmed by his Bounty. Yet, however highly we appreciate in him the rare union of great mental and moral qualities which will long continue to be remembered in this town and neighbourhood, we record with still greater satisfaction the tone of calm and humble acquiescence with which in the mid-career of active life he received and welcomed the messenger of death. And we pray that the same divine mercy which sustained him in his hour of

trial and gave to him the victory of faith, may sustain also and direct and comfort those who, having been nearest to his heart on earth, were the latest objects of his earthly care.

Given under our Corporate seal the ninth day of November, one thousand eight hundred and fifty.

C. TROTTER, MAYOR."

The Rev. Frederick William Faber, (noticed in another part of this work as a poet) was the youngest brother of Mr. Faber—another brother, General Faber, who belonged to the Engineers E. I. C., having retired, now lives at Cheltenham—and the Rev. Francis Atkinson Faber, Fellow of Magdalen College, Oxon., and now rector of Saunderton, Bucks, is another brother.

✓ In 1832, when the cholera was raging with so much violence in Stockton that most of the respectable inhabitants deserted the place, and amongst the number, a Wesleyan minister, who left his flock in dread of this fearful pestilence—at this time, when the remains of those departed were daily hurried to the grave with no mourner to follow them, and the Blue Coat School, at the north end of the town, was fitted up to receive those attacked by this insidious malady—at this time, when attendants to wait on the sufferers at this temporary hospital could not be obtained, two young ministers of the Church of England bravely volunteered their services on the occasion; and, during the continuance of the cholera, they attended the hospital every day and assiduously employed themselves in administering both to the bodily and spiritual wants of the afflicted and the dying. These then young ministers were the Rev. Rowland Webster, at that time curate of the parish church, and Francis Atkinson Faber, then residing at Stockton with his brother. The conduct of these two ministers in this instance was beyond all praise, inasmuch as they nobly and fearlessly discharged their duty as Christian teachers at so awful and perilous a period.

THE REV. GEORGE STANLEY FABER, B. D.,

MASTER OF SHERBURN HOSPITAL.

GEORGE STANLEY FABER, who is so well known for his numerous controversial works, most of which have gone through three or four editions, was born on the 25th of October, 1773, at the parsonage of Calverley, in the West Riding of Yorkshire. He was son of the Rev. Thomas Faber, vicar of Calverley. At the usual age he was sent to the Grammar School of Hipperholme, near Halifax, then under the guidance of the Rev. Richard Hudson, M. A. On the 10th of June, 1789, being at that fifteen years old, he was matriculated at Oxford, and was elected to a scholarship on the 25th of March following.

He took the degree of B. A. in 1793; soon after which, and before he was twenty, he was elected Fellow of Lincoln, and became tutor of the college. In 1801, he was chosen Bampton Lecturer, preaching the sermon in his "velvet sleeves." The very early age at which he was chosen to preach this lecture is more remarkable, as he was then only twenty-eight years old, a circumstance probably without a parallel in the long list of eminent persons who have filled that office.

At the expiration of ten years, he married Miss Eliza Scott Waring, and quitted the University. "In this most excellent person," says his biographer, "he found a help-meet for him, in the truest sense of the expression. Her own talents and acquirements were very considerable, and whilst she thoroughly appreciated the endowments of her husband, she was well fitted to be the companion of his domestic life. When he became a parish clergyman, the assistance which she gave him was invaluable; for, her active habits made her intimate with the surrounding poor, whilst her benevolent sympathies were ever ready to devise assistance for them."

Immediately after his marriage, which took place on the 31st of May, 1803, Mr. Faber took up his abode in his father's vicarage, and acted as curate; but, in 1805, Bishop Barrington presented him to the vicarage of Stockton-on-Tees, where he continued about seven years, and where two of his children lie buried under the east window of the church. Mr. Faber, it is said, once observed, when he was vicar of Stockton, that "a complete visitation of all the poor of the parish was the work of an entire year." This led him to lay down a rule for himself regarding evening parties, which he eschewed altogether; and had he not done so, his labours in the study must have ceased, in a great measure, during his incumbency of Stockton.

In 1809 he was transferred by the bishop to the neighbouring Rectory of Redmarshall, and a short time afterwards the adjoining benefice of Great Stainton becoming vacant he was offered this living, so that he might hold two livings together. But this Mr. Faber refused to accept, alleging as his reason, that he found the care of one parish quite as much as he was equal to.

When this anecdote was told to Mr. Surtees, of Mainsforth, he rose, and with much gravity announced his intention of ordering his horse instantly. "Why," said a friend, in astonishment, "where can you be going to at this time of night?" "Going," said he, "why to take a look at a clergyman who has refused two livings, to be sure."

On the 2nd of Dec., 1811, Mr. Faber was collated to the Rectory of Longnewton, where he passed twenty-one years in unremitting intellectual labour, and from the study of which he sent forth those numerous controversial and prophetic works which have made his name famous in the republic of letters. In addition to his literary labours, he was the sole instructor of his two sons, he carried on an extensive correspondence, and pursued his usual avocations as a clergyman. All this he accomplished by early rising, which contributed much to preserve his health. He was also a great walker, and for many years drank nothing stronger than water. Thus he preserved his health almost unbroken through a long life.

In 1830 Bishop Burgess promoted Mr. Faber to a prebendary stall in the Salisbury Cathedral, and in the spring of 1822 he was appointed to the mastership of Sherburn Hospital, where he constantly resided during the remainder of his life,

still following the avocations of a student, and entering freely into the hospitalities of the neighbourhood. Sherburn House became a favourite place of resort, the guests being frequently persons of literary celebrity. Here conversations and discussions on various topics formed a common source of relaxation; at other times, music afforded much enjoyment. Mr. Faber was a great lover of music, of which he had a scientific knowledge. There were indeed few topics upon which he did not understand something, so general had been his reading when his abstruse studies were laid aside. His conversation, like his reading, was full of entertainment and instruction. He had a rich store of racy anecdotes, and his stories of provincial life and manners were excellent, as he kept up to the last his familiarity with his native dialect of Yorkshire. He had a taste for oriental lore and tales of enchantment, and this made him particularly prefer the *TEMPEST* and the *MID-SUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM* amongst Shakespeare's plays. He was allowed to be a most inimitable READER. It has been said, that he once read aloud the *COMEDY OF ERRORS*, on which occasion he expressed most completely all the comical perplexities of the story by the inflections of his voice.

Up to 1844 the Master's health had been uniformly good; but, after that time, in consequence of an obstinate disorder, it began gradually to decline. Owing to his faithful wife's strength having been shattered by her long attendance on the sick bed of her husband, she died in 1851, after she had been his affectionate companion for nearly half a century.

In the middle of November in 1853 Mr. Faber took cold in his accustomed drive in an open carriage, and returned home thoroughly chilled. This was followed by a bronchial attack. He afterwards had recurring attacks of his malady, and on the evening before he died, he expressed a wish to meet his family and household in prayer for the last time. For this purpose they all assembled in his chamber, the chaplain offered up the usual petitions, and in the Lord's Prayer, at the close, the voice of the dying man was at times distinctly audible. "When we rose from our knees," says one of those who were present, he said, "GOD BLESS YOU ALL; I HAVE NOT BREATH TO SAY MUCH, BUT I WISH YOU GOOD, MOST TRULY, MOST SINCERELY. A never to be forgotten sight it was to see that venerable old man, with his grey hairs, sitting so peacefully whilst his spirit was passing away!" The next morning, on the 27th of

January, 1854, he calmly entered into his eternal rest, aged 81 years.

On the 1st of February his remains were laid by those of his wife in the chancel of the chapel, which he had restored so beautifully. The funeral was private, and took place at an early hour; but many of his clerical friends attended to pay their last tribute to his memory,

MR. JAMES POTTER,

HAIR-DRESSER.

THIS person, in some degree, claims a niche in our biographical fabric, as in politeness and external appearance he was the very pink of hair-dressers. Mr. Potter carried on business for many years in the shop, 121, High-street, now occupied by Mr. Christopher Booth, and he knew every thing in the way of news that was going on in the town. If a wedding or a death, or any other particular event occurred, he knew all about it. Thus, for communicating the newest local intelligence, he might be considered a kind of walking telegram—one who could dress gentlemen's hair and amuse them at the same time with all the tittle-tattle of the day. In this respect he was as good as a morning paper, such a budget of news he carried in his head. He always rose early, breakfasted, and after spending some time at his toilet, then came out and proceeded to visit his customers. What a dash he cut! How dignified was his appearance, how graceful his every movement! He generally sported in his morning visits a gay, light-coloured fancy jacket, a ruffled shirt, nankeen knee breeches, white stockings, with short nankeen gaiters, and a fine linen apron, white as driven snow. Attached to this apron was a bag, made of the same material, in which he carried his combs, his brushes, his scissors, and his shaving apparatus. Thus equipped, as though he had stepped from a milliner's band box, he looked like business, and clever he was at his business. If any one presented a piece of silver to him in payment for a shave, Mr. Potter was too much of a gentleman to give change—therefore, with a bland smile, and gracefully bowing,

said, "Thank you, Sir, thank you—I'm much obliged to you, Sir." After such a mark of politeness, who but a brute would have demanded change of Mr. Potter? If a poor collier called at his shop to get shaved, for there were colliers in Stockton in those days, he used to say, with the same bland smile, "I would have you to know, that we don't shave colliers here;" probably in imitation of a rival hair-dresser then in the town who was so ultra-loyal that he would never shave a RADICAL!

Mr. Potter, however, was at last gathered to his fathers. Those who knew him will recollect what an ornament he was to his profession. As a polite hair-dresser we shall probably in Stockton never look upon his like again.

MR. JOHN WALKER,

INVENTOR OF LUCIFER MATCHES.

MR. WALKER occupied for many years the small shop, 59, High-street, where he carried on the business of an apothecary, for which he was well qualified, having served his apprenticeship as a surgeon under Dr. Alcock. He was not, however; like Shakespere's lank apothecary, a person meagre in his looks, showing, by "famine in his cheeks," that

the spirit
"Sharp hunger had worn him to the bones;"

But a merry, facetious little fellow, one who loved to hear and crack a joke, and whose sunny smile to customers only slightly indisposed was enough to send them away cured without taking a dose of his physic. Being a tolerable chemist, and taking much delight in studying the properties of phosphorus, probably led to his invention of what are now called "Lucifer matches;" but why so called I never could define. These matches he sold for several years in pasteboard boxes at one shilling each box, and thus realising a fortune he retired from business. He died on the 1st of May, 1859, aged 78 years.

Light inducer. See, vol. 1, p. 105.

TOMMY ELLINOR,

BLIND FIDDLER.

b 14
LONG before police officers, and even before those "brawlers of the night," watchmen, were employed as guardians of the property in Stockton, the "WAITS," as they were called, "discoursed sweet music," in the streets every morning from one to three o'clock, during the winter months, probably to amuse those who were not asleep and to disturb those who were. The "Waits" then comprised Tommy Ellinor, another old fiddler, and Peter Chapman, the town bellman, and a famous bellman he was, who accompanied the scraping minstrels with a lantern and light as a guide, and who, at intervals, bawled out the time of night, and the state of the weather, whether it was fair or frosty, calm, cloudy, or windy, and so on. Peter was, therefore, at nights the town's barometer. Whatever he announced about the state of the weather might be relied upon far better than the prophecies of old Moore, the almanack maker, or even of that clever prognosticator of storms, the late Admiral Fitzroy.

At the close of the season, the "Waits" used to call upon the inhabitants to collect a gratuity for their nocturnal labours. At this period subscription balls were held monthly during the winter, and Tommy's unique band, comprising himself, his musical partner before mentioned, and a person with an old asthmatic violoncello, not one of whom understood a note of music, always graced the orchestra; but, as only country dances and three reels were then danced, this scraping, toe-stirring trio managed somehow or other to gratify the lovers of Terpsichore. Whatever the town might think of Tommy's professional abilities, no one could have a higher opinion of them than he had. He looked upon himself as a very Paganini on catgut. A friend of mine once in conversation with him, said "Do you know, Tommy, that all clever musicians now-a-days can read at first sight." "Read at first sight, Sir, read at first sight," reiterated Tommy, with a consequential air, "It is the

easiest thing in the world, to read at first sight—I count nothing, Sir, of any musician who cannot read music at FIRST SIGHT UPSIDE DOWN.” On another occasion when Tommy was playing at a fashionable ball, a young swell about to lead off a country dance, called upon the orchestra, in a pert style, to play “Go to the devil and shake yourself,” the name of a new dance tune which had just come out. Tommy not relishing the tone in which this mandate was given, and being too proud to acknowledge his ignorance of the tune, immediately replied, with an air of the greatest importance, “I beg to say, Sir, that we do not intend to go to the devil, as we have no acquaintance here with his Satanic Majesty.”

Tommy resided many years with his mother up a yard in “The Square,” Stockton. In the day time he always appeared neat and tidy, with a small cane to guide him along as he walked. At night he carried a lantern and light in it, so that persons might see and not run against him. One night his mother had unfortunately forgotten to light the candle in the lantern. Tommy, not aware of this, took the lantern without a light, and sallying forth into the street, it being very dark, and there being no lamps in the street then, a gentleman happened to run plump against him. Tommy felt indignant at this, and immediately exclaimed, in an angry tone, “Keep your eyes open, Sir, keep your eyes open. What the deuce are you about? Can’t you see, Sir; can’t you see?” The gentleman apologised, and poor Tommy never discovered till he arrived home that the candle in his lantern had not been lighted!

Tommy was quite a character, and he died some years ago in the Alms-houses. His favourite violin, which is pronounced by judges to be a very fine toned one, is now in the possession of Alderman Jackson, of Stockton.

JAMES CROWE, ESQ.,

PUBLIC MAN.

If to have lived less for himself than for others, to have declined no exertion of body or mind which might subserve

the interests of his friends, his neighbourhood, or his country, to have fearlessly encountered obloquy and suspicion by the assertion of unpopular principles in difficult times, can stamp the character of public disinterestedness, few have more justly merited the title of "public man," than Mr. Crowe. He was descended on his mother's side from the family of Cooke, one of the oldest and most respectable in Stockton, and her grandfather was seven times mayor of that town.

Mr. Crowe for many years took an active part in every movement in Stockton calculated to advance its interests and prosperity. This was particularly evinced by the zealous manner in which he long laboured to obtain the act of 1808 for making the Cut at Blue House Point, an undertaking which unquestionably gave the first impulse to the improvement of the port. He also greatly exerted himself in advocating the abolition of the African Slave Trade, and moreover he was a warm friend to civil and religious liberty. In private life he exhibited a most amiable character, and in public affairs he evinced the highest honour and integrity.

At the time when political feeling intercepted the ordinary courtesies of life towards those whom the soi-disant friends of government chose to brand with disaffection, the workmen employed by Mr. Crowe, in pulling down an old house, discovered in a chimney, a bag containing nearly £50 in old coins.* The occurrence was soon reported to the bishop of Durham, by whom the money was claimed in the character of TREASURE trove. With the exception of some few pieces, which Mr. Crowe, in ignorance of the bishop's rights, had previously distributed to friends as curiosities, and which he offered to reclaim, the whole contents of the bag were immediately transmitted to the bishop, whose wonted munificence was, however, on this occasion, restrained to a dispensation with the offer to reclaim—not extending to the return of a SINGLE COIN for Mr. Crowe's own use; although the bishop's steward had stated that "his Lordship never intended to avail himself of the right so far as to benefit by them."

* The coins were principally of the reigns of Elizabeth, James I, and Charles I and II, and 840 of these, weighing 9 lbs. 4 oz., were delivered to the bishop. They were contained in a bag, marked I. C., which were the initials of John Cooke, who had at one period resided in the house.

During the American war, a small body of volunteers was raised for the protection of the town, the command of which was given to Mr. Crowe, but in 1798, (twenty years after) had political feelings ran so high, that when the Loyal Stockton Volunteers (the Blue Coats) were embodied, he was, by the opposition of the Tory party, prevented from holding a commission in the corps. Notwithstanding the insult thus thrown upon him, he showed a better feeling, and took his place in the ranks. The spirit of political and religious bigotry was carried on so far in those days that it was frequently exhibited at public meetings. On one occasion, Mr. Crowe having made a few remarks in opposition to a leading member of the corporation, he was told by one of the aldermen that whilst the act of Charles II. remained unrepealed, "it behoved *some* people to be very cautious how they acted, and that he" (Mr. Crowe being a dissenter) "ought to be the last to take a lead, or vote on matters respecting the corporation." We live in better times now, when language like this would not be tolerated.

Mr. Crowe died at Stockton, on the 31st of March, 1825, and his funeral was numerously attended by his townsmen, whose respect was as marked as it was well merited.

At a meeting of the inhabitants of Stockton on the 29th of October, 1802, Mr. Crowe with five other gentlemen were appointed a committee to inquire into the utility of making a cut across the neck of land between Stockton and Portrack, and the best means of carrying it into execution. A few weeks afterwards, this Committee published a report of their investigation of the river—which report, amongst other important information, states, that "The greatest part of the goods forwarded from Stockton to London are conveyed by river boats to the vessels lying at or below Portrack; and it frequently happens, especially during the neap tides, in the winter months, that the boat containing goods which are to complete the ship's cargo, is prevented from getting down; which causes the vessel to be detained for some time, and, in particular instances, for *several weeks*, a circumstance of great moment both to the merchant and the ship-owner; to the former, as his goods, viz. grain, provision, &c., being of a perishable nature, may sustain damage, and may besides meet a falling market; and to the latter, as the expense of victualling the crew will be considerably increased. In the present state of

the river, every new ship built at Stockton, of 200 tons measurement and upwards, is, when rigged, obliged to be tracked down to Portrack, at a heavy charge to the owners; and instances have occurred of considerable damage being received by the vessel in getting upon the sands or shoals near the channel."

MR. JOHN APPLETON,

PRINTER,

CARRIED on business many years in Stockton. He was a native of Darlington, where he received a good education at the Grammar School endowed there by Queen Elizabeth. Having served his apprenticeship with his father, Mr. William Appleton, bookseller and printer, Darlington, he commenced business at Stockton, and in 1818 published the "Stockton Monthly Magazine," the contributors to which were chiefly residents in the town. In 1823, that work having been discontinued, he commenced another periodical, entitled "The Midsummer and Christmas Visitor," which comprised poetical pieces contributed by various writers. This work was continued three years. It forms a good-sized volume, and is now extremely scarce. He also issued from his press, a great number of pamphlets and poems, now very rare. His son, John Reed Appleton, Esq., F. R. S., &c., residing at Western Hill, Durham, has a large collection of these publications, most of which he has purchased at second-hand shops and book stalls in various parts of the kingdom.

Mr. Appleton, Sen., and I were intimate friends for many years. We were alike natives of Darlington, we had gone to the same school, and were both sons of booksellers at that place. In 1831, when illuminations were taking place in almost every town in England in celebration of Queen Caroline's acquittal of the charges which had been brought against her in the House of Lords, the authorities of Stockton issued a bill announcing that no Illumination would be allowed to take place in Stockton to celebrate that event, and that a number of special constables had been sworn in to prevent any demonstration of the kind being attempted. Thinking this

a very strange tyrannical stretch of authority, I immediately drew out a bill announcing that an Illumination WOULD take place on such an evening, as I knew that a large majority of the inhabitants wished to illuminate. I then took this bill, which had no signature, to Mr. Appleton, and ordered him to strike off fifty copies, to have them well placarded at night, and not to disclose the name of the author. This he at once heartily promised to do. Next morning, the bills appeared well posted in every direction, and though they bore no signature, yet a brilliant Illumination took place on the evening announced, in spite of the unreasonable mandate of the authorities and the threatened interference of the specials; and, moreover, several beautiful transparencies were displayed and a band of music perambulated the streets on the occasion. I believe that Mr. Appleton kept his promise to me, and never told any one who was the author of the bill.

Of a lively and happy disposition, Mr. Appleton was one of the few that could take a joke as well as give one. He was always the life and soul of any company with whom he associated, and never at a loss for a racy anecdote to illustrate his remarks. He died in 1847, aged 65 years.

THE MARQUIS OF LONDONDERRY.

As this distinguished nobleman resided many years in the immediate vicinity of Stockton, and he often visited it both in a private and public capacity, I consider that a brief notice of his Lordship and the great fire which took place at Wynyard Park in 1841, deserves to occupy a place in these pages.

The subject of this notice, the Marquis of Londonderry, was born the 18th of May, 1778, in May-street, Dublin. At the age of fourteen he received a commission as ensign in the 108th foot, and after successfully serving many years under the Earl of Moira and Sir Ralph Abercrombie in Holland, and Sir John Moore and Lord Wellington in the Peninsular War, where, on several occasions, he distinguished himself, he became a major-general, June 4th, 1810, and was promoted to Lieutenant-General June 4th, 1814. He was nominated to the command of the 10th Hussars in February, 1820. When

holding that appointment he fought a duel with Mr. Battier, a cornet in the regiment, and in 1840, in consequence of a speech he had made in the House of Lords, he was challenged by Sir Henry H. Grattan, and again obeyed the call of honour.

In 1819, his Lordship was married to Lady Ann Emily Vane Tempest by special license, and soon after he passed through Stockton with his young bride to take possession of Wynyard. On entering the town, the populace took the horses from his carriage and drew the happy pair to the Vane Arms Hotel, where his Lordship addressed the multitude from the vehicle, and ordered twenty barrels of ale to be distributed to them.

On the 12th of August, 1822, on the death of his half-brother, his Lordship succeeded to the dignities conferred on their father in the peerage of Ireland.

The noble Marquis died at Holderness House, Park Lane, London, on the 1st of March, 1854, aged 78, and his remains were interred in the family vault of the Vanes at Longnewton, where it was his wish to be buried. On the morning of his funeral the mournful train was headed by nearly one hundred of his tenantry on horseback riding two abreast. Then followed a carriage containing an officer of the deceased marquis's household, bearing his coronet, &c., succeeded by the hearse, drawn by six beautiful black horses, richly caparisoned in fine black cloth and plumes. On each side of the hearse, the family arms were emblazoned, in white satin, with the motto, "MILNENDA CORALLA DRAGONIS." After the body, followed the usual accompaniment of a soldier's funeral, his charger, led by a groom. A number of mourning coaches followed, containing the relatives and intimate friends of the deceased. In other coaches were the clergy, the gentry, and the agents connected with the deceased noblemen.

Amongst the great works of improvement which Lord Londonderry planned and carried out to completion, was the construction of Seaham Harbour, an undertaking almost unprecedented as an instance of private enterprise, and justly accounted amongst the wonders of engineering enterprise. As a soldier he is admitted to have been as fearless as ever drew sword, and as undaunted in battle. In politics his Lordship was always attached to the tory party, and occasionally he appeared as an author. He was straight forward

and generous, and the great works which he achieved at Seaham, and in other parts of the county of Durham, will always redound to his honour, and show how much may be accomplished by one spirited private individual.

In 1841, the magnificent mansion at Wynyard Park, built by his Lordship, was nearly burnt to the ground. The damage from this calamity was estimated at £150,000. An immense quantity of valuable furniture was destroyed by this fire, and several works of art, amongst which were portraits of Queen Anne, George III, and Queen Charlotte, and, with only one or two exceptions, the whole of the Tempest family pictures. In the Conservatory a number of large camelias, and twenty-five large orange trees, the full growth, formerly the property of the Empress Josephine, together with a number of other rare and choice exotics, perished. I well remember the awful sight the burning building displayed when these orange trees were in flames, and what a light the blaze shed on all around, while myriads of ascending sparks of fire seemed to spangle the air. The scene altogether was impressively grand, and had more the appearance of a gorgeous display of splendid fireworks than a devastating fire destroying property of the most valuable description. The plate, books, and a number of costly pictures were saved, and two fixed superb mantel pieces, valued at £1000 each, received little injury. Many of the pictures alluded to were saved by Mr. John Bell, carver and gilder, Stockton, and one of my sons, a joiner, who were very active on the occasion. The fire originated at eleven o'clock in the evening, in the chapel connected with the building, and it continued until the next morning, when scarcely any remains of this noble structure were left but the bare walls.

On the night when this disastrous fire occurred, I was roused from sleep by the fire bell at Stockton giving the alarm. I instantly awoke my three sons, then young men, and hastening to the High-street, we ascertained that Wynyard Hall was on fire, and when in the street, we saw the light proceeding from the flames. Two fire engines were then stationed in the porch of the parish church. Learning that a party had taken them out of the porch, and proceeding to Wynyard with one had left the other standing in the street with no persons to take it there, we immediately engaged post horses at the Vane

Arms Hotel, and with three or four more volunteers as firemen, away we went with the engine to Wynyard Park, where we worked till seven o'clock the next morning in endeavouring with others to arrest the progress of the flames, our only reward being the pleasing satisfaction of doing our utmost to save the building, if possible, from destruction.

Late in the evening after the night when this sad catastrophe occurred, two influential gentlemen connected with the Custom-house, Stockton, came to me, and urgently solicited me to write a report of the fire and send it by the next post for insertion in the London Daily Times. To oblige them I sat up till two o'clock the next morning and wrote one. This report occupied about a column in the Times, a copy of which was sent to Lord Londonderry, then at Vienna, so that he might know the extent of the melancholy disaster; and the same report, copied from the Times, appeared in most of the provincial papers. Two or three days after I had sent the article off, I was agreeably surprised to receive a letter from one of the conductors of the Times, Mr. Cannon, enclosing a post office order for £2 2s. for the report, and thanking me, in a complimentary manner, for it. I then had a family to provide for, therefore this unexpected remuneration was very acceptable. " 'Tis an ill wind that blows nobody good."

MARY BENTON,

THE OLD WOMAN OF ELTON, NEAR STOCKTON.

THIS woman, who was considered "the oldest woman in the world," lived a great number of years in the small hamlet of Elton, about three miles from Stockton. Her maiden name was Lodge. She was born, it has been stated, on the 12th of February, 1731, at Raby Moor House, near Keverstone, but in the parish of Cockfield. Her father, Mr. Ralph Lodge, lived to the age of 105 years. In early life she resided with her grandmother, who kept an inn, at Piercebridge. Up to the period of her death, she had a vivid remembrance of the soldiers being quartered there during the rebellion of 1745, and the terror inspired in the neighbourhood at that period.

"Then she graced the village green,
 When the bold Pretender came;
 Can this being *then* have been?
 Can she be the very same?

She was *then* a blooming girl,
 In King George the Second's day,
 Who his banner did unfurl
 To drive th' intruding Scots away.

And the soldiers quartered there
 Praised her neat and modest mein,
 Her rosy cheek, and raven hair,
 In budding brightness then were seen."

Her husband's name was John Benton, a butcher, with whom she resided some time at Longnewton; but he being "a graceless and a spendthrift," she separated herself from him shortly after their marriage. She was regarded with much interest in the neighbourhood, and her little cottage was frequently the resort of visitors, especially from Stockton, who were curious to see "THE OLD WOMAN OF ELTON," as she was called. The bounty that she received at these visits assisted in making her comfortable. Her form was bent; but her conversation was free and lively; her eye, though dimmed, was intelligent; and she was able to dispense with the assistance of glasses to the last. She died on the 7th of January, 1853. The inscription on the coffin plate stated her age to be 117; but, if the above birth be correct, she must have been in her 122nd year.

BOBBY DOWSEY,

BIRD FANCIER.

THE name of this singular individual is Robert Corner, but he is better known by the cognomen of "Bobby Dowsey." Though he possesses a weak intellect; yet, he conceives, that no man is more cunning and shrewd than he himself. He has a kind of mania for watches, and you might as soon expect to see Trinity church without its steeple as to see Bobby without a watch. He can take a watch to pieces and put it together

again with artistic skill. He wears no garters; he says they stop the circulation of the blood; but, be his coat ever so patched, he always sports a huge watch chain, which he takes care to display to the very best advantage, as he is proud of this appendage as a peacock is of its rainbow tail. Bobby, however, takes a delight in "swapping" his watches; he, moreover, has seldom the same watch above a month. Though in exchanging watches he generally gets the worst of the bargain; yet he does not think so, for with a knowing twinkle of the eyes and an inward chuckle, he brags how he has taken in the party he exchanged with. Bobby is likewise a lover of singing birds as well as watches. He is a great bird fancier, a wanderer in the fields, seeking bird nests. No one understands the language of birds better than he does. He can tell by a chirp when a bird has a nest in an adjoining thicket; he knows by the song of the soaring lark when it mounts high in the air whether it has young ones in the flowery mead below. He understands all about birds. He is acquainted with their habits, their songs, and the curious structure of their nests. In fact, Bobby is the greatest ornithologist in the district.

I met Bobby one day in Hartburn Lane, and entering into conversation with him, he told me, that a young woman from that village had been inviting him to go with her to the foot of an adjoining field and she would show him a bird's nest. This young lady is considered weak in her intellect like him. "Well, Bobby," said I, "you were surely not so ungallant as to refuse accepting the lady's kind invitation." "Yes, but ah was though," he replied, with a significant wink, "it was n't likely ah wad gang with her. She's nut reight—She's crack'd in her garret! Aw knew better than gang with her! Whea knows but she might hae pulled out a knife and murdered mah when she gat mah intiv her clutches!"

But Bobby used to cut the greatest figure at our Municipal elections, when his name annually appeared "in all the glory of print" at the foot of various addresses to the free and independent burgesses of the borough of Stockton. These addresses were invariably fathered upon Mr. Dowsey, who had no more to do with them than the Emperor of China. They were written by the Solons of the borough, who knew better, as they fancied, how the burgesses should vote at such elections than they knew themselves. These would-be Mentors gene-

rally addressed them as though they were babes in leading strings; and some of these addresses were such miserable compositions, that they would have reflected no credit even on Bobby himself had he been their author. So many productions of this kind were at one time issued, that Bobby began to imagine he was somehow or other connected with the corporate body. He occasionally, therefore, with a consequential swagger, joined the town council when they moved in procession, with the mayor and aldermen in their robes of office, to church. But our municipal elections are now tame affairs, party spirit in the borough has subsided, and no addresses bearing the signature of "Bobby Dowsey," or the more dignified appellation of "Robert Dowsey," are now issued from the press. It is well it is so. Bobby, I am happy to say, is not among "The Men that are gone," he is still living in the enjoyment of good health, though he has not slept in a bed for many years. He says, beds are useless things—he prefers sleeping in a warm hay-loft! There is no accounting for taste.

CHRISTOPHER TENNANT, ESQ.,

PROJECTOR OF THE CLARENCE RAILWAY.

No person more deserves a notice in this local biography than this truly enterprising and speculative gentleman, who was once so popular in Stockton, where he resided many years and took a great interest in whatever tended to advance its prosperity. He was a native of Yarm, his father being a respectable hatter there. When young, he came to Stockton, where, entering into the sea-faring line as a sailor, he ultimately became a ship-owner. Being of a creative turn of mind, and fond of mechanical pursuits, he took part in many speculations, which were so successful in their results that they greatly aided in placing him in an independent position in life.

In 1818, Mr. Tennant projected the intended "Stockton and Auckland canal" from Port Clarence to Sim Pasture, and, engaging George Leather, Esq., to survey the line, that gentleman, in the same year, published a report relative to opening a communication to the collieries by this canal.

Repeated applications were made to parliament for obtaining an act to accomplish this object; but all without success. At length, after Mr. Tennant had shown the most indomitable energy and perseverance in endeavouring to carry out his views, the idea of a canal was abandoned, and that of forming a railway on the line was advocated; consequently an Act of Parliament was obtained for this purpose on the 21st of June, 1828, when a public dinner was given at Stockton to Mr. Tennant and Mr. Blanchard, in celebration of the event, as a tribute of respect for their spirited efforts, at various periods, to promote the Clarence Railway. The poet laureate of the town, Mr. Thomas Webber, then published a poem, entitled "*Lines on the Clarence Railway and the intended Improvement of the River Tees,*" which he inscribed to Mr. Tennant, and from which production I extract the following lines:—

"Sons of the Tees! whose deeds for ages past
Were seldom equalled—never were surpassed—
Whose ANNALS boast of many a worthy name,
Rendered immortal by the trump of Fame—
By their departed shades, now hovering near,
By all you hope for, reverence, and revere,
Tread in their footsteps, emulate your sires,
Till the last spark of life's dull lamp expires;
Unite with TENNANT in the Railway cause,
Improve the Tees, and gain the world's applause;
So will your Commerce and your Trade increase,
With all the blessings of domestic Peace."

The Clarence Railway was opened about four years after the Act had been obtained for forming it; but the undertaking proving unsuccessful, it was leased to the Stockton and Hartlepool Company, and afterwards bought by them.

Mr. Tennant about this period went to reside at Hartlepool. When at that place, his active mind conceived the project of forming docks there, a place so well adapted by nature for the purpose. By strenuous exertions and unceasing application in London he at length succeeded in obtaining an act of parliament for their formation. On his return to Hartlepool after having accomplished his object, he was received with a salute of twenty-one guns. Preceded by a band of music, he was then chaired through the principal streets of the town, amidst the most enthusiastic demonstrations. Arriving opposite the

Town Hall, Mr. Tennant, with several of his intimate friends interested in the formation of the docks, entered it, and from one of the windows of which he addressed the assembled multitude.

Mr. Tennant, after a useful life spent more for the benefit of others than himself, died at Hartlepool, on the 12th of September, 1839, very much regretted. He projected both the Clarence Railway and the Hartlepool Docks. He was naturally of a scientific turn of mind, a fluent speaker, and to a vigorous understanding he united an indomitable spirit, which enabled him to surmount the greatest difficulties when endeavouring to obtain the object he desired.

JOHN CHIPCHASE,

SCHOOLMASTER.

A member of the society of friends, of which he was a distinguished ornament, and an eminent mathematician, which science he taught with great success for above half a century. He was born at Stockton on the 8th of May, 1747. As a man and a christian his character was unrepachable, and as a schoolmaster his example was worthy of imitation, for he not only "moulded the soul with care," but he made even "Virtue be its own reward." He died on the 13th of March, 1816, aged 69 years. Mr. John Chipchase and Mr. James Chipchase were his sons. They left Stockton some years ago and went to reside at Cotherstone. When I came to Stockton, Mr. Chipchase kept a school in what is termed Bolton House Yard. He was rather spare in his person, but very active for his age. He and the late Rev. John Brewster were very intimate, and at the last interview they had, Mr. Chipchase said, "I should like thee to write my epitaph." To which the rev. gentleman replied, "If I survive I will;" and when Mr. Chipchase died, Mr. Brewster wrote an epitaph to his friend's memory, which concludes with the following beautiful lines:—

"Farewell! Farewell!—

Go, youthful pupil! cull the flowers that bloom
With purer rays beside your master's tomb;
Revolve his precepts—cultivate thy days—
Seek the sequester'd spot, and muse his praise."

BRASS CROSBY, ESQ.,

LORD MAYOR OF LONDON.

THIS truly patriotic and public-spirited gentleman, who rose to be Lord Mayor of London, was a native of Stockton, where he was born May 8th, 1725. He was the son of Hercules Crosby, a respectable burgess of Stockton, and of Mary, daughter of John Brass, of Black Halls, in the parish of Heseldon. After being placed with a respectable solicitor in Sunderland, he removed to London, where he practised with success, and was introduced into public life in the office of the city remembrancer, 1760. He served as sheriff in 1764; in the following year was made an alderman, and became lord mayor in 1770. Mr. Crosby was then M. P. for the borough of Honiton, and was first brought into conflict with the government by refusing to back the press-warrants, which, until this period, were current in the city. For this offence he was brought before the House of Commons to answer for what he had done. The House, on a division of 292 to 39, then committed him to the Tower, when it was moved, that in consequence of his bad state of health, he should only be committed to the custody of the serjeant-at-arms. But Crosby, indignant at this, immediately rose, and bravely said "An honourable gentleman has talked of the lenity to be shown me on account of my health, and my being only committed to the custody of the serjeant-at-arms. I know I was prejudged on Monday, and the string of resolutions and warrants is now in the gentleman's pocket. *I ask no favour of this House. I crave no mercy from the Treasury bench. I am ready to go to my noble friend in the Tower, if the House shall order me.* My conscience is clear, and tells me that I have kept my oath,* and done my

* When Mr. Crosby was elected Lord Mayor, in his address of thanks on that occasion, he assured his fellow citizens that, at the risk of his life, he would protect them in their just privileges and liberties.

duty to the city of which I have the honour of being chief magistrate, and to my country. I will never betray the privileges of the citizens nor the rights of the people. I have no apology to make for having acted uprightly, and I fear not any resentment in consequence of such conduct. *I will through life continue to obey the dictates of honour and conscience, to give my utmost support to every part of the constitution of the kingdom, and the event I shall always leave to heaven, at all times ready to meet my fate.*" Thus bravely spake Mr. Crosby at a time when a strong political feeling prevailed, and it was dangerous to utter manly sentiments. Stockton ought to be proud of having produced so noble a patriot.

In returning from the house, the populace took the horses from the Lord Mayor's coach, and drew it to Temple Bar, though it was then midnight; here the gates were shut against them, but after a little altercation they were opened, and the procession proceeded to the mansion-house with loud huzzas. The Lord Mayor slept there that night, and in the morning went privately to the Tower.

The committal and imprisonment of the Lord Mayor of London was felt to be an event of peculiar and extraordinary importance, not only in the city but in all parts of the kingdom. His Lordship remained in prison until the prorogation of parliament, when, on the 8th of May, he left the Tower, under the discharge of twenty-one pieces of cannon, belonging to the members of the Artillery Company, and passed along Tower-street, and straight through the city in the state coach with all the city honours, and with a procession of fifty-three carriages in his train. At night, the city was illuminated, and at the conclusion of his mayoralty he received the thanks of the Corporation, and a splendid silver cup, value £200.

It is related, that a vagabond having been brought before Mr. Crosby when sitting alderman, said, "I think you and I have been in all the gaols in England." How, you rogue?" said the alderman. "Why," replied the vagabond, "your Worship has been in the Tower, and I have been in all the rest!"

Mr. Crosby, after having spent an honourable and useful life, died February 11th, 1793, in Chatham Place, and was buried with great pomp in Chelsfield church.

MR. WILLIAM HARVEY MILBURNE,

SURGEON.

THIS clever surgeon was a native of Stockton, where he had an extensive practice for nearly half a century. Though an ultra-liberal in politics, and far from being orthodox in his religious views, yet he was much and deservedly respected by even those who differed with him in opinion. In an evening his favorite place of resort was Mr. Jennett's shop, where a few worthies of the town used to congregate, and talk over, in a friendly manner, the passing events of the day—the respected owner of the shop, with his ringing laugh, always joining in “ready chorus” when any joke was uttered that excited the risible faculties. But though the worthies who enjoyed these social gatherings are now no more; yet there is a mournful pleasure in bringing to mind past scenes connected with them.

Mr. Milburne was a great admirer of William Cobbett, and one of his most ardent disciples. He once engaged that prolific writer to give a lecture on “Tithes and Taxes” in the theatre, Stockton, which was crowded on the occasion; and, though politics is a dry subject, yet Cobbett by his humorous style made the lecture both amusing and interesting. It occupied about two hours in delivery, and he spoke with the greatest facility of expression. He had a portly figure, and being dressed remarkably plain, had the appearance of a tall, staunch English yeoman, “one of the olden time.” On leaving the theatre, the lecturer was met by Mr. Milburne and a few of his friends, who offered to proceed with him to the Black Lion Hotel; there to enjoy his company over a bottle or two of wine. After gravely declining their offer, he said, “I never drink wine, and as I am an early riser, I shall go to bed when I get to the hotel; but, gentlemen,” he continued, “if any of you will come to my bed-room to-morrow morning at six o'clock, I shall be glad to converse with you while I

am dressing to go away by the first train." This unexpected answer completely put the party to a non-plus. Next morning, however, at the appointed time, one of the gentlemen alluded to visited the intellectual giant in his bed-room, where he found him dressing, and had a very pleasant conversation with him.

When Queen Caroline won her trial in the House of Lords, Mr. Milburne in celebration of the victory got six capital effigies made of the principal Italian witnesses who gave evidence at the trial, including the infamous Majocchi. He also got an effigy made of his Satanic Majesty, bearing a green bag, labelled "Lies! Lies!" This effigy was well got up. It represented old Beelzebub with a pair of horns, a long black tail, and hoofed feet which had belonged to a bullock. The whole of these effigies were suspended by the neck from a strong rope stretched in the market-place between two tall pieces of timber, where they cut a strange and awful figure, as though a gallows like Haman's had been erected for the execution of criminals. Underneath the effigies were placed combustibles of all kinds, and to every effigy was attached a bag of gunpowder. In the evening, fire was set to these combustibles, and amidst the most deafening cheers of assembled thousands, the whole of the effigies, including that of the Father of Lies with his green bag, were burnt and blown up till reduced to ashes. Soon after the poor Queen's trial, she suddenly died, and a revolution nearly took place on the Government refusing to let her remains pass through London to their final resting-place. The people, however, would not suffer this; and the funeral procession in consequence passed through the Metropolis as intended, accompanied by thousands of the inhabitants. It is now many years since this remarkable trial took place, and yet nothing has ever occurred to show that the Queen was guilty of the infamous charges brought against her. In support of their much injured and persecuted Queen the people of England in this instance stood up bravely and nobly. May they thus always stand up in support of "defenceless innocence against the attacks of powerful guilt."

Mr. Milburne died on the 26th of July, 1846, at an advanced age.

THE REV. THOMAS DIXON,

WESLEYAN MINISTER.

"Happy the Christian who pursues the road
Which leads to happiness, and leads to God;
Who like a DIXON lives, like him expires,
And loved and honoured from the world retires."

WEBBER.

THIS truly pious and laborious minister of the gospel, and one of the Rev. John Wesley's first preachers, was born at Barnardcastle, in the county of Durham, in 1745, at the time of the Scotch rebellion, an important era in the annals of Great Britain. At an early age his father sent him to school, and gave him the best education his circumstances would admit, restraining him as much as possible from the vices peculiar to youth. On the death of his father, his restraints being broken, he gave loose to his sinful desires, and before he had completed his nineteenth year, he could swear, as he said, with boldness, and had been drunk more than once.

About this period, Mr. Dixon being engaged one Sunday on a party of pleasure, his way led by a house where the then despised people, called "Methodists," were preaching. Curiosity, or perhaps a more powerful motive, induced him to enter this house and listen to the preacher, whose language was plain and simple, yet forcible and persuasive; so much so, that he was induced to attend again on the next Sunday. He was again much pleased with the sermon, and being resolved to lead a new course of life, he immediately renounced all his old companions, attended prayer meetings, joined in conversation with religious persons, and ultimately became a member of the Society of which he afterwards was so shining an ornament.

After Mr. Dixon had been two or three years a Local Preacher, he received a letter from Mr. Wesley requesting him

to devote himself fully to the work of the ministry as a travelling preacher, and to go to the Tanderagee circuit in Ireland. On consulting with a friend on the propriety of this request, and being urged to comply, he immediately went. While in this and other stations in Ireland he met with many difficulties, and suffered much persecution. He was employed in the sister kingdom about three years. In 1772, he returned to England, and was then appointed to an extensive circuit in Scotland, where he remained two years. He was next sent to Wales. Here he faithfully discharged his duty as a Christian, a Man, and a Divine for two years more, and again returning to England, he was appointed to the Yarm circuit, and thence to the following places, some of them more than once:—Thirsk, Leicestershire, Scarbro', Sunderland, Whitehaven, Newcastle, Colne, Macclesfield, Whitby, Reighley, Pocklington, and lastly, at Stockton, where he departed this life on the 11th of December, 1820, in the 76th year of his age, having been upwards of half a century a preacher in the Methodist connexion. He was beloved in Stockton by all who knew him, and his disposition was so charitable that he used to say, "O that my means were more extensive, that I might contribute more liberally to the wants of the Poor, the Fatherless, and the Afflicted!"

"While DIXON journey'd in life's pilgrimage,
 He was a shining pattern to the age;
 No pomp, no pride, nor affectation base,
 Within his manly breast e'er found a place;
 For like the eagle tow'ring o'er the plain,
 He soared aloof from vanities so vain;
 Simplicity in all his actions shone,
 To ease distress his hand was always prone;
 Kind, affable, and meek, no guile he knew,
 Jehovah's precepts ever in his view;
 Malevolence, though eager to defame,
 Ne'er breathed a slander on his honour'd name."

H. HEAVISIDES.

Churches and Chapels.

"What is a church? Let truth and reason speak
They would reply—'The faithful and the meek;
From Christian folds, the one selected race,
Of all professions and in every place.'"

CRABBE.

CHURCH OF ST. THOMAS.

THE foundation stone of this church was laid, and the structure consecrated by Lord Crewe, on the 21st of August, 1712. It is built of brick, and situate on the east side of High-street. Though the building has a modest appearance, yet it possesses in the interior every comfort and requirement. An excellent organ was placed in it in December, 1759, and a short time ago, a subscription of £500 having been raised for the purpose, it was highly improved by Mr. Nicholson, of Newcastle-on-Tyne, under the superintendence of Mr. J. P. Jewson, the organist. The east window contains a beautiful figure in stained glass, of the Redeemer bearing the Cross, and enfolding the reed, the sponge, and the cord. This window, which cost £100, was executed by Mr. Gibson, of Newcastle, in 1828. The church affords accommodation for 1,500 persons, and in the church yard, which stands in the centre of the town, there is a fine row of elm trees, where a large number of rooks annually build their nests and rear their progeny, amid the din of business and the harsh whistling of surrounding locomotives. A new burial ground for this church, situate between Trinity Church and Yarm Road was consecrated on the 7th of November, 1849. There is no fence between it and the Trinity Church cemetery, the limits of each being merely marked by boundary stones. The burial service for funerals

belonging to St. Thomas's church is read in Trinity church, but the fees are paid to the minister of the former.

HOLY TRINITY CHURCH.

The foundation stone of this church was laid on the 18th of November, 1835, by the Ven. Charles Thorpe, Archdeacon of Durham. It is built of stone, in the Gothic style, from elegant designs by Messrs. B. & J. Green, Newcastle. In the west gallery there is an organ, of great power and compass of tone, built by Mr. Nicholson, of Newcastle. The whole of the sittings in the church are stained in imitation of oak, and afford accommodation for 1,200 persons, a good proportion of them being free seats.

During a tremendous gale of wind on the morning of December 25th, 1853, a portion of the upper part of the elegant spire of this church was blown down. At the time this event occurred, the interior was tastefully and profusely ornamented with holly in celebration of Christmas. The expense of reparation was estimated at £100, which was raised by subscription. The Bishop of Durham is the patron of the living; and the Rev. Richard Dutton Kennicott, A. B., incumbent. The income is stated at £300. per annum. The cemetery on three sides is walled, and on the north side, fronting Yarm Road, it is iron palisaded. No interments take place within the church.

WESLEYAN METHODIST CHAPEL.

The foundation stone of the above structure, situate in Brunswick-street, was laid on the 16th of March, 1823, by Richard Walker, Esq., and it was opened on the 31st December following, when collections were made amounting to £200. A Sunday School and two dwelling-houses for the preachers are attached. There is a fine organ in this chapel, built by Mr. Thomas Charlton, formerly a clever amateur organ builder at Stockton, but now host of the Hardwicke Hotel, Sedgfield. The building is licensed for solemnization of marriage. The Rev. John Wesley preached on a stool in "The Square," Stockton, on the 16th of August, 1748. The first collection for Wesleyan missions, in a circuit, which included Stockton, Hartlepool, Yarm, Darlington, and Bishop Auckland, took place in 1799, when the sum of only £2 10s. was collected. These places with their surrounding districts

now constitute five circuits, and in 1865, the collections in them, in support of Foreign Missions, were as follows :—

	£.	s.	d.
Darlington	253	15	6
Stockton.....	282	11	6
Hartlepool	142	2	3
Barnard Castle	127	13	6
Bishop Auckland	125	0	6
	<u>£931</u>	<u>3</u>	<u>3</u>

CHRISTMAS OFFERINGS.

	£.	s.	d.
Darlington	14	19	5
Stockton	32	17	10
Hartlepool	8	9	0
Barnard Castle	12	8	10
Bishop Auckland	51	7	6
	<u>£120</u>	<u>2</u>	<u>7</u>

From these statistics it appears the amount collected in these circuits for foreign Missions in 1865, was £1,061 5s. 10d. What a contrast to the trifling sum collected in 1799 ! It was “the day of small things” then, and the contrast strongly shows how the Wesleyan body has since increased.

ROMAN CATHOLIC CHAPEL.

I can recollect when the Roman Catholics, then few in number at Stockton, assembled for worship in a small chapel at the foot of Finkle-street, the Rev. Mr. Storey being then their minister. He was succeeded in 1832 by the Rev. J. Dugdale, from Ushaw College, as pastor. The above chapel becoming too small for the congregation, funds were raised for a new building, and the foundation of the present chapel was laid on the 31st of May, 1841, and on the 7th of May following it was opened with the usual imposing ceremonies. This structure was designed by Welby Pugin, Esq., the modern renovator of Gothic architecture, and it is built so that at some future period it can be enlarged and ornamented with a tower and spire. It occupies a commanding situation in

Norton road, and has two large school rooms and a cemetery adjoining. It cost about £7,000. The Rev. J. Dugdale was much respected by all denominations of Christians in Stockton for his amiability, his unassuming manners, and his kindness to the poor, whether they were or were not of his persuasion. A few years ago when a malignant fever was raging amongst some part of his congregation, he caught the infection while attending to his pastoral duties, and died on the 1st of October, 1847, deeply lamented.

FRIENDS' MEETING-HOUSE.

This building, which was erected in 1814, at the cost of £1,800, including the purchase money for the surrounding cemetery, is situate opposite the Wesleyan chapel, at the north end of Brunswick-street. The interior is neat and commodious, and contains between 200 and 300 seats.

BAPTIST CHAPEL.

This chapel, which is situate in West Row, was originally built for a warehouse, but converted into a chapel in 1809, and has since been enlarged. The Rev. William Leng has been pastor at this chapel a great number of years. He is the oldest minister in Stockton. In February, 1851, the friends and supporters of the Fishermen and Mariners' Society determined to present this gentleman with a substantial token of their regard, as he had for twelve years been honorary agent of this Society for the port of Stockton. A tea party was therefore held for this purpose, the tables of which were furnished by the ladies of the town, when upwards of four hundred persons partook of a sumptuous tea. After the repast, the company adjourned to the Congregational Chapel, which was adorned with flags of most of the nations in Europe. Joshua Byers, Esq., presided, and during the evening Mr. Leng was presented by Capt. Hastead with a testimonial, comprising a silver lever watch, with a suitable gold guard, value £8, together with thirty sovereigns. The proceedings were of a very interesting character, the Meeting being chiefly addressed by master mariners belonging to the port.

UNITARIAN CHAPEL.

There was a congregation of Unitarians in the seventeenth century, the Rev. Thomas Thompson having been ordained their minister in 1688, and for whom a Meeting-house was erected at the north end of High-street in 1729. The present chapel, which is licensed for solemnization of marriage, was almost wholly rebuilt in 1753 on the site of the old one. There is a good library attached to it, and a fine organ was erected in it a few years ago.

CONGREGATIONAL CHAPEL.

This commodious and comfortable chapel, situate in Tennant-street, Norton Road, was built in 1845. There is a school-room connected with it, and it contains a small organ.

ST. ANDREW'S PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.

This place of worship was erected in 1861, on the site where it is supposed that Stockton Castle once stood. It stands on the east side of the Bridge Road, and contains about 200 seats.

PRIMITIVE METHODIST CHAPEL.

This structure is situate in Maritime-street, Smithfield, and it was erected in 1825. It will hold about 200 persons. Previously to its erection, the congregation met in a room in Play-house Yard, opposite the old theatre. The first camp meeting in Stockton took place on St. Swithin's day, 1821.

WESLEYAN ASSOCIATION CHAPEL

Is situate in Regent-street, and will contain 350 persons.

Amusements.

"All work, and no play, makes Jack a dull boy."

OLD PROVERB.

"And all the village train, from labour free,
Led up the sports beneath the spreading tree;
While many a pastime circled in the shade,
The young contending as the old surveyed;
And many a gambol frolick'd o'er the ground,
And sleight of art, and feats of strength went round;
And still as each repeated pleasure tired,
Succeeding sports the mirthful mind inspired."

GOLDSMITH.

THE degree of refinement in a nation may generally be known by its popular pastimes and sports, as a barbarous people have always been prone to enjoy those of a cruel and savage description; and, it is only by advancing in the scale of civilization that such a people are brought to have a relish for amusements of a more refined and innocent character. In the last century, cockfighting, bull-baiting, and the inhuman practice of throwing at cocks on Shore Tuesday, were favorite diversions at Stockton. The brutal custom of throwing at cocks was put a stop to by the Rev. John Shelly, M. A., the fourth vicar of Stockton, and the other barbarous sports were properly prohibited by act of parliament. The square building in the centre of the Green Dragon inn yard was built for a cockpit, and on the 14th of September, 1759, a main of cocks was fought there between the gentlemen of Darlington and Helmsley, which comprised twenty-two battles, twelve of which were won by the former and ten by the latter.

In the beginning of the present century, when I resided, at Darlington, there were two cock-pits at that place; one at the Hole in the Wall inn, and the other at the Talbot, then the head hotel. The latter pit was very commodious, with tiers of seats all round, which used to be well attended by Sir Harry Vane, Lord Boynton, and other sporting gentlemen. The Meetings at these pits were generally held for four days; three days for battles at £10 each, and the fourth day for a battle royal or Welch main for £100. During these four days about one hundred and thirty noble animals were murdered amidst the horrid oaths and imprecations of those who were called gentlemen. It is well the Legislature put a stop to a practice so cruel and revolting.

A Welch main consisted of sixteen pair of cocks. These were pitted against each other. The sixteen victors next fought against each other, then the eight victors, next the four conquerors fought, and lastly the two remaining birds were pitted against each other, and the surviving bird carried away the prize of £100. What in a Christian land could be more brutal and unfeeling than this? No other country in the world ever practised such brutality. It was a disgrace to the kingdom.

In the obituary of the Gentleman's Magazine for April, 1789, it is stated, that "John Ardesoif, a young man of large fortune, and in the splendour of his carriages and horses unrivalled by few country gentlemen, died April 4th, at Tottingham. His table was that of hospitality, where it might be said he sacrificed too much to conviviality; but if he had his foibles, he had his merits also, which far outweighed them. Mr. Ardesoif was very fond of cock-fighting; and he had a favorite cock upon which he had won many profitable matches. The last bet he laid upon this cock he lost; which so enraged him, that he had the bird tied to a spit and roasted alive before a large fire. The screams of the miserable animal were so affecting, that some gentlemen who were present attempted to interfere; which so enraged Mr. Ardesoif that he seized a poker, and with the most furious vehemence declared, that he would kill the first man that interposed; but, in the midst of his passionate asseverations, he fell down dead upon the spot. Such, we are assured, were the circumstances which attended this great pillar of humanity!"

The last bull-bait in Stockton took place in 1800, when the High-street, north of the Town Hall, and Dovecot-street, were crowded with spectators. It is said, that the bull broke loose, and ran up the steps on the south side of the Hall leading to the Assembly room, where a large number of the fair sex being assembled to witness the sport, they were all nearly frightened out of their wits, as well they might be, by the approach of so unexpected and unwelcome an intruder. Happily, the infuriated animal was secured before it had time to make its debut before the ladies, and so their fears subsided. The bull ring was fixed in a large stone in the centre of the High-street, about twenty yards north of the Town Hall, and it was not removed until the mayoralty of John Wilkinson, Esq., in the year 1822.

The principal amusements in Stockton at present are theatrical representations, which are generally well attended ; the Races, which take place annually in August for three days ; rowing in the Tees during the summer months ; the game of cricket, which has long been popular in the town ; amateur concerts held monthly, under the able superintendence of Mr. J. P. Jewson, organist at St. Thomas's church ; and the celebration of public events, either of a general or local character.

The Races, after having been discontinued for some years, were revived in 1859 at Mandale, nearly a mile from Stockton, where a fine course has been formed, a mile and three quarters round. On the north side of this course, an elegant Stewards' Stand and a commodious Grand Stand, with a fine balcony for ladies, have been erected. These Stands were built by subscription, in shares of £5 each, the cost being £1,500. The ground is the property of Lord Boyne, of Brancepeth Castle, and the course, I believe, is the only one in the north where a charge of admission is made for foot visitors. The charge is one penny each, and during the three days racing in 1864, the sum of £150 was taken at the gates ; so that thirty-six thousand persons, independent of those admitted on horseback and in vehicles, must have paid for admission. The money thus taken is added to the Racing Fund. These Races now hold a very prominent position in the Racing world, the course is considered the finest in the north, and they are attended by most of the crack horses of the day. The public are indebted for their revival to the enterprising spirit of William Richardson, Esq., Joseph Dodds,

Esq., and a few other influential gentlemen of Stockton and district, who, assisted by the clever and indefatigable clerk of the course, Mr. Thomas Craggs, have made the Meetings at Stockton the second best in the north of England.

The game of Cricket has been popular and much practised at Stockton for more than half a century, and it has produced several first-class players—including T. Robinson, W. Halton, T. Hornby, and T. Darnton, who have won for themselves a high reputation as cricketers. Lillywhite, in his "Guide to Cricketers for 1865," makes the following remarks on the Stockton cracks:—

"THOMAS DARNTON, born at Stockton-on-Tees (a few yards out of Yorkshire) on February 12th, 1836, but resides and has done in Yorkshire, for which county he is now entitled to play. He is a good man 'all round,' and capable of filling up a place in any eleven, being a good bowler."

"WILLIAM HALTON, born at Stockton-on-Tees, Jan. 19th, 1837. Ought to have been at the 'top of the tree.' Good wicket-keeper, and was a plucky and fine batsman."

"THOMAS WHITFIELD HORNBY, born at Stockton-on-Tees, Oct. 2nd, 1831, should be returned as an AMATEUR first-class cricketer, commanding a strong defence and a good sound judgment."

These three players have frequently been engaged by the All England Eleven, to play with them, at various places, when they wanted a good man to make up their number.

The old Stockton Cricket Club was formed so far back as the year 1816. In the following year, a Grand Match for £100 was played between eleven of this Club and eleven of the Yarm Club. This match, which excited immense interest, came off in a large field, opposite the Lord Nelson inn, between Stockton and Yarm. About 2000 persons were present. After some excellent playing the Yarm Eleven proved victorious. On the return of the victors to Yarm the greatest rejoicings took place. Shouldering their bats, the eleven with their friends, marched in procession along the main street, headed by a band of music, and afterwards they all sat down to a sumptuous supper, provided at one of the principal inns. Not one of the Yarm eleven who played in that match is now living. Their remains rest in peace in Yarm church yard,

where I lately in lonely silence mused on their tombstones, and thought of the uncertainty of life. The only survivors of the Stockton eleven are George Kay, currier—the veteran umpire, Tommy Marshall—and the author of this work. The umpires on the occasion were Colonel Trotter, of Haughton-le-Skerne, and Mr. Hall, of Crathorne.

The present Stockton Cricket Club has been in existence more than twenty years, under the presidency of William Richardson, Esq.,* whose exertions to support it have been untiring and beyond all praise.

* In 1856, the subscribers to a testimonial to William Richardson, Esq., for the energetic and persevering manner in which he has for many years patronised and supported old English games and pastimes, sat down to a most sumptuous dinner, tastefully provided by Mr. Lee, at the Town hall of that place. Charles Trotter, Esq., presided, supported on his right, by W. Richardson, Esq., and A. Frederickson, Esq., of Roseville Hall, and on his left by the Mayor of Stockton, Joshua Byers, Esq., and W. Clunie, Esq., of Wolviston; the vice-chair being occupied by Joseph Dodds, Esq., supported on the right by W. C. Newby, Esq., and on the left by T. Garbutt, Esq., of Yarm.

The dessert on the occasion comprised an abundance of the choicest fruit, &c., of which a large party of ladies partook, who had been accommodated with seats at the head of the room, and who honoured the company with their presence for a short time after dinner.

On the removal of the cloth, the Chairman, after a few suitable remarks, gave "The Queen," which was enthusiastically drank with three times three.

The CHAIRMAN then gave "Prince Albert, and the rest of the royal family;" and, in rising to propose the next toast, he said that he felt some degree of diffidence, as he had two important objects to accomplish—one to propose the health of his worthy friend on the right, and the other to present the very handsome testimonial which had been purchased by the subscribers. In proposing Mr. R.'s health, who was that evening their guest, he begged particularly to refer to his many amiable qualities, which he believed were known and appreciated by all present, and especially to the high position he had obtained in the town of Stockton. He had long been upon terms of uninterrupted friendship with him, and he was happy to say that good feeling had always subsisted between them, without any of those unpleasant cavillings which too frequently formed a bone of contention to parties in some walks of life. They had ever been actuated by higher motives, and a sincere wish on their parts to always carry out, if, possible, the important objects of their profession to the best of their ability. He believed that Mr. R., as a gentleman, both in a private

The first Grand Match by twenty-two of this Club and district was played with the All England Eleven 1847, on

and public capacity, was universally respected by the profession of which he was a useful member. As a borough magistrate he believed that in the discharge of his duties in that respect he was second to none, and as an admirer of athletic sports he certainly was their firmest supporter. He cordially agreed with him in his views on this subject, as he considered such sports not only developed the muscles, but they required endurance of fatigue, steadiness and coolness of temper on the part of those who are engaged in them, and he would add that they were greatly conducive to health, especially the noble game of cricket, which was enjoyed by all classes of the community, and which had been the origin of the testimonial he was about to present. He complimented Mr. R. on the successful manner in which he had raised the means for getting up the sports alluded to, and on this point he thought that he (Mr. R.) deserved the greatest praise, as he had never yet invaded the pockets of the ladies for subscriptions, however he had abstracted them from the purses of the opposite sex. In reference to the turf, of which his friend has always been a zealous supporter, he considered it to be a sport of national importance, and highly necessary in this kingdom to keep up a particular breed of horses. In conclusion, he begged to say, in presenting the testimonial before him, he did it in the name of the subscribers, and hoped that his worthy friend and his amiable partner would long live to enjoy the various useful and elegant articles which composed it.

The testimonial consisted of eight silver covers, a splendid time-piece, a dozen dessert knives and forks, a muffinier, a silver claret jug, a large silver goblet, a gold watch guard, and a set of gold studs."

The goblet bore the following inscription:—"Presented to William Richardson, Esq., one of the magistrates of the borough of Stockton, together with other articles to the value of one hundred guineas, by several of his friends, to denote their high appreciation of his energetic and successful patronage of old English games and pastimes, and as a mark of their sincere friendship, and of their admiration of his many excellent qualities. July, 1856.

Mr. RICHARDSON, in rising to respond, said, that he felt great difficulty in finding words to express his thanks for the high honour which they had conferred upon him, and especially to Mr. Trotter, who had paid him so many handsome compliments. He had had the pleasure of knowing that gentleman for the space of twenty-five years, and during that period he had met with nothing but kindness from him. An allusion had been made to his advocacy of athletic games, particularly to cricket. He would say he was an ardent lover of that game, and of every other manly sport that has a tendency to promote health. He thought none of the subscribers to the Stockton club would regret the subscriptions they had given, when they looked upon the science displayed by the present Stockton

ground adjoining to the lane leading to Bowes-field Farm. The match lasted three days, and on the second day the ground presented a most animating scene, as it was computed that three thousand persons were present, including nearly three hundred ladies, who, in the gayest attire, graced a large marquee, where an excellent band of music played a selection of popular pieces. After some splendid cricketing All England won by 44 runs. The celebrated A. Mynn, Esq., and N. Felix, Esq., the most accomplished batsmen of that day, played with the All England Eleven on this occasion, and also the wonderful bowler, old Lillywhite, who got as many as seventeen wickets.

Twenty-two of Stockton and district played the All England Eleven several times after this noted match. The former, however, by contesting with them so frequently, at length proved the victors, and the formidable All England Eleven, like the once-famed Macedonian phalanx, lost its prestige in 1858 at Stockton, where it was beaten by the twenty-two with eighteen wickets to fall. On the second day of this match a grand gala, in honour of the event, took place in "The Square," which was brilliantly illuminated by variegated lamps, forming twenty-six colonnades, with festoons of coloured lanterns, in various devices, hanging from colonnade to colonnade. There was likewise a display of fireworks and the ascension of several balloons, while the Stockton Sax-horn Band occupied the orchestra on the south side of "The Square," and the Stockton Drum and Fife Band played alternately on the opposite side. The price of admission was sixpence each, and a great number of persons attended and enjoyed the "gay and festive scene." In the evening of the following day, another grand gala came off at the same place, when it was again brilliantly illuminated with additional attractions and new devices, the whole being under the patronage of the mayor and the members of the Stockton Cricket Club. Previously to this match, the twenty-two of Stockton and district beat the United Eleven with twenty wickets to fall.

eleven, whom he considered second to none in the north of England. He returned his best thanks to the subscribers for the handsome testimonial presented to him, and begged to assure them their kindness would never be obliterated from his memory.

In 1859, the twenty-two of Stockton and district again played the United Eleven on the Stockton ground, when the former obtained an easy victory in one innings and 31 runs to spare, three of the Stockton cracks scoring as follows:—T. Robinson, 32—T. Darnton, 45—and T. Hornby, 27—making altogether 104 runs, being 38 runs more than their opponents got in their first innings. During the last ten years the Stockton Eleven have played innumerable matches, and beaten at various times, every club north of Sheffield.

For some time past, what are denominated "Whitsuntide Sports" have annually taken place, under distinguished patronage, in the Cricket Field. These Sports comprise wrestling, foot races, pole jumping, and other athletic exercises. The president of the Society patronising these Sports is William Richardson, Esq., and Mr. Francis Hunter is the Secretary. By the combined efforts of these gentlemen the Whitsuntide Sports at Stockton have hitherto been a decided success. The most noted wrestlers from Weardale and Cumberland contest at these Meetings, which are well conducted and numerous attended. This year, 1865, the receipts at the gate, during the two days the Sports continued, amounted to £170, the admission being sixpence each; the number of persons, therefore, who attended the ground would be 6,800.

The first Regatta that ever took place on the river Tees came off in 1825. It was got up in honour of the Duke of Cleveland, who was present on the occasion, it being the cup day of Stockton Races, of which the duke was that year one of the stewards. The boat races took place between the heats on the course, the Races being then held on the Carrs adjoining the river.

On the 2nd of July, 1841, a race by Stockton sailing boats took place on the Tees between Newport and the Floating Light, and back again, a distance of above twenty miles. The race occupied three hours and five minutes. Six boats started. The Water-wagtail won by fifty yards—the Sea Nymph, 2nd—the Phantom, 3rd—the Wave, 4th. This was considered one of the best races ever contested on the Tees.

In 1847, a Grand Regatta came off on the river Tees at Stockton, when the prize for the four-oared boats, was won by the famous crew of the Claspers, of Newcastle. A sailing match at this Regatta created a deal of merriment, as it was

a most laughable failure. The distance was from the Clarence Staiths to Newport and back. Thirteen boats started for the prize, with all their canvass spread—I can't say, "fluttering in the wind," as there was scarcely a breath of that motive power to waft them on at all. The result was, that two or three of the boats proceeding at a snail's' pace only reached Blue House Point; some run a-ground in the Cut, where, contrary to all Regatta rules, their crews jumped into the river to shove them off; while others actually came to a stand-still, and gave up the contest. The whole affair was ludicrous in the extreme, and showed clearly that the river Tees at Stockton is in no way adapted for sailing matches.

A Rowing Club has lately been formed in Stockton, under the title of "The Tees Amateur Boat Club," Joseph Dodds, Esq., being the President, and John Trotter, Esq., Secretary. The members of this Club are mostly influential gentlemen residing in Stockton. A commodious boat-house for the Club has been erected on the Durham side of the river, a little above Stockton bridge.

The first Regatta, under the auspices of this Club, came off on the 22nd of June, 1865, when there were many well-contested races, and amongst the rowing celebrities who contended were Robert Chambers, Robert Cooper, and J. H. Clasper, from the banks of the Tyne. The races took place above Stockton bridge, John Trotter, Esq., being starter. A band of music was stationed on the Yorkshire side of the river, and about 10,000 persons were present.

Since the above Regatta took place, another aquatic Club has been formed at Stockton. It is called "The Tees (Working Men's) Rowing Club, which now numbers about ninety members. Mr. Henry Hunton is the Secretary, and through his active exertions a large boat-house has been erected adjoining that of the Tees Amateur Rowing Club.

Clubs and Friendly Societies.

"The poor man has his club, he comes and spends
His hoarded pittance with his choicest friends;
Nor this alone—a monthly dole he pays,
To be assisted when his health decays."

CRABBE.

CLUBS and Friendly Societies were instituted in Stockton about the middle of the last century. In 1794, there were eleven Societies of this description in Stockton, and one for women, consisting of 625 members, possessing funds to the amount of £4,294 2s. Since that period provident Societies have become so popular in the town, that there is scarcely a working man in it who is not a member of one. They are designed for the purpose of raising a fund for the relief of the members in case of sickness, and in case of death allowing a sufficient sum for burial. Formed upon wise and benevolent principles, such Societies, when well conducted, cannot but be highly conducive to the happiness of the community at large.

The credit is given to Daniel De Foe, the author of "*Robinson Crusoe*," for having suggested the formation of Clubs to provide *mutual assurance for relief of the members in seasons of distress*. Since he published, in 1696, a work on this subject, numerous Clubs throughout the land have been formed; but the various Orders of Odd Fellows, Foresters, Free Gardeners, Druids, and similar Societies, cannot, I think, date their origin previous to the year 1812. I am old enough to recollect, that no Societies of this kind then existed. At the period just alluded to, there were indeed Odd Fellows' Clubs; but these were merely of a "Free and Easy" character, where the

members met just to spend a social evening together in singing, specifying, and giving recitations. Mr. W. B. Smith, G. M., in his evidence before the select committee of the House of Lords in 1848, speaking of the Odd Fellows' Societies, said, that "The Order was established in 1814, it having been before that a convivial Society." Mr. Charles Hardwick, P. G. M., in a paper read before the International Philanthropic Congress in 1862, gives 1812 as the date of the Society's establishment, and adds, "The presumed antiquity of these Provident Institutions of the operative classes I have demonstrated to be unsupported by evidence and opposed by historic facts." In my humble opinion, the only Society of this kind that may be deemed ancient is the "Free and Accepted Masons."

When arrangements were being made to celebrate the formation of a Dock at Stockton by a public procession and dinner, the committee appointed to make these arrangements received a deputation from each of the Societies in the town, to ascertain which Order was to take precedence in such procession. Night after night the committee met the deputations to discuss this knotty point. The Odd Fellows said they ought to lead the procession as their Society was first formed in the town. The Foresters claimed a right to walk first, as they dated their origin even as far back as when Adam, being expelled from Paradise, became a Forester. But the Free Gardeners contended they had a prior claim to the Foresters, as Adam, they said, was a gardener before he was a Forester. At length, after great waste of time, the committee decided that the Societies should walk in procession according to their priority of formation in Stockton. The Free Gardeners, however, scorned to submit to this arrangement. They had no idea of being made the lag end of the procession, as they were fully persuaded it could be proved by Holy Writ that Adam was not a Forester till expelled from Eden. In a plucky manner, therefore, they engaged a band of music on their own account, with which they took the lead in the procession, regardless of the remonstrances of those who conducted it. It is matterless, however, whether these Societies were formed in the present century or not; as they are, at present, a credit to the age we live in, self-supporting and self-reliant as they are, and showing, as they do, the great forethought and prudence of a large portion of the working classes in providing for the ordinary chances or mischances of human life.

Many years ago, I met two or three friends in the front parlour of an inn, in Stockton, where we had to transact some business. We had not sat long before we heard a strange noise and a horrid clanking of chains proceeding from the room above, as though it was occupied by lunatics escaped from a mad-house. On the landlady entering the parlour, we naturally inquired what was the awful noise we heard. She replied, in the Yorkshire dialect, "It's only some Odd Fellows on wi' their *devilments*—they're makking an Odd Fellow t' neight, and it always seems like Bedlam brokken loose when they're makking ane."

In those days this, and similar Societies, on the initiation of a candidate, used to blindfold him and then endeavour to terrify him out of his wits by the clanking of chains, making the most hideous noises, and asking him a number of senseless questions. These fooleries, however, have long since been abolished, and the initiation of persons in all Provident Institutions is now conducted in a rational and proper manner, the best advice being given to the candidate to discharge the duties of life so as to gain the respect and esteem of his fellow members. "Do unto others as ye would that others should do unto you," is the first and leading principle of these Societies, and on the initiation of a journeyman Gardener the Deputy Master turns to him, and delivers the following suitable address:—"Worthy brother, As a gardener I would remind you of the Rose, which is an emblem of Innocence and Virtue. The unsullied whiteness of its leaves represents the purity of the human mind when uncontaminated with vice. The fragrance it yields, when its leaves are withered and dead, is an emblem of a life well spent in piety and virtuous actions, which never fails to draw forth the admiration of surviving friends, and makes his memory dear to all who knew him. Never bring dishonour upon this Institution, and that emblem will never bring dishonour upon you. May it be a true representation of your various virtues, and may you enjoy a long life." Most of these Benevolent Institutions, in imitation of the Free Masons, have a Tyler at the Lodge door on the initiation of an apprentice, who is taught the Pass Word, the Sign, and the Grip.

The following are the principal Societies of this kind now existing in Stockton:—

FREE MASONS' SOCIETY.

The Lodge, entitled "The Lodge of Philanthropy, No. 19, of Free and Accepted Masons" that once occupied the Masons' Lodge Room, in Masons' Court, Stockton, was constituted in London, at the Swan and Rummer, so far back as the year 1727. It was afterwards removed to the Swan, in Exchange Alley; and from thence, by the procurement of Mr. Thomas Burdon, who was the first master of a Lodge in Stockton, to the Queen's Head there, Dec. 2nd, 1755. In 1773, a room was prepared for it in the yard* of the Black Lion Hotel,

* In the yard of this Hotel, many years ago, a monkey used to play off its merry pranks whenever an opportunity offered. Its exploits at the time were so much talked of, that the Boniface of the Hotel, fearing that some thing might be done by poor Pug which would prove serious, gave orders for him to be destroyed. An ingenious ostler, who was one of the monkey's particular admirers, cut some letters on a smooth freestone, where he was buried, which may be seen this day in the Hotel yard. The stone bears the following inscription :—

" HERE LIES POOR JACK,
JULY 12TH, 1812."

One market day Jack had rambled a long way from the inn, near to St. John's well, where there formerly was a pump, and a stone trough for watering cattle; so he placed himself on the top of the pump. A butcher from Marton, in Cleveland, having drunk a glass too much, his nag would insist upon having a drink likewise. When the horse came up to drink, Pug like a Merry Andrew leaped upon its back, behind the slaughter man. Like the Old Man of the sea with Sinbad, the sailor, he put his filthy arms round the neck of the butcher, and pinched him till he was black in the face. The sorrowful butcher could only come to one conclusion and that was, that his furlough in this life was expired, and that a certain Old Carl he had often heard of, had either come for him in *PROPERIA PERSONNE*, or, peradventure, had commissioned one of his agents to act in his stead. Gentle reader, if you or I had been in the poor fellow's situation, and an ugly-faced Infernal behind us, held us in his grip, in the darkness of night, would we not have been much alarmed? The poor fellow was terrified, and almost petrified; his limbs shook with dismay. His nag was a young one, and not relishing the extra weight on his back, set off in full gallop over Stockton bridge. Opposite Mandale mill the butcher and his fellow rider lost their balance, so down they came like two bags of sand into the middle of the road. The slayer of sheep and oxen was a long time before he recovered his faculties. He then made a solemn vow never to get drunk, swear, or

where it remained until a room was built for it by Mr. Matthew Wadeson, in Masons' Court. In this situation the Lodge continued many years, till it so far declined that it did not hold a meeting for a long period. The Lodge now held in Masons' Court is entitled "The Tees Lodge, No. 749," date of warrant 26th Dec., 1845, to January, 1863. It has at present seventy subscribing members, and the following gentlemen have filled the office of Worshipful Master :—

1846. Benjamin Murray	1857. John Robinson
1847. Robert Jordison	1858. John Shelly
1848. Leonard Jackson	1859. William Best
1849. Michael Broadbent	1860. John. J. Wilson
Young	1861. Anthony Crosby
1850, 51, & 52, William	Knowles
Graham, Jun.	1862. John Settle
1853. George Weldon	1863. Thomas Nelson
1854. Rev. Thos. Milner	1864. J. G. Thompson
1855 & 56, Joseph Dodds	1865. H. G. Faber

Another Lodge, denominated "The Lodge of Philanthropy, No. 940," date of warrant Dec., 1863, is held in the Black Lion Hotel, on the third Thursday in every month. This Lodge was consecrated on the 16th of February, 1863, and it numbers forty-two subscribing members. The following gentlemen have filled the office of Worshipful Master :—

1863	...	...	A. C. Knowles
1864	...	...	John Hunton
1865	...	...	Joseph Dodds

The Provincial Grand Lodge was held in the Council Chamber, Stockton, on the 2nd of October, 1863, when there was a large gathering of the Brethren from the different Lodges in the province, and the R. W. P. G. M., John Fawcett, Esq., conferred the following appointments upon Brethren belonging to these Lodges :—Joseph Dodds, P. G. S. W.—William Best, P. G. J. M.—Rev. J. Milner, P. G. Chaplain—John Settle, P. G. R.—and A. C. Knowles, P. G. S. D.

In connexion with this ancient and benevolent Institution there are two Schools near London, one at Tottenham and

give bad weight again ; but, like too many knights of the chopping-knife, he broke his vows the first time he again went to Stockton market, and got as drunk as a piper.

the other at Battersea Rise, where the children of poor Masons are educated, and which Schools are well supported by the Brethren. There is also an Asylum for aged Masons and their Widows, entitled "The Royal Benevolent Institution," which is well supported and patronised.*

* It may perhaps be acceptable to the reader to be informed that *three* is a mystic number in Free Masonry; as a proof of which the following is given, and cannot be refuted by the most learned Mason. The Degrees in Masonry are *three*, namely the Entered Apprentice, the Fellow Craft, and the Master. When a Lodge is *TILED*, the Inner Guard knocks *three* times on the door, which is answered by *three* knocks by the Tiler or Outer Guard, indicative that all is right—the Junior Warden with *three* knocks giving the information to the Worshipful Master. The *three* principal Officers in a Lodge are the Worshipful Master, and his two Wardens. The *three* assistants (besides the Outer Guard or Tiler) are the Senior and Junior Deacons, and the Inner Guard. When a Lodge is duly formed, the Past Master advances *three* steps, opens the Bible, and remains with his hand on it, until the ceremony finishes. The W.M., S.W., J.W., I.G., and Tiler then give each *three* knocks, to call the Brethren to order. On a Candidate's admission he has to advance to the W.M. by *three* irregular steps. The *three* great, though emblematic Lights in Masonry, are—the Volume of the Sacred Law, the Square, and the Compasses. The *three* lesser Lights are situated East, South, and West, and are meant to represent the Sun, Moon, and Master of the Lodge—the Sun to rule the Day, the Moon to govern the Night, and the Master to rule and direct his Lodge. The Tools of an Entered Apprentice are *three*—the twenty-four inch Gauge, the common Gavel, and the Chisel. The *three* excellencies of a Free Mason are Secrecy, Fidelity, and Obedience. The *three* signs are Squares, Levels, and Perpendiculars. The *three* points of entrance are OF, AT, ON. On becoming a Mason every one has to assign *three* reasons. On being introduced, the Junior Deacon gives him *three* knocks on the shoulder. The *three* grand Pillars of Masonry are Wisdom, Strength, and Beauty, emblematical of those divine attributes, and further representing King Solomon; Hiram, king of Tyre; and Hiram Abiff, the *three* first Grand Masters. The *three* Grand Orders are—the Doric, the Ionic, and the Corinthian. The *three* Moral Virtues are Faith, Hope, and Charity. The Jewels of a Lodge are *three* moveable and *three* immovable ones. There are likewise *three* Oaths, (one for each degree) upon which all the other Orders are founded. *Three* signs and *three* tokens, originating in the traditionary account of the death of Hiram Abiff by *three* Ruffians—the Tools with which he is said to be killed are *three*, the Plum-rule, Level, and heavy Maul. The *three* Emblems of Mortality are the Coffin, Skeleton, and Cross-bones, likewise an allusion

MANCHESTER ORDER OF ODD FELLOWS.

This highly-flourishing Order requires no trumpeter to sound its praise, for since its formation it has gone on extending its ranks and increasing its benefits to the working classes in all parts of the world. By the returns of the Order in January, 1865, the number of members was 373,569, divided into 3,504 Lodges, in 445 districts. This showed a net increase on the previous year of 3 Districts, 29 Lodges, and 14,000 members. The Order grants relief to members travelling in search of employment, and in 1864 the amount granted was £446 ls. 3d. Some of the District Lodges have a fund for providing for widows and orphans, which has effected incalculable good. An excellent Literary Magazine connected with the Order is published, and 12,000 copies are circulated. Mr. Hardwick, whom I have previously noticed, is the editor of the work.

The following are the Lodges in the Stockton District, and the number of members belonging to each Lodge:—

Tradesmen's Glory Lodge...	150	members
Temperance do.	75	"
Blooming Rose do.....	101	"
Rifle do.....	74	"
Good Intent 'do.....	75	"
William Burritt do.....	35	"
Earl Vane do.....	22	"

The oldest Lodge in the District is the Tradesmen's Glory, Stockton, which was opened in 1835. The Temperance Lodge possesses a large Lodge room and other property connected with it. The united funds of the Lodges in the Stockton District available for sick relief, funeral gifts, and cases of distress, amount to upwards of £2,000. The principal officers are John Gelson, G. M., Robert Higenbotham, D. G. M., and Robert Grayton, C. S., Stockton.

ORDER OF FORESTERS.

It is said, that there was an Order of "Royal Foresters" founded at Knaresbro' Castle, so far back as the year 1745, and that this Order continued until a convention of delegates

to the death of Hiram-Abiff. Many *threes* could be adduced, but these are considered sufficient for an example.

took place at Rochdale in 1834, when the name of this Society was changed to that of "The Ancient Order of Foresters' Friendly Society," which title it now bears.

The idea of originating this Society must, I think, have been suggested from Robin Hood, with Little John, Will Scarlet, and the rest of his merry men, living in common and holding their court in days of yore under the greenwood shade of Sherwood forest. Robin was the king of archers, the boldest and the gentlest of outlaws, who with his noble Saxon heart took a pride in resisting Norman insolence and oppression. Clad in Lincoln green he and his jovial men killed many a fine fat buck in open defiance of forest laws and unjust magistrates. Many a bishop Robin mulcted, many a sheriff and others armed with brief authority he outwitted, so that he won the sympathy of the people, and thus his famous exploits became the subject of many a fine old ballad, redolent with descriptions of feats of bravery and forest scenery.

The Order of Foresters contains branches in every part of the British Dominions and the United States of America. On the 1st of December, 1864, the numerical strength of the Order was 277 Districts, 3,268 Courts, and 277,746 members; and during the year ending August, 1865, there was a further increase of 277 new Courts, 44 of which are in the Colonies. The Order has its High Court, District Courts, and Subordinate Courts. Its High Court is held in different parts of the country every year—never remaining more than one year at one place, nor oftener than once every five years in the same county—nor oftener than once every ten years in the same place. Its Annual Parliament sits on the first week in August, when delegates from all parts of the country meet to alter or amend its Rules, settle all disputes from Court Districts or individual members, and determine upon all matters connected with the Order, which is governed by an Executive Council of eight members, and a Secretary, whose office is permanent.

There are two Courts of Foresters at Stockton—namely, Court Banks of the Tees, No. 469, opened April 8th, 1837, which has 110 members, who hold their Meetings at the Custom-house Tavern, Finkle-street, and Court Loyal Exchange, No. 566, comprising 60 members, who hold their meetings at the Greyhound Inn, Stockton. There is also a Court at South Stockton, entitled Court Royal Cleveland,

No. 3,419, held at the Cleveland inn, and another at Norton, the Court Royal Alexandra, No. 4,442, held at the George and Dragon Inn, all of which are in a flourishing state.

ORDER OF FREE GARDENERS.

The Moss Rose of Paradise Lodge of Free Gardeners was opened at Stockton on the 15th of October, 1838, and its present members number 105. Its Meetings are held at the Unicorn Inn, High-street. There is another Lodge in Stockton, entitled the Anchor and Castle Lodge, which holds its Meetings at the Queen Inn, Silver-street. In 1863, the members of the Stockton Moss Rose of Paradise Lodge and two others in the district nobly subscribed the sum of £25 for the relief of the distressed cotton weavers in Lancashire, and the United Order handsomely subscribed £700 for the same philanthropic object.

The Lodges in the Stockton District, and the number of members belonging to each Lodge, are as follows :

Stockton—Moss Rose.....	105	members
" Anchor and Castle.....	19	"
Middlesbro'—Bush Rose.....	66	"
" Cleveland Lily.....	53	"
" Thistle and Shamrock	71	"
Eston Junction—Squire Vaughan's	74	"
Eston—Miners' Rose.....	100	"
Guisbro'—Rose of Cleveland.....	190	"
Marske—Lily of the Valley.....	81	"
Osmotherly—Fountain of Wiske....	61	"
Henderwill—Cleveland Rose.....	39	"
Skelton—Rose of Sharon	84	"
Redcar—Marine	21	"
Total No. of members...	964	

The United Order of Free Gardeners has 363 Lodges in Great Britain, which number 20,186 members. The Order in the Stockton District is in a flourishing state, and it possesses a relieving fund for members out of employment.

There are also two Lodges of Druids and above fifty Friendly Dividend Societies in the town, thus showing that a very large portion of the working classes are men of provi-

dent habits, who provide a provision in case of sickness or casualties, and thus place themselves independent of the work-house or making application in the hour of need for parish relief, which is too frequently doled out to applicants in a manner hurtful to their feelings.

There is no country in the world that can boast of so many provident institutions as England. This, in a great measure, may be attributed to the social character of the people, and a wish on their part for one to mutually aid the other. A writer on this subject, emphatically observes, that "There is no man but God has put many excellent things in his possession to be used, improved, and managed by him for the common good and interest; for men are made for society and mutual friendship. We are not born for ourselves alone, but every man has some right and interest in us, and no man can live happily in this world exempted or privileged from being, in his place, some way beneficial or useful." So it is—our provident institutions are for the common good. They are a benefit to the community at large as well as to the members individually. Setting aside our innumerable small Friendly Societies, what immense good to the working classes the three Orders of Odd Fellows, Foresters, and Free Gardeners must effect, seeing that they alone number in the aggregate upwards of 600,000 members. The rules of these three Societies are framed on the best models of government, every year each Order has its Meeting of Delegates, where all complaints are impartially listened to and all disputes settled, and where the proceedings are such as to do honour to the various Lodges the delegates represent. These proceedings occupy several days; and the intelligence, the business habits, and the wisdom and integrity of purpose manifested at them justify the remark, that the industrious classes of Society are fully competent to manage their own affairs, and manage them admirably too, without the aid of any other section of the community. "Every man for every man, himself included," is their ruling principle, benevolence and friendship their object, and justice and morality their characteristics. Long may they continue to increase and prosper.

Manufactories, &c.

These are thy blessings, Industry, rough Power!
Whom labour still attends, and sweat, and pain;
Yet the kind source of every gentle art,
And all the soft civility of life.

THOMSON.

SOME time ago a gentleman remarked to me that he thought Stockton would never be truly prosperous until it became a manufacturing place. At the time this remark was made, there were no manufactories in the town of any consequence, except two for weaving canvass and two iron foundries, one carried on by Mr. Andrew Brown and the other by Mr. John Jackson. Speaking of this period, Mr. Brewster says, "The trade of Stockton continued stationary; or perhaps, in some respects, a little deteriorated, like its buildings. Not much beyond private comfort seemed to promote its prosperity. A pleasant society of independent gentlemen, rendered the little town agreeable and happy as a place of residence." This was a fact, for the resident gentlemen then in the town, though totally independent, had not the least idea of entering into any speculations connected with trade or traffic; therefore Stockton, for a long time, was taunted as being asleep, as regarded advancing in the march of improvement. It was not until strangers with capital and enterprising spirit came and established manufactories and iron ship-building in the place that it awoke from its lethargic state and exhibited signs of active life and animation. The town then began to change its character, its trade began to flourish, its population to increase, property to rise in value, and new streets to appear one after another as though by magic.

The establishment of additional manufactories, of various kinds, is still going on at Stockton, and as its position affords every facility for exporting goods either by shipping or railway we may naturally conclude that it is still "the day of small things" with this town to what it will be.

The following are the principal manufactories now in operation at Stockton :—

PORTRACK IRON WORKS. These works were commenced by Messrs. Andrew Brown & Goundry, in 1806. On their demise the business was carried on by Mr. Brown's sons, by whom it is now conducted under the firm of "G. Brown & Brothers," Ironfounders, Malleable Engineers, and Forgemen. The goods manufactured at these works are chiefly for Home consumption, and the proprietors employ about 150 men.

STAFFORD POTTERY.—This pottery was commenced in 1825 at South Stockton for the manufacture of brown earthenware and a small portion of ware of the best quality. In 1826, Mr. Smith, having engaged Mr. John Whalley, of Staffordshire, to join him in the business, a partnership was ultimately formed between them. In 1829 their business became so far extended as to require a considerable capital to successfully carry it on. Messrs. Wm. & G. Skinner were therefore taken into partnership, though they never took any part in managing the affairs of the company. At this time considerable additions were made to the premises of the establishment, and a large trade was opened for exporting their ware to the continent, which ware now ranked high, for the excellence of its quality and the skill and taste displayed in its manufacture. The Stafford Pottery, or the "Old Pottery," as it is now frequently called, under the able superintendence of Mr. Whalley, has originated and carried out various methods and new appliances to the ordinary means of manufacturing Staffordshire earthenware, and almost dispensed with the use of lead in glazing. The establishment is now carried on by Messrs. G. Skinner & Co., Mr. Whalley having retired, after a service of nearly forty years engaged in managing the business and conducting its various processes. Some of the workmen still here were apprentices trained by Mr. Whalley nearly forty years ago, and the number of hands employed at the works is about 150.

TEES GLASS WORKS, (LIMITED), SOUTH STOCKTON.—These works were commenced as a Bottle Manufactory in 1839.

They were afterwards discontinued for some years, but in 1845 they were resumed by Messrs. Bowron, Bailey, & Co., the present proprietors, who manufacture every description of glass bottles to the extent of 600,000 dozens per annum. They also manufacture glass roofing tiles, and employ about 220 men here and at their branch works. The principal markets for the goods manufactured by them are Liverpool and London, from whence they are exported to all parts of the world.

MORTON & WILSON'S BRASS WORKS.—These old-established works, situate in Bishopton Road, north end of Stockton, were originated in 1838, by Messrs. Maddison & Pigg, who came from Newcastle and settled at Stockton. These were the first works of the kind commenced in this district, and after the business had been most successfully carried on by these enterprising gentlemen for seventeen years, Mr. Pigg retired, leaving it in the hands of Messrs. Maddison & Morton, by whom it was conducted till 1861, when Mr. Maddison also retired. Since which period the establishment has been carried on under the firm of "Morton & Wilson," engineers, brass-founders, and copper-smiths, two practical gentlemen, whose inventions have given them a world-wide popularity. Mr. Morton's Refrigerator for cooling worts, for which he got a patent, has superceded all other inventions of this kind, as it is now in successful operation in most of the principal breweries in the United Kingdom and America. The Patent Steam Impermeator for lubricating engines and steam hammers, and the Patent Ships' Pumps, both invented by Mr. Wilson, are used by most Steam Navigation, Railway, and Manufacturing Companies in this and other countries, and are highly spoken of by those who have tested their respective merits. The articles manufactured at this establishment are executed in the first style of workmanship, and they are distributed all over the world. The business commenced with only Messrs. Maddison and Pigg working at it themselves, and now 210 hands are actively employed in it.

FOSSICK, BLAIR, & Co.'s ENGINE WORKS.—This extensive establishment is situate on the Norton Road, on premises originally occupied as a flour and saw mill by Mr. Jacob Waller. In 1839, Messrs. Fossick & Hackworth bought these premises, where they commenced locomotive and stationary engine building, and where they had for several years the haulage on the West Hartlepool Railway. In 1853, the first pair of marine

Engines were manufactured at this Establishment under the management of Mr. Robert Thorman, who died shortly after. In 1855, Messrs. Fossick & Hackworth engaged Mr. Geo. Y. Blair as manager. The works were then much enlarged, and made suitable for executing Marine as well as Locomotive and Stationary work. Since which, several Marine Engines have been made and fitted into steamers, both for home and foreign trade, built by Messrs. Pearse & Co. and Messrs. Richardson & Duck, Stockton, and other ship-builders, for companies in Spain, Alexandria, India, Brazil, China, France, &c. The works continued to be enlarged and improved from time to time till 1864, when a large foundry was built and fitted with travelling and jib cranes, suitable for lifting heavy castings—new pattern shops and a brass foundry were built—and the old foundry and pattern shop were fitted with entirely new machinery. In addition to these improvements, a large shop has been built for erecting Marine and Locomotive Engines, fitted with several Travelling Cranes and every convenience for doing very heavy work. The work now in progress consists of upwards of 22 Marine and Locomotive Engines, the marine engines being for seven different shipbuilders on the Tees and at Hartlepool, and the largest of which engines are for vessels now being built for Messrs. Pearse & Co., and are 350 nominal horse power or 1,200 indicated horse power, and fitted with surface condensers. In June, 1864, the partnership between Messrs. Fossick & Hackworth expired, when the concern was turned into a private Liability Company, under the firm of "Fossick, Blair, & Co., Limited." The works, including the yard, extend over four acres and a half, and the hands now employed are above 700.

WEST HARTLEPOOL HARBOUR AND RAILWAY Co.'s SHOPS.—At these Shops, which adjoin the last-mentioned Engine Works, upwards of 200 men are employed. The business is conducted for the proprietors by Mr. Carson. Locomotives on the most approved principles are built here, and all kinds of iron railway work executed. Connected with the establishment, there is an excellent Library, for the use of the workmen, comprising nearly 1000 volumes.

STOCKTON IRON WORKS.—All kinds of iron work for ship, agricultural, and other purposes are manufactured at these works, which are situate in West Row. This business was commenced nearly a century ago by Mr. John Jackson. Mr.

Robert Roger, engineer, is now the proprietor, and the number of hands is about 70.

MILL FIELD IRON WORKS.—In 1864 these works were commenced under the firm of "Smith, Hardy, & Co." They are now carried on by Smith, Thompson, & Co., who do a considerable business in iron chairs and general castings. A small brass foundry is also connected with these works, which are situate close to the Leeds Northern Railway, a short distance from the station at Stockton. About 160 hands are employed at these works.

TEESDALE IRON WORKS.—These extensive works, carried on by Messrs. Head, Ashby, & Co., are situate on the south side of the river Tees, near the Stockton and Darlington Railway station. All descriptions of cast and wrought iron for bridge work, boilers and smiths' work, railway chairs, and engineering are manufactured at this establishment, the contracts being principally for England, and occasionally for Brazil, India, and the Admiralty. 450 hands are employed at these works.

NORTH YORKSHIRE IRON WORKS.—These works are situate near the Stafford Pottery, South Stockton, and are carried on by Messrs. Richardson, Johnson, and Co. They comprise Rolling Mills, with thirty puddling furnaces and eight mill furnaces, which are in full operation, employing 450 hands, and turning out from 900 to a 1000 tons per month. The principal goods manufactured here are angles, beams, and bars of the larger sizes for ship-building, and rails both for home consumption and abroad. The firm export bars to Russia and rails to America, and they have also brick works adjoining where 50,000 bricks are weekly made by machinery.

PORTRACK IRON WORKS.—These works are on the North side of the river Tees, adjoining the foot path leading to the hamlet of Portrack. They commenced in 1856, and are carried on by Messrs. Holdworth, Benington, Byers, & Co., and comprise three blast furnaces, employing about 150 hands.

STOCKTON MALLEABLE IRON Co. Limited.—The works of this Company adjoin the above mentioned Blast Furnaces, and are now in full operation. They were commenced in 1862, and comprise 39 puddling furnaces, 19 heating furnaces, 3 50-cwt. steam hammers, 2 plate mill trains, 2 puddling do., 1 rail and

angle mill; the capabilities of production being, plates 250 tons per week—rails, angles, &c. 300 do. Number of hands employed about 700.

STOCKTON RAIL MILL Co. Limited.—The works of this Company are situate a little to the west of the Portrack Blast Furnaces, and when in full operation they will comprise 70 puddling furnaces, 20 heating furnaces, 5 30-cwt. steam hammers, 1 6½ tons hammer, 1 puddling train, 1 rail mill, 1 fish plate do., and be capable of producing, rails, 700 tons per week—fish plates, 150 do. and employing about 1500 hands.

THORNABY IRON WORKS commenced Oct. 18th, 1859. They are situate near the Stockton and Darlington railway station, South Stockton, and consist of three blast furnaces, producing 39,000 tons per annum. The first iron was made in March, 1862, and the number of hands employed is 140. Messrs. Wm. Whitwell & Co. are the proprietors of these works.

THORNABY ROLLING MILLS commenced May, 1864, and the first iron was rolled in May, 1865. The works are carried on by Messrs. Wm. Whitwell & Co., and comprise 20 puddling furnaces, 2 50-cwt. hammers, 1 18-in. forge train, 6 mill furnaces, 1 14 merchant mill, 1 8-inch guide train, and all necessary appliances, employing 260 hands, capable of producing 10,000 tons of finished iron per annum, bar and angle iron and rails.

NORTH SHORE POTTERY.—This extensive manufactory commenced Jan. 1st, 1857, by the present firm, Messrs. G. & Wm. Smith. The finest quality of earthenware is manufactured at this establishment, for London and the Southern counties generally. The proprietors have also an export trade to Hamburg and the ports in the Mediterranean. This Pottery adjoins Messrs. Pearse & Co.'s ship-building yard, and upwards of 100 hands are employed at it.

STOCKTON POTTERY.—Mr. Thomas Ainsworth is the proprietor of this establishment, which commenced some years ago, and where the best quality of earthenware is turned out. It adjoins the above-named pottery, and employs several hands.

PORTRACK ROAD SAIL-CLOTH CLOTH MANUFACTORY.—The proprietor of this establishment is Mr. Robson, who succeeded Mr. Dixon in the business in 1856. 27 hands are employed at this manufactory.

BISHOPTON ROAD SAILCLOTH MANUFACTORY.—Messrs. Harker & Co., commenced this manufactory some years ago, and the business employs 27 hands.

The Brick Manufacturers at present in Stockton are uncommonly numerous—the principal being Messrs. W. Wilson, John Hunton, Thomas Nelson, William Nelson, Robt. Welch, Smith & Thompson; Richardson, Johnson, & Co.; J. Trowsdale, C. Herring, John F. Craggs, Denham, and Elliot.

Nearly all the iron works which I have just noticed have sprung into existence since Messrs. Bolckow & Vaughan opened their ironstone mines in Cleveland about fifteen years ago. The merit, however, of the first discovery of this valuable mineral in the Cleveland district is not due to these enterprising gentlemen, as Mr. Jackson, father of Ralph Ward Jackson, Esq., of Greatham Hall, sent in 1811 two waggons of it to the Tyne Iron Works—in 1842 it was recognised by Mr. Charles Ashton at Eston—and in 1839 a Mr. Neasham sent an entire cargo to the Devon Iron Works at Alloa, in Scotland. These gentlemen were the first discoverers of the ironstone in Cleveland; but the merit must be awarded to Messrs. Bolckow & Vaughan for ascertaining its value and extent, and introducing it to the immensely important place it now occupies.

Mr. Isaac Lowthian Bell, of Newcastle-on-Tyne, in a paper on the Manufacture of Iron, read by him in 1863, at the Sectional Meeting of the British Association, when concluding his observations on our local trade, says, that “with our cheap fuel, magnificent and improving harbours, and enormous commerce, it is only reasonable to suppose that rolling mills, engineering establishments, iron ship-buildings and many other similar undertakings will find a place amongst us, and assist in maintaining for the North of England a very honourable rank in those industrial communities which contribute so largely to the welfare and prosperity of the British empire.”

Local Poets.

"Poetry exalts

Her voice to ages, and informs the page
With music, image, sentiment, and thought
Never to die! the treasure of mankind!
Their highest honour and their truest joy."

THOMSON.

JOSEPH RITSON.

AMONGST the distinguished men which Stockton has produced, none occupy a higher place than Joseph Ritson, born on the 2nd of October, 1752. His destination was the law, and he was placed with an eminent conveyancer of that town. After some few years he entered Gray's Inn, where he was called to the bar, and continued a member until his death. Not liking the dry technicalities of the law, he sought something more congenial to his taste, in ancient English poetry, old ballads and dramas, and occasionally courting the Muses himself.

He was naturally of a delicate constitution; which was perhaps weakened by his being a strict vegetarian. In a work which he wrote, entitled "An Essay on Animal Food as a Moral Duty," he says, "that ever since he was nineteen years of age, he had adhered to a milk and vegetable diet, and during the whole course of thirty years he had never tasted a morsel of fish, flesh, or fowl, or any thing, to his knowledge, prepared in or with those substances."

Sir Walter Scott and Ritson were on the most intimate terms, as they had a similarity of taste for old ballad lore.

Sir Walter, in a letter to a friend, says, "I loved poor Ritson with all his singularities; he was always kind and indulgent to me; he had an honesty of principle about him, which, if it went to ridiculous extremities, was still respectable from the soundness of the foundation. I don't believe the world could have made Ritson say the thing he did not think; I wish we had his like at present." Ritson once paid a visit to Scott when the great minstrel lived at Lasswade. Ritson met another kindred spirit there, the celebrated antiquary, John Leyden, who used to take a pleasure in tormenting and ridiculing his peculiarities. Amongst other circumstances which happened during their stay, Scott used to delight to detail the scene which took place when his two friends first met at dinner. Well knowing Ritson's holy horror of all animal food, Leyden complained that the joint on the table was overdone; "Indeed for that matter," cried he, "meat can never be too little done, and raw is best of all." He sent to the kitchen accordingly for a plate of literally raw beef, and manfully eat it up, with no other sauce but the exquisite ruefulness of the Pythagorean's glances.

Though Ritson did not pretend to be an author, yet the many dissertations prefixed to his ancient songs and metrical romances; his life and notes to "Robin Hood," in which he collected together all the poems, songs, and ballads, relating to that celebrated English outlaw; and several other illustrative essays evince a depth of research and originality of powers of no ordinary character.

Mr. Ritson first published, in 1787, his "Bishopric Garland, or Durham Minstrel," being "A Choice Collection of Songs, relating to the above County, full of agreeable variety and pleasant mirth." He also edited and published the "Yorkshire Garland," the "Northumberland Garland," and the "North Country Chorister." "The Life of King Arthur, by Joseph Ritson," was published after the death of the author, by his nephew, Joseph Franks, Esq., formerly a solicitor in Stockton. Ritson died at Hoxton, in the vicinity of London, under a fatal attack of his mental faculties, Sept. 23rd, 1803, in the 52nd year of his age.

Ritson, in the latter part of the last century, published "Verses addressed to the Ladies of Stockton," which were afterwards reprinted in 1824; but as none of the ladies are

now living which are introduced into that poem, I shall merely quote, as a specimen of his poetical powers, the last fourteen lines of the production, which relate to a Miss Ingham, then the belle of the town, whose charms appear to have smitten the poet.

“ The last in number, yet in beauty first,
 Among Strenshelians, happy people, must
 Hail my Elvira, graceful, debonair,
 Among the fairest thou alone art fair !
 In vain I bid the Muse attempt thy praise,
 In vain the Muse to sing thy charms essays ;
 To sing thy charms, alone the heavenly choirs
 Should raise their hallelujahs, strike their lyres,
 The theme but worthy them. Yet gracious deign
 To pardon my sincere, my lowly strain,
 All I dare ask. Adieu, my fair ! though thou
 Ne'er grant'st a smile, nor an unclouded brow,
 Thy bard, thy slave I'll be—and with that thought
 My bosom cheer, although my chance be nought.”

“ Ritson's person,” says his biographer, “ was small and thin, with a fair and fresh coloured complexion, and his appearance was remarkably neat and gentlemanlike. His disposition was kind, cheerful, and amiable ; and, notwithstanding the supposed irritability of his temper, his manners in society were mild and conciliatory. Even a writer, who speaks of him with peculiar harshness, admits that he could be a ‘ good companion.’ ”

“ As a laborious husbandman in the fields of antiquity, and a most successful gleaner of the neglected beauties of early poetry ; as the founder of a school of editorial accuracy ; as the boldest exposé of the mischiefs arising from literary forgeries and interpolations ; as a stern and uncompromising advocate of humanity, truth, and integrity, Ritson's memory is entitled to the highest veneration and respect. A lover of literature for its own sake, he never produced a line from sordid feelings ; and it is painful to record that, instead of deriving any pecuniary advantage from his labours, he sacrificed out of his humble means no less than five hundred pounds upon his works.”

JOSEPH REED.

THIS well-known author was born in Stockton in 1722, and he commenced business in that town as a ropemaker. He afterwards removed to London, where he published his first production, entitled "Madrigal and Trulletta," a mock tragedy. In 1761, the "Register Office," a farce, appeared, and at once ranked its author as a first-class dramatist. Five years afterwards he produced his tragedy of "Dido," which was only acted three nights, and never printed. His last piece, "Tom Jones," a comic opera, was performed at Covent Garden in 1769, and was very successful. Mr. Reed had the character of being a sensible, worthy, friendly man, and his taste for the drama never prevented his attention to business. He died in London, Aug. 15th, 1787, leaving a handsome fortune to his two sons.

THOMAS WEBBER

WAS born at Tiverton, in Devonshire, where he received a decent education, and served his apprenticeship as a woolcomber. In 1816, being then a young man, he went to Darlington, where, obtaining employment with Messrs. Joseph Pease and Co., he worked for some years. My father at that time was publishing a work in numbers at 6d. each, entitled "The Entertaining Repertory," to which Webber contributed several poetical effusions, and thus we became acquainted. In 1814, I found him at Stockton in the employment of Messrs. Atkinson and Co., woolcombers, where he married and brought up a large family. Being, like poor Dryden, frequently hard up, he generally wrote more for profit than for fame. Most of his poems were written for the passing hour, and excited great interest at the time they were published. No important event transpired in Stockton but he recorded it in verse, and thus he acquired the name of its poet laureate. His principal production, entitled "Stockton ; an Historical, Biographical, and Descriptive Poem," comprises about 1000 lines, with the addition of copious notes. This production is now very scarce.

Webber, being a liberal in politics, took an active part at Stockton in advocating the Reform Bill of 1832. He was a fierce declaimer in public against all despotic governments,

but gentle and amiable at his own fireside, where I frequently spent a happy hour with him. He died in Stockton on the 17th of July, 1851, aged 68 years. The following stanzas are from his pen :—

On Winter.

'Tis ever thus, 'tis ever thus, when Winter blows his blast,
And Jove's imperial canopy with frowns is overcast,
And murmuring riv'lets cease to flow, in icy fetters bound,
While clouds congeal'd to fleecy snow quite overspread the ground.

'Tis ever thus, 'tis ever thus, "in manhood's glorious prime,"
Numbers, alas, are prodigal of health, wealth, fame, and time ;
The moments swiftly fly away on pleasure's fairy wings,
But Winter leaves each wretch a prey to all its scorpion stings.

'Tis ever thus, 'tis ever thus, in life's contracted span,
And such we fear will ever be the hapless lot of man ;
Nature revolves, the seasons come, and leave us in their turn,
But Winter leaves this awful truth, "That man was made to mourn."

'Tis ever thus, 'tis ever thus, and thus 'twill be for ever,
Man floats along the stream of life like bubbles on a river ;
Spring, Summer, Autumn, come and go—stern Winter comes at last,
Which puts a period to his woes, and all his joys are past.

GEORGE WILLIAM SUTTON,

BORN at Stockton in 1802, was the eldest son of John Hutchinson, Esq., previously noticed in these pages. He was educated at Oxford, and after having received a good education, he took the tour of Europe, accompanied by his tutor, Mr. Jackson, and his favourite groom, Mr. Henry Smith. His grand-uncle, George Sutton, Esq., dying without issue, Feb. 14th, 1817, at the advanced age of eighty-two, bequeathed his estates to the subject of this brief memoir ; and on Sutton's return to England, he married, on the 21st of April, 1824, Olivia, second daughter of Henry Stapylton, Esq., of Norton, senior, male descendant of the ancient family of Stapylton of Slyton, and had issue two sons and three daughters.

On his marriage, Sutton and his bride took up their residence at Hardwick Hall, Sedgfield, and on obtaining possession of his estates in 1825, he removed to Elton Hall, near Stockton. He had a fine taste for poetry and general literature. He was, moreover, a tolerable Latin scholar, and while he resided at Elton he published, for private distribution, a volume of poems, entitled "The Slop Basin," comprising various effusions, which he designated his "Poetical Slops." He was also an excellent letter writer. I enjoyed a long epistolary correspondence with him, and have a large collection of his letters written on various subjects. The style of his epistles was somewhat Byronic—it was pithy, racy, and to the purpose. When dining with him once at Elton Hall, I entirely forgot to deliver a letter with which I had been entrusted by his worthy friend, Henry Faber, Esq., solicitor, and on Sutton being informed by that gentleman of my extreme carelessness, he sent me the following note, apparently delighted at the circumstance:—

" ELTON HALL, WEDNESDAY EVENING,
March 11, 1840.

DEAR HEAVISIDES,—

You are a poet and nothing else. A pretty fellow you are, at fifty years of age, to let Poesy make you forget the letter entrusted to you by friend Faber, who must have considered *your head* more trustworthy than *his own*. When he related to me, on Monday last, your forgetfulness, I told him *your soul was above briefs and every thing litigious*. What a piece of bardish carelessness it was on your part. Wordsworth is not to be trusted with anything. Indeed all men of *mind* and *genius* are oblivious at times. I am delighted with you! You must be a true poet in every sense. If you had remembered the letter, I would not have given a curse for you. I would have thought no more of it than you did the moment I breathed the air of the fields. The poet Scott, being a legal chip, might perhaps have remembered "*the crack of the whip*;" but Byron, Moore, and Coleridge, would alike have left it to its fate. Burns would have *lighted his pipe with it*, and Bloomfield used it for the vilest purpose. Altogether I'm delighted. You have now proved yourself a true son of Parnassus. I venture to say, my worthy friend will not make a scrivener's errand boy of a poet again. I have laughed heartily at the affair, by which you have done more for your poetical character than the writing of a thousand 'Homes' could have done for you.

Health and fraternity,

Yours very truly,

G. W. SUTTON."

By this awkward affair being treated in so jocular a manner, I got well over it, though I considered such a piece of negligence at my age almost unpardonable.

I deem it necessary to say, that Mr. Sutton occasionally, when excited, laboured under slight mental aberration; but when not afflicted with this sad infirmity, I always found him a perfect gentleman in his manners. No one ever possessed a more kind, a more feeling heart, than he had, or displayed a more frank and generous disposition than he did. "They who knew him best loved him the most."

In the spring of 1852, as Mr. Sutton was returning home in a gig, accompanied by a groom, the horse attached to the vehicle took fright, and ran away. The groom immediately jumped out, but Mr. Sutton sat still; and the result was, that he received a severe injury on one of his knee caps, which ended in his death. This took place on the 17th of April, 1853, after he had been about a year confined to his room, and had received the best medical aid. He died at 50 years of age, deeply regretted by every one who knew him. The following unpublished stanzas are from his pen:—

One Hour with Thee.

" One hour with thee! Entrancing thought!
 Long wished, long hoped, and vainly sought!
 My wild blood rushes warm to trace
 The witchery of thy magic face.
 My sorrows, griefs, and cares are o'er,
 I'll clasp thee to my heart once more!
 One hour with thee!

* * * * *

Thou fairest of Eve's loveliest blue-eyed daughters!
 And have I passed again *one hour* with thee,
 Who now art gazing on the "dark blue" waters
 Over the bosom of th' unruffled sea?
 Thy love is worth the wide world's wealth to me,
 Thy image glides before me in my dreams,
 And when I heave a deep drawn sigh to thee,
 Fond recollection o'er my fancy streams,
 And gilds my wayward path with Hope's prophetic dreams.

Hope, did I say? Yes, Hope shall cheer me still,
 The haven of my hopes thy love shall be;

flow
 Then
 His life

I'd smile on mis'ry—neither good nor ill
Should ever alienate my heart from thee !
Though we be parted by the billowy sea,
I'd fix mine aching eyes on one bright star,
Breathe fervent blessings on it, call it thee,
And echo still should answer from afar,
And tell to the loud winds how dear to me you are !”

THE REV. FREDERICK WILLIAM FABER.

THIS prolific and elegant writer was educated at the University of Oxford, where he produced his beautiful prize poem, “The Knights of St. John,” which led to his obtaining a fellowship in Baliol College. During the Oxford vacations he always, for many years, made the residence of his eldest brother at Stockton his home. Whilst residing at the latter place, he frequently preached to large congregations in the Old Parish Church. The principal production of his muse is, “Sir Lancelot,” a poem, in ten books, comprising upwards of 500 pages, crown 8vo. His “Cherwell Water Lily and other Poems,” and his “Styrian Lake and other Poems,” published at 7s. 6d. each, both went through two editions, and contain many poetic gems. He was also the author of several important theological works, and a large number of Tracts on the Church and its offices. He was some years rector of Elton, in Huntingdonshire, but embracing the Roman Catholic faith, he conscientiously gave up that living, and went to Italy, where he became the head of a convent of monks, and a doctor of divinity. On his return to England he died, two or three years ago, at Brompton, near London, where he held a living under the Church of Rome. He was amiable in his disposition, earnest and sincere in discharging his religious duties, and so liberal that he gave the greatest part of his living in acts of charity. He died much regretted by all who knew him. The following poems are selected from his effusions :—

Greenbank.

Brother, brother ! thou art gone, and I will not mourn thy going,
Though thou hast been unto me like a river in its flowing ;

For many a fresh and manly thought, and many a glorious dream,
 Like fruits and flowers of foreign lands, have flourished by the stream.
 Yet, brother, it is well to part ; a sunset in the sky
 Sinks deepest in the heart when it is fading from the eye !

The heart is never safe unless it trembles while it woos :
 Man cannot love a treasure that he does not fear to lose.
 In touch, and look, and earnest tone, and many a loving way,
 Thy spirit will be more with me when thou art far away :
 For men may dwell by mountain streams, and all the summer round
 Have music lingering in their ears till they forget the sound.

Though it be bitterness and pain to bid a friend good-bye,
 Yet love will catch the tear-drops as they hurry from the eye :
 And friendship's rarest, holiest flowers, spring up from loyal fears,
 Frail blooms that give no scent unless we water them with tears ;
 And rich and happy is the heart wherein there always dwell,
 Like household gods, the memories of many a kind farewell.

The Wren.

[It appears strange that the Author of this very playful poem should
 once have been the head of a convent of monks.]

There is a bay, all still and lone,
 And in the shade one broad grey stone,
 Where at the evening hour,
 The Sun upon the water weaves
 Motions of light among the leaves
 Of a low hanging bower.

And one old sycamore, that dips
 Into the stream its dark green tips,
 And drinks all day and night ;
 And, opposite, the mountain high
 Doth intercept the deep blue sky,
 And shuts it out from sight.

Last year it was my haunted seat,
 And every evening did I meet
 A grave and solemn wren.
 He sate and never spake a word ;
 A holy and religious bird
 He seemed unto me then.

I thought, perchance, that sin and strife
Might in a wingéd creature's life
Be somehow strangely blent;
So hermit-like he lived apart,
And might be in his little heart
A woodland penitent.

Deceitful thing ! into the brook,
Hour after hour, a steadfast look
From off his perch was sent ;
And yet I thought his eyes too bright—
Too happy for an anchorite,
On lonely penance bent.

Ah, yes ! for long his nest hath been
Behind yon alder's leafy screen,
By Rotha's shining waters :—
Two rapid years are run, and now
This monk hath peopled every bough
With little sons and daughters.

I will not blame thee, Friar Wren—
Because among stout-hearted men
Some truant monks there be ;
And, if you could their names collect,
I rather more than half suspect
That I should not be free.

Erewhile, I dreamed of cloistered cells,
Of gloomy courts, and matin bells,
And painted windows rare ;
But common life's less real gleams
Shone warm on my monastic dreams,
And melted them to air.

My captive heart is altered now ;
And, had I but one little bough
Of thy green alder tree,
I would not live too long alone,
Or languish there for want of one
To share the nest with me.

THOMAS JOHN CLEAVER.

It is now some years since I became personally acquainted with this then promising young poet, who is, I believe, a native of Darlington. He received a classical education for the church; but ultimately he accepted the situation of principal clerk at the office of the Durham County Coal Company, in Stockton-on-Tees, where he resided several years. In 1848, he published a volume, entitled, "Night, and other Poems," which met with a favourable reception from the public. The principal poem contains many well-drawn pictures of Night in its various phases, not only amid scenes where virtue meets its own reward, but where vice predominates and pollutes the moral atmosphere of our towns.

Though the lines of Cleaver appear deficient in vigour and strength; yet they display a high moral feeling, an elegance of expression and sweetness of numbers not often excelled even by the greatest masters of the lyre. About two years ago I received a letter from him, stating he was about to visit Stockton and give a lecture in aid of the Mechanics' Institution at that place. He then resided in London; but unforeseen circumstances occurred to frustrate his intention. When he resided at Stockton, he frequently delivered gratuitous lectures on different subjects; and he was for many years President of the Literary Society in that town. As a specimen of the elegant and harmonious style of his compositions I quote the following verses:—

Beauty.

Spirit of love! sweet sister of delight!

ETERNAL BEAUTY! Handmaid of each Art!

Thou sun-lit essence of the Pure and Bright,

Whose sacred altar is the human heart!

To thee we bow; thy presence can subdue,

Refine, exalt, ennoble, and adorn;

Lend joy to Youth,—shed many a lovely hue

O'er the glad hours of life's young rosy morn,

And gild the pilgrim's steps, by age and sorrow worn!

Thou art the Poet's wealth—his world—his all!

For souls like his alone wert thou create,

To bring high thoughts around us, to recal
 Each failing hope, and dignify our state.
 Oh! it doth grieve mine honest heart to know
 That there be men who live uncharm'd by thee;
 Who toiling on, make life itself a woe,—
 Nor see, nor hear the wondrous things that be,
 Amid the speaking winds—the ever-voiceful sea!

For thou hast taught me that to thee belong
 A wealth and wisdom, hid from worldly eyes;
 The treasures and sweet witchery of song,
 And pleasures, which the soulless cannot prize.
 And therefore do I worship, mid the strife,
 And the vain teachings of unkindred men,
 Who coldly mock the Poet's vision life.
 Yes! I have worshipped thee, and will again,
 While yet this heart and soul their fires of love retain!

There's Beauty in the mountain and the stream,
 The lake, the forest, and the silent vale;
 The gorgeous sun-set, and the starlight gleam;
 The love of children, and their prattling tale;
 The song of birds, the rainbow's mystic form;
 The wind that sighs in murmurings soft and sweet:
 The mighty tempest—the careering storm;
 The Evening silence, and the lone retreat:
 When thoughts come o'er the heart that tongue may ne'er repeat.

Yes, all is Beautiful! the simple flower
 That blooms unnoticed in the quiet ways,
 And sheds its fragrance through each sunny hour;
 Without an eye to love, a voice to praise.
 The little wild bee on its trembling wing,
 The sparkling dew-drop quivering on the spray,
 The leaflet, and the early buds of Spring;
 The sun-born insect of the passing day,
 Speak Beauty to each heart, and wake the Poet's lay.

There's Beauty in the ocean, and the river;
 The time-worn tower, and the ruin grey;
 When the sad night-winds mid the ivy quiver,
 Telling of bygone days and grim decay;
 Who but may learn some lesson for the heart
 From scenes like these, through many a future hour;

Scenes, which from Memory's dream will ne'er depart,
 But bring sweet thoughts of thy delicious power,
 When Solitude shall come—when Grief and Darkness lower.

Daughter of Virtue! fountain of pure Joy!
 Thou bright-eyed spirit of the Universe!
 Oh! may thy presence be for ever nigh,
 And teach the tongue thy praises to rehearse.
 Still lend thy magic to the Sculptor's skill,
 Still o'er the Poet breathe thy heavenly spell,
 Let Painting's art thine aim of love fulfil,
 And Music still, in sweetest strains, shall tell
 Thy power to charm the heart—the spirit's grief dispey.

JAMES CLEPHAN.

THIS able and genial writer was born at Stockton-on-Tees, in the year 1805, where as a printer he served his apprenticeship with Mr. Eeles, bookseller. After his apprenticeship, he was many years editor of the Leicester Chronicle, and ultimately became editor of the Gateshead Observer, which he conducted for a long period with great ability. On retiring in 1860 from his duties as editor, his numerous friends, as a mark of their high esteem for him, and their appreciation of his valuable services as journalist, presented him with a handsome silver inkstand, accompanied with a purse containing two hundred and fifty sovereigns. Though Mr. Clephan's duties as an editor were so onerous, yet, in his moments of leisure, he composed a large number of miscellaneous poems, many of them possessing poetic excellence. With a liberality worthy of praise, he from time to time elegantly printed these productions of his Muse, in four small volumes, for private distribution amongst his friends; and the following is one of the effusions of his cultivated mind:—

Toll and Hail.

Toll! toll! her Night hath come;
 Her Day is spent, her Sun is set;
 What now to her
 The strife and stir
 Of Earth—its fever and its fret?
 Toll! toll! and bear her home!

Toll! toll! they bear her home;
 They lay her low in holy earth;
 They ling'ring mourn
 Beside the bourne
 Which she hath passed who gave them birth.
 Toll! toll! her Night hath come!

Wail! wail! the first faint breath
 Of new-born life is in their ear:—
 With feeble grasp
 Small fingers clasp
 Their skirts, and draw them from the bier.
 Wail! wail! in Birth and Death!

Wail: wail: grey hairs are gone:—
 Another comes, who seems to say,
 Ye've laid her low
 Where all must go,
 Come: work like her, while 't is to-day.
 Work To-day: the Night comes on:

(From "The Bud and the Flower;" by JAMES CLEPHAN.)

THOMAS WATSON, JUN.

THIS warm-hearted and unassuming son of the Muses was born on the 19th of March, 1806, in Bloomsbury Square, London, and he was educated at Brokenhurst, in the New Forest, and Totten, on the borders of the Forest, Hampshire. In 1830, he left the South and came to reside at Stockton-on-Tees, where for many years he was traveller for Messrs. Farrow & Walker, of that place. In 1840 he left Stockton, and went to Darlington, where he has since resided. While at Stockton he produced his "Ruin, and other Poems," the principal poem being in the octosyllabic measure, much after the style of Sir Walter Scott. In his miscellaneous poems, Watson displays luxuriant fancy and a vivid imagination. I cull from them the following stanzas:—

Spirit of Nature.

Spirit of the tranquil valley,
 Mingling with the evening light:
 Spirit of the lofty mountain,
 Weaving curtains of the night:

Spirit clad in dewy mantle,
Dwelling in each flow'ret's breast :
Spirit of the deep blue waters,
Riding on the ocean's breast :
Nature's spirit ! ever lovely,
Whether in thy greenest groves,
Or 'mid glittering stars ascending,
Where th' enraptured eyelight roves ;
Deck'd in sunbeams' dazzling brightness,
Crowning fields of waving gold,
Nature's spirit ! oh : how pleasing
Thus thy beauties to behold.

Thou art seen where hums the wild bee,
O'er the choicest flowers of spring,
Deep in woodlands' mazy coverts,
Where the birds of evening sing ;
By the shadowy hazel bower,
Where the exile loves to stand,
Nature's spirit ! there thou dwellest,
E'en as in his native land.
Thou art felt by him who wanders
Where the shades of evening fall,
And the sunlight's faintest impress
Plays upon the ivied wall ;
Where the torrent rushes downward,
Or the blue bell rears its head,
There's thy dwelling, lovely spirit !
There thy votary loves to tread.

Lovely spirit ! I have felt thee,
When with early friends I've roved,
Friends now sever'd, lost, departed,
Whom this soul hath fondly loved.
Yet within this breast there beateth
That which tells of days long past !
Friendship's garland hath not faded,
Tho' her sky be overcast.
Each loved accent, place, and feature
Start as from the tomb of time,
Flitting o'er the mind's soft tablet,
Prompting feelings most sublime ;
Absence, distance, vainly striveth
E'er to quench my spirit's rays :

When I view thee, memory kindleth
Every hope of early days.

Matin, mid-day, evetide Spirit!
Clad in robes of pearly light,
Queen of beauty! who presideth
O'er the charms of summer night;
Whether on the wings of morning,
Or the evening's golden sheen,
Thou dost flit o'er sylvan bowers,
Or the flower-deck'd groves of green;
Still the votary owns thine influence,
Loves to view thy robes of light,
Visits oft thy shrine of beauty,
Breathes thy balm, and glads his sight.

BYRON WEBBER.

He was grandson of Thomas Webber, whom I have previously noticed, and was born at Stockton on the 20th of June, 1838. After serving his apprenticeship with Messrs. Jennett & Co., Stockton, he became sub-editor of the "Jersey Independent," St. Helier's, where he continued three years. He was afterwards one of the staff employed on the Newcastle "Daily Chronicle," and at present he is reporter for the "Sportsman." In 1860 he produced a small volume of poems, entitled "Snowdrift," which were well received and favorably reviewed by the Athenæum, and from which volume the following verses are extracted:—

The Old Year.

Crown the Old Year's drooping head
With the sacred Mistletoe,
And the Holly berries red
Twine among his locks of snow.
He totters with uncertain feet
Down to his waiting-place of rest,
Faint, faint, and slow his pulses beat,
With weary weight of age oppress.
Sing a requiem for the Year.

At his birth the cold wind blew,
 Winter swathed his infant form;
 Now he bids the world adieu
 'Mid the season's bitter storm.
 Springtide brought him balmy rain,
 Summer, flowers and sunny skies,
 Autumn gave him golden grain,
 Now in Winter's lap he dies.
 Sing a requiem for the Year.

Clasp his hand and say farewell!
 Death-drops gather on his brow:
 His limbs, which long have served him well,
 Begin to falter feebly now.
 Farewell, Old Year! and from thy tomb
 May deeds of glorious import rise,
 To light the future's mystic gloom,
 And fill with rapture mortal eyes.
 Sing a requiem for the Year.

GEORGE HUTCHINSON SWAIN.

AMONGST our local poets may be noticed this gentleman, though he has only published a few of his poems. Some years ago he purchased the residence of Henry Stapylton at Norton, from whose garden and its vicinity the Stockton parish church bells may be distinctly heard, as alluded to in the following lines by that gentleman:—

Heavenly bells! as life's declining
 Still I hear your notes afar;
 'Tis the same sweet holy chiming
 Called me to your house of prayer.

Must I go then, broken-hearted,
 For to worship at that shrine?
 No! For all my kin's departed,
 And thus Home's* no longer mine.

* The first house in Paradise Row, left to Mr. Swain's grandfather, (George Hutchinson, Esq.,) by Mr. Hutchinson's uncle, John Scurfield, Esq., of Crimdon House.

Yet ye are as angels' voices
 Calling me from those above,
 To those realms where all rejoices
 In an everlasting love.

WILLIAM BENNETT BAKER.

THIS writer is, I believe, a native of Gloucestershire, where he was some years connected with agricultural pursuits. After many vicissitudes in life he left the South and came to Stockton, and settled there as reporter for the "Sunderland Herald." About eight years ago, he commenced, at the former place, a weekly newspaper, which is still continued by him, and lately he published a volume of poems, entitled "Stray Leaves from Parnassus," comprising poems on various subjects, many of them highly creditable to the author. The volume contains the following excellent lines:—

What is Heaven?

I ask'd yon radiant Orb amongst the spheres,
 Shining resplendent o'er his bright compeers;
 He pour'd a flood of glory o'er my sight,
 And told my wondering spirit "Heaven is light."

I ask'd the Moon, exulting o'er the plain,
 While hill and dale re-echo'd the glad strain;
 The Morning deign'd its language to employ,
 And told my thrilling spirit "Heaven is joy."

I ask'd the Night, when all was calm around,
 And nothing earthly broke the still profound,
 Night bade the tumult of my bosom cease,
 And whisper'd to my spirit, "Heaven is peace."

I ask'd the Harmony pervading all
 This fair and beautiful terrestrial ball;
 One universal voice, beneath, above,
 Told my enraptur'd spirit "Heaven is love."

EDWARD MARSH HEAVISIDES.

EDWARD MARSH HEAVISIDES was born at Stockton-on-Tees, on the 20th of November, 1820. He was the third son of Henry Heavisides, and served his apprenticeship as a printer with Mr. Jennett, bookseller, of that town. In 1845, he published his maiden volume, entitled "Songs of the Heart." He afterwards contributed to various journals many articles both in prose and verse. The editor of "Readings for the Hearth," published in London, thus speaks of him:—"This young poet, a native of Stockton-on-Tees, where he died of the Cholera in 1849, was gifted with great and varied talents; but his writings are an exhibition of germs rather than fruits; they abound with beauties, but contain much that the experience of years would have expunged and looked upon as examples of false or imperfect taste. We certainly consider him a superior poet to Kirke White. It may be truly said of Heavisides, in the language of his biographer, that 'his Muse was gentle, and looked upon all things beautiful and fair with a loving heart.'" In Trinity churchyard, Stockton, there is an elegant tombstone, which bears the following inscription, surmounted by a chaste representation of a scroll and lyre:—

"In Memory of EDWARD MARSH HEAVISIDES,

Author of

'SONGS OF THE HEART,' and other Poems, who departed this Life,

SEPT. 7TH, 1849, aged 28 Years, †

And erected, in Affectionate Remembrance of him, by a few of his attached
Friends,

Who highly esteemed him for his worth as a man and his sterling
qualities as a poet."

The following verses are from "The Poetical and Prose Remains" of this writer:—

The Departed.

Gone is the light that shone—the dream has passed away,
As fades the sun's last radiance at close of day;
And down the stream of Time do float in silence on
Sensations multitudinous of pleasures gone.

Where is the voice whose faintest tone awakes to light
 The utter darkness of my soul with visions bright ?
 Where is the face on which to gaze in silent joy
 Was rapture, bliss unspeakable, without alloy ?

I look around the lonely room—no face is there
 To soothe with one sweet look of love my heart of care.
 I ask, in vain, for one kind word—no kindred tone
 Comes back upon my yearning ear :—I AM ALONE !

Yet still thy gentle image lives where nought can soil
 Its spirit-beauty. In the mind, through time and toil,
 It lingers like a lonely star in darkest night,
 Shining in the realms of Thought serenely bright !

And in the silent hush of Night sweet Fancy deems
 Thy presence cheers my solitude—beside me beams
 Thy latest look of speechless love, and o'er and o'er
 I hear thy voice of gladness sound for evermore.

HENRY HEAVISIDES.

HENRY HEAVISIDES was born November 29th, 1791, at Darlington, where he received a tolerable education at the Grammar School there. Having finished his apprenticeship with his father, a bookseller in that town, he was left to make his way in the world as a journeyman printer. In 1814 he got employment at Stockton, where he has since resided. For many years he was a contributor to the periodicals of the day ; but it was not until 1837, when he had reached the forty-fifth year of his age, that he published his "Pleasures of Home, and other Poems." In 1840 he published a second edition of that work, and in 1849 he issued a third edition from his press. In 1860 he produced a prose work, entitled "The Minstrelsy of Britain," the whole edition of which was sold in three months, and in 1864 he produced another volume in prose, called "Courtship and Matrimony." The following lines are from "The Pleasures of Home :"—

Mark yonder cot, down in the blooming dale,
 There, unalloyed, lo ! other joys prevail :
 There seated, see ! where woodbines climb the pane,
 A mother happy with her infant train.

Close by her pluck the wild flowers of the lawn,
Her eldest sportive as the playful fawn ;
While on her knees, pure as the violet skies,
Her youngest like a beauteous cherub lies.
How soft the glance on that dear form she throws,
What sweet emotion in her bosom glows,
As dotingly she views each budding grace,
Or fancied likeness in its angel face !

See, how she pats its cheek ! tries every scheme
To light its looks with intellect's first beam !
Next fondly holds it in her outstretched arms,
And pours a flood of nonsense on its charms.
At length attention shows the dawn of thought,
Her voice the little charmer seems to note ;
Stedfast it gazes—wonder in its eye—
As one amazed looks on a star-paved sky,
Till, like a sunbeam bursting through the haze,
A smile celestial on its features plays.
Now wild with rapture, thrilling with delight,
The mother's feelings kindle at the sight ;
Her lips, unconscious, fall upon its breast,
And smothering kisses tell how she is blest !

How sweet to youth, down Pleasure's stream to sail !
How sweet to maidens, Love's persuasive tale !
How sweet a god-like action to perform,
To dry the tear, and stay the mental storm ;
Or raise the soul, when drooping in distress,
And make the load of human suffering less !
Yet what so soft, so pure, so rich in bliss,
As a fond mother's sweet impassioned kiss,
When, gazing on her infant's winning charms,
Entranced with joy she clasps it in her arms.

Now sinks the cloudless sun in glory bright,
And lingering bids the darkening hills, Good Night !
While down the uplands homeward bends his way,
This happy group's best earthly friend and stay.
Joy lights each glowing face as he draws nigh,
And " Father ! Father ! " pleased the prattlers cry.
Away they trip like fairies o'er the mead,
And first to meet him try their infant speed.
They meet ! and rapt'rous, like the curling vine,
Around his knees their little arms entwine ;

On each he smiles, caresses all by turns,
 While "all the father in his bosom burns :"
 So when the parent bird, with generous food,
 Returns unwearied to her nest-flown brood,
 With cheerful chirps dull silence they destroy,
 Hop to her breast, and flap their wings with joy.

Thrice blest the Home that yields delights like these,
 Thrice blest the heart such simple joys can please ;
 That 'mid the troubled world's unceasing strife,
 Can soften down the rugged cares of life ;
 Sweeten each moment, banish every woe,
 And make our hearth a paradise below.*

* "On Monday evening, a meeting of the friends of Mr. Henry Heavisides, of Stockton, printer, was held at the Greyhound Inn, in that town, to present him with his portrait as a token of their respect and esteem. The painting had been executed, in a finished and superior style, by Mr. James Hume Taylor, whose talents as an artist are highly appreciated by all who have seen his productions. A plate on the elegant gilt frame bore the following inscription :—

‘PRESENTED TO
 HENRY HEAVISIDES, Author of the *Pleasures of Home*, &c.,
 By John Crosby, Esq., Mayor of Stockton,
 On behalf of the Subscribers, as a small token of their high respect
 and esteem for his Literary Genius and Attainments.
 Stockton, March, 1847.’

The Mayor presided ; and after the usual loyal toasts had been drunk, he rose and said, he felt proud to occupy the chair on the present occasion, although he might feel some difficulty in properly expressing the sentiments of the subscribers, by whom he had been selected as a medium of communication in presenting the testimonial before him. They were all, of course, aware of the pleasing purpose for which they had assembled, but it might be well, nevertheless, if he were to read the explanatory introduction to the subscription list, which had been written on enduring parchment, and would accompany the portrait. It was as follows :—

‘Henry Heavisides, having been a faithful, an honest, and an industrious servant of the late Mr. Thomas Jennett, for 31 years, it has been considered by his friends that some token of respect should be given to him, not only for his long period of servitude, but also as an acknowledgment of his literary acquirements; and it is proposed to raise a subscription to have his portrait taken, and presented to him.’

It gives me great pleasure, Mr. Heavisides, to present to you, in the words which I have just read, and in behalf of the persons whose names are appended to the document, this portrait of yourself, and I beg you to accept it as a memorial of your own worth. You have been a faithful, an honest, and an upright servant; and, I understand, have served the late Mr. Thomas Jennett for a period of more than 31 years. You have filled the position that has been allotted you in society with credit to yourself and with considerable advantage to others. You have been a good husband and a kind father, and have reared a numerous family in a respectable manner by your own industry; and although it hath not fallen to your lot to be endowed with riches and affluence, yet to you have been imparted, in no common or ordinary degree, talents which are given but to few, and which, I am sure, you have used to the benefit of the public, and more especially to the public of Stockton—by whom, I can confidently assure you, those talents are highly appreciated. I need scarcely say that I allude to the publication of your inimitable poem 'The Pleasures of Home,' which, 'to read, mark, and inwardly digest,' is indeed a source of high gratification. When, Sir, in after years, you look upon this portrait, let it remind you of the pleasing event of this evening; and when it is gazed upon by your children or your wife, or others into whose hands, in the course of time, it may happen to fall, it would be well for them to recollect how good, how honourable it is, for an individual to possess the esteem of his fellow-townsmen; and this reflection ought to prompt them to emulate your conduct in faithfully discharging all the various duties of life. To the gentlemen present I would also beg to observe, as well as to impress upon their minds, that it is no unenviable portion to obtain, by intrinsic merit and upright conduct, that reward which, although of small value in itself, is this night presented to Mr. Heavisides as a memorial of his worth and acquirements. In conclusion, I beg to propose the health of our highly gifted friend and townsman, Mr. Henry Heavisides; may he long live to enjoy days of happiness, and in his declining years may he look upon this memorial with gratification and delight, and never forget the high esteem in which he now stands with his friends and fellow-townsmen.

Mr. Heavisides in acknowledging the compliment paid him, concluded his remarks by saying, that as a work of art he thought the portrait highly creditable to the unassuming artist, by whom it had been executed; and, viewed only in this light, he flattered himself whilst he lived it would always be a valuable acquisition to the walls of his humble abode. And, when I am gone, when I shall have bid farewell for ever to this world's fleeting scenes, and my mortal remains shall rest in peace, 'under the hillock where the long grass grows,' then, I trust, this painting, surviving me, will still continue fresh and unfaded, and by those who are now near and dear to me it will long be prized and preserved, not only as a memento of the kindness

of my friends, but as an invaluable household treasure—a family heirloom—which years after this, may sometimes recall a fond recollection of him whom it resembles, and to whose memory, perhaps, the ‘passing tribute of a sigh’ may then be paid, as that fond recollection touches some tender fibre of the heart, and prompts the reflective powers of the mind to dwell with a ‘pleasing sadness’ on by-gone days, and scenes and joys departed—departed, never, never to return.”—*From the Gateshead Observer.*



LOCAL OCCURRENCES

FROM THE YEAR 570.

A. D.

570. About this time Billingham was seized by Ella, during the conflicts for the crown of Northumberland.

797. A great battle fought at Billingham.

830. Billingham church built about this time.

1069. A great dearth caused by the ravages of the conqueror. Men were glad to eat horses, cats, dogs, and human flesh. The land between Durham and York lay waste for nine years without inhabitants to till the ground.

1069. Malcolm, king of Scotland, at the head of a marauding army, carried desolation down the course of the Tees.

1154. Henry II, who began his reign this year, granted a weekly market to Norton to be held on a Sunday.

1200. King John is reported to have paid a visit to Philip de Poicteu at the Castle here between this year and 1208.

1214. King John visited Richard de Marisco at the castle. A charter which the king granted to the burgesses of Newcastle this year is dated at Stockton, Feb. 5th.

1227. Norton church was collegiate at this time, and consisted of eight prebendaries.

1234. A chapel of ease to the mother church (Norton) erected.

1235. The church of Norton given to the monastery of Tynemouth for the purpose of mending their ale, and for extraordinary acts of hospitality.

1249. Nicholas de Farnham on resigning the bishopric of Durham retired to the Castle here, where he chiefly resided till his death in 1257.

1272. The Hospital at Greatham founded.

1310. Bishop Bec granted a charter for a market on every Wednesday, and a fair on July 7th, to continue eight days.

1316. Bishop Kellow rebuilt the castle about this time. It had probably been injured by the Scots, who had laid waste great part of the country.

1322. The town nearly destroyed by the Scots.

1335. The Scots ravaged all the country on the banks of the Tees.

1376, Oct. 18. A commission issued to inquire against "John de Carew and other malefactors who entered our castle at Stockton, *vi et armis*, and took away John, son and heir of Alice, daughter of Thos. de Seton, being under age, and ward of the bishop."

1400. Yarm Bridge built about this time.

1485. Blue Post House built.

1498. John Claymond, A.M., became vicar of Norton. He gave to Christ's Church College, Oxford, £480 to purchase land to maintain six scholars, one of which was to be elected from either Norton or Stockton.

1530. Regulations made respecting fishing in the river.

1535. An Act of Parliament passed declaring Hartlepool (whose inhabitants claimed to be parcel of the county of Northumberland) to be in future parcel of the county of York.

1552. Bernard Gilpin presented to the vicarage of Norton.

1569. Rebellion of the North; nine inhabitants implicated, two of whom were afterwards executed.

1578. Castle repaired by Bishop Barnes.

1582. Janet Bainbridge and Janet Allenson were accused of "asking counsel of witches," and resorting to Allison Lawe for cure of the sick.

1585. John Collin, curate, drowned while swimming in the river.

1597. Part of the castle, then inhabited by Bishop Matthew, who had retired there to avoid the plague, consumed by fire.

1602. A new charter granted by Bishop Matthew for a market and fair, which had been discontinued for many years.

1611. The Mayor lived in a house constructed of lath and plaster with a thatched roof.

✓ 1621. The parish register commenced this year.

1622. The port began to vend coals at the rate of ten chaldrons per annum.

1625. At a general muster of all fenciblemen in the bishopric of Durham, between the ages of 16 and 60 years, there appeared for Stockton ward 1,223.

1635. The tax of ship money first levied. Stockton, Sunderland, and Hartlepool were charged with providing one ship for the service of the state, manned with eighty men and double equipage, with ammunition, wages, and victuals, at an expense of £1,850, levied by a rate on the whole county. The Mayor lived in a "mean thatched cottage."

1640. After the defeat of the royal troops by the Scots at Newburn, which gave them possession of Durham and Northumberland, the Bishop of Durham fled to his castle here, and from thence retired to York and London. In articles agreed on between the English and Scots on the cessation of arms, it was fixed "That the river Tees shall be the bounds of both armies, excepting always the town and castle of Stockton and the village of Egysliff." The castle was supported by a garrison of the king's forces.

1641. Robert Macdowill, curate, killed by a fall from his horse on Barnby Moor.

1642. An order of Parliament for the payment of £7 2s. 8d. billet money to the town of Stockton for the time being, to be distributed to the several inhabitants in discharge of part of the billet money due unto them for billeting his majesty's army.

1644. The castle taken by the Earl of Callender with some of the Scots forces, &c., for the Parliament. A great battle at Yarm.

1647. The Parliament passed a resolution that "Stockton castle be made untenable and the garrison disgarrisoned."

1648. The manor sold for £6,165, for the use of the parliament.

1649, Feb. 1st. Several pirates in the German Sea. One of them entered the river Tees and took two hundred firkins of butter out of a vessel; they also went on shore and took divers gentlemen, but, being pursued, they left the gentlemen and got back to their ships.

1652. The castle totally destroyed.

1653-4-5. In Cromwell's three Parliaments, representatives were formally summoned from the county.

1660. The town sent its proportion of men (nine) to a muster of the militia on Chester moor.

1661. The town contained only one hundred and twenty dwelling houses; none of them were built of brick. Major Jenkins died and left £2 10s. per annum to the poor—1s. to be paid every sabbath day in white bread.

1662. Richard Chapman, of Billingham, issued farthing tokens.

1666. A confirmation charter granted by Bishop Cosin for a market and fair. J. Wells, a merchant, issued half-penny tokens, having on one side the head of Charles 2nd and on the reverse his own name. The town contained one hundred and thirty-six families and five hundred and forty-four persons.

1672. The Rev. John Rogers, independent, licensed the first place of worship for dissenters in the town.

1675, June 21st. The first election of Members of Parliament for the county; John Tempest, Esq., and Charles Vane, Esq., returned.

1677. An order of separation was made about this year to the town and borough.

1678. John Tempest, Esq., and Sir Robert Eden, returned members of parliament for the county.

1679. W. Bowes, Esq., and T. Featherstonhaugh returned members of parliament for the county and re-elected the following year.

1681. The principal officers of the Customs removed here from Hartlepool, in consequence of the decline of that port. The first Custom-house was situate in the Red Lion inn yard, and in 1696 it was removed to Finkle-street.

1682. The Alms-houses built. Among the munificent benefactors to them were Mrs. Bailey, James Cook, alderman, John Hope, and M. Wiggoner.

1683-4. A terrible frost and much snow, which began at the end of November, and continued till the end of February. During this frost a tent was built and a whole sheep roasted on the Tees.

1688. Wm. Lambton, Esq., and R. Byerley, Esq., returned members of parliament for the county.

1691. Rev. T. Rudd inducted to the vicarage of Norton, vacant by the Rev. T. Davison refusing to swear allegiance to

William and Mary; but much to his honour allowed the profits of the vicarage to Mr. Davison.

W. Lambton, Esq., and Sir R. Eden returned members of parliament for the county.

1692. Stockton contained 350 families (1400) besides the poor.

1695. Wm. Lambton and Sir W. Bowes returned members of parliament for the county.

1698. Sir R. Eden and Lionel Vane, Esq., returned members of the county.

1699. Meeting-house built for dissenters (Unitarians).

1700. W. Lambton, Esq., and Lionel Vane, Esq., returned members of parliament for the county.

1702. Sir R. Eden and Sir W. Bowes returned.

1705. Sir R. Eden and John Tempest, Esq., returned.

Yarm Town Hall built.

1710, June 5. Foundation stone of the old parish church laid, and consecrated by Bishop Crewe, Aug. 21st, 1712. The first sermon preached in it by the Rev. T. Rudd, March 30th, 1712, and a clock and chimes added in 1736. The church is regularly stilled with oak. Mr. Rudd became rector of Longnewton in 1712, after having ministered in Stockton nearly fifty years.

R. Eden, Esq., and W. Lambton returned members of parliament for the county.

1713. The Rev. G. Gibson, M. A., first vicar of Stockton.

Sir John Eden and J. Hedworth, Esq., returned members of parliament for the county.

1714. Rev. W. Eden, M. A., second vicar of Stockton

Sir John Eden and J. Hedworth, Esq., re-elected members.

1716. Rev. G. Walker, M. A., third vicar. He this year put an entire stop to burying poor persons without a coffin.

1716, Aug. 17. A lease granted to the vicar and vestrymen to James Cook of the waste ground on which the houses forming Silver-street and Bishop-street now stand, for the term of 1000 years. These houses pay £13 per annum ground rent to the vicar.

1717. The first order given by the Corporation for paving the streets in the borough, and soon after an order for making two pumps.

1719. West gallery in the church built and vestry erected.

1721. Charity school founded by voluntary contributions for teaching and clothing twenty boys. Owing to greatly increased revenues in 1750, sixteen girls were added.

1722. Joseph Reed born. Died in London, 1787.

Sir John Eden and J. Hedworth, Esq., returned members of parliament for the county.

1725. Stockton contained 430 families besides the poor. Population, 1820.

1726. Brass Crosby born.

1727. J. Hedworth, Esq., and G. Bowes, Esq. returned members of parliament for the county.

1728. Captain Cook born at Marton near here.

Rev. J. Thompson succeeded his father as minister of the Dissenters' Chapel.

1730. Two Grecian princes entered Stockton from Newcastle, accompanied by two persons sent with them.

1734. J. Hedworth, Esq., and G. Bowes, Esq. again returned.

1736. An order given by the Corporation to build the Town Hall.

|| Potatoes first planted in the neighbourhood by Thomas
|| Baker, a farmer and quaker. He allowed none but his sons to
|| see the process.

— Yarm church rebuilt after being consumed by fire.

1741. The first suspension bridge in Europe (Winch Bridge) erected across the Tees.

J. Hedworth, Esq., and G. Bowes, Esq., again elected.

1742. Rev. John Skelly, M. A., fourth vicar. He put a stop to the inhuman practice of throwing at cocks on Shrove Tuesday.

1744. Town Hall enlarged when the Toll Booth was taken down.

1746. Great rejoicings for the Victory of Culloden, on which occasion a raft laden with combustibles floated majestically down the Tees.

1747. The Hon. H. Vane and John Bowes, Esq. returned members of parliament for the county.

1748. The North Gallery in the church built.

Aug. 16. Rev. John Wesley first preached in Stockton.

1749. A fatal distemper raged to a fearful extent among cattle of every description, of which great numbers died. An order from Government enforced the immediate destruction within twenty-four hours of all infected cattle, and the burial within eight hours of all that died, as a preventive to the spreading of the disease.

1752, Feb. 7. The Tees swollen to a very great height by a thaw, and incalculable damage done, bearing off horses, cattle, &c. In some parts it rose 15 feet above high water mark. At Yarm it was so high in the main street that it touched the top of the shambles, and did damage in the town to about £7000. At Croft the turnpike house was washed down, and about £50 of the road money lost in the water.

1751, Oct. 21. Joseph Ritson born. Died Sep. 23rd, 1803.

1754, Jan. 18. The Rev. John Brewster, M. A., the future historian of the town, born.

Henry Lord Barnard and George Bowes, Esq., returned.

1759. A fine organ and two galleries erected in the church.

1761, Oct. 12. The Tees rose so high by previous rains that it overflowed Yarm, and a flock of sheep whilst feeding in a meadow was washed away.

April 1. Robert Shaftoe, Esq. and the Hon. Fred. Vane returned members of parliament for the county after a contest of ten days.

1762. An act obtained to build a bridge across the Tees at Stockton.

June. Died near Stockton, Rachel Weatherby, aged 110 years. She could read without spectacles, and retained her memory to the last.

1764, August 23. Foundation stone of the bridge laid.

Mrs. Elizabeth Bunting left £300, the produce of which to be distributed among poor housekeepers living in Stockton who do not receive parish allowance,

Mr. Snowdon, of Norton, left the interest of £300, 3 per cent. consols, to poor shoemakers belonging to Stockton.

1766. The Book Club established.

Nov. 21. A whale, measuring seventeen yards in length, was caught by the crew of a ship from Stockton to Newcastle, at the Tees mouth, and towed into Seaton. When it touched the ground, it made such a noise as to be heard several miles off.

1767, July. The Rev. Nathaniel Whitaker, D. D., and the Rev. Sampson Occum, an indian of the tribe of Moneghan, in the colony of Connecticut, in North America, arrived here from Newcastle, Durham, &c. where, as well as in the southern parts of England, they had been very successful in soliciting assistance for the Indian Academy, founded and carried on by the Rev. Eleazer Wheelock, of New England, for educating the young in the English language.

1768, March 23. The Hon. Fred. Vane & Sir Thomas Clavering, Bart., elected members for the county.

The Theatre opened by Mr. Bates's company of comedians.

A covered cross taken down, on which occasion the spouts were made to run with wine, and the present Cross or Column of the Doric order, 33 feet high, erected in its stead.

The Piazza on the North side of the Town Hall built for the accommodation of market people.

The old Shambles built.

1770, Jan. 31st. The first fair for horned cattle, sheep, and horses held, and ordered to be held annually on May 9th.

July 1st. The burial ground belonging to the Church being too small, an additional piece of ground was this day consecrated by Bishop Trevor.

1771. The Great Flood at Yarm.

April. Stockton bridge finished. Cost £8000. It has five arches, span of centre arch 72 feet, and is 23 feet high from low water mark; the two next are 60 feet span, and the end arches 44., the passage for carriages being 18 feet with a raised footpath for passengers on one side. The bridge has lately been much widened, and another footpath added.

1772. Rev. Wm. Vaughan, M. A., fifth vicar.

1773. Rev. Alex. Cleeve, B. A., sixth vicar.

1774, Sept. 3rd. John Simpson, farmer, near here, was attacked in his field by his bull. He struggled with the animal for about half an hour, but the bull getting the victory it flung and tore him so that his life was despaired of. The old man lay on his back, holding by the ring which was fixed to the bull's nose, which so baffled the animal that he could not rip him with his horns.

Oct. 13. Sir Thomas Clavering and Sir John Eden, Bart., elected members for the county.

1777, Jan. An address from the Mayor, Corporation, and principal inhabitants (189 persons) congratulating His Majesty on the success of his arms in America.

1778. A small corps of volunteers raised for the protection of the town.

1779, Sep. 23. Paul Jones, the pirate, appeared at the Tees mouth, not far from whence he captured a sloop and caused great consternation.

A pair of blue caps first built their nest in a large stone bottle in the lower branches of a plum tree fronting the farmhouse of Mr. Callender, near Hartburn. The bottle had been placed there to drain, and since their first visit to this place either they or their progeny, with the exception of one year, have annually built and reared their young in the same spot. Supposing these blue caps to have had two broods of six birds each annually, upwards of a thousand birds will have taken wing from this wonderful bottle.

A fine frigate called the "Bellona" was built here for government. Soon after being launched, she was ordered to Hull, and on her first voyage from thence was unfortunately lost in the Texal.

1780, Sep. 21. Sir Thomas Clavering, Bart., and Sir John Eden, Bart., again elected members for the county.

Dec. 9. The shock of an earthquake felt here and in the neighbourhood at a quarter to four p. m.

Earl Fauconberg's regiment of Yorkshire North Riding Volunteers (commonly called "Whitecoats") mustered and trained. On May 12th, after morning parade, their colours were presented to them.

Rev. James Greville, L.L.B., 7th vicar.

1782. Rev. C. Anstey, M.A., 8th vicar.

1783, Aug. 2. A dreadful storm of thunder and lightning, accompanied with hail of an uncommon size. The hailstones were, in fact, irregular pieces of ice, measuring from 3 to 5 inches in circumference. The damage done to windows in the town was estimated at £150. A farmer near Portrack happening to have a loaded gun in the house, put one of the hailstones in it, and fired it through an inch deal.

Aug. 18. At nine in the evening a brilliant meteor was seen. A sign 220 yards distant was read by its light.

Vicarage house enlarged, &c., by the Rev. C. Anstey.

1784, Jan. 24. The Tees frozen, and on February 14th, a sheep was roasted on it at Portrack. Feb. 25th. River broke up, the ice being $8\frac{1}{2}$ inches thick.

April 14. Sir Thomas Clavering, Bart., and Sir John Eden, Bart., the third time elected members for the county.

1785. Dec. A violent storm, great loss at sea—33 vessels lying on the beach at Tees mouth.

A Grammar School (first public school) built by subscription in the Back Row.

Tees Bank established.

Rev. B. Evans, 4th minister of Dissenters' Chapel.

1786. Charity School built, with house for master and mistress.

Rev. E. Wilson, B.A., ninth vicar.

1788. The last thatched house pulled down.

July 11. John Wesley preached here to a great number of people.

Nov. 5. The centenary of the revolution of 1688 was celebrated by the usual modes of public rejoicing.

1789. The sulphur spring at Dinsdale discovered.

April 23. An illumination, and great demonstrations of joy, for the recovery of George III. An address soon after, sent by the mayor, &c., congratulating his majesty, &c.

1790, March. The Dispensary founded.

Great exertions made to procure a cut or canal through a narrow neck of land at Portrack to improve the river.

June 28. Rowland Burdon, Esq., and Ralph Milbank, Esq., elected members for the county.

1791. Jan. 2. Robert Henderson, alias the sailing quaker, drowned.

1792. Subscription Library established.

Robert Marr fifth minister of Dissenters' Chapel.

1793. The first number of Stockton Bee published.

Feb. 14. Brass Crosby, Esq., died. He went to London and became Lord Mayor, 1770.

The leaden roof of the church replaced by one of slate.

1794. Population, 3614.

1795. Forty-seven vessels belonging to the port, in all 5730 tons.

Jan. 23. A violent wind, by which Thomas Hutchinson was driven by it to sea in an open boat, after taking in white sand from the bed of the Tees, near Clement's Beacon. On the evening of 24th he was taken up near Holy Island by the *Argo* of Sunderland, which had been driven out of Whitby Roads by the gale. Ten minutes after he got into the vessel his boat sank. Another boat was driven to sea, which was next day picked up off Whitby with an old man and woman in it dead, locked in each other's arms.

Feb. 11. The ice on the Tees here, which had been frozen for 5 weeks, broke up and raised the water 7 or 8 inches above the great flood of 1771. Much damage was sustained in warehouses, &c.

1796. Brewster's History of Stockton published. (1st ed.)

Rowland Burdon, Esq., and Sir Ralph Milbank, Bart., again elected members for the county.

1798. Loyal Stockton Volunteers enrolled.

This year upwards of £850 subscribed to aid government in prosecuting the war with France.

Oct. 16. A reward of 100 guineas offered by Sir Henry Vane Tempest, of Wynyard, for the discovery of the person who broke into his stables at Longnewton, and nearly destroyed a mare called "Lady Sarah." She was matched for 500 guineas (play or pay) against a mare of Thomas Burdon's, of Stainton Vale, to be run the next Doncaster races.

1799. Rev. J. Brewster tenth vicar.

April 5. A dreadful gale—100 vessels sought shelter in the Tees. Captain Foulstone's ship and all hands lost.

1800. The Church Divinity Library established.

The ancient barn of Stockton castle, which remained long after the demolition of that edifice, was altered this year into two castellated cowhouses by order of Bishop Barrington, and, at the same time, the site of the castle and other parts of his demense lands adjoining, he appropriated as a milk farm for the use of the poor of Stockton. The author of this work, some years ago engraved a wood-cut of the original barn for BREWSTER'S "History of Stockton." He took the design from a small engraving of the building in BUCK'S "Map of Stockton," now very scarce. Ritson says, "That few castles

were without a barn, which was appropriated to the reception and custody of wheat, barley, forage, &c., necessary for the sustenance of the castle." These castellated cowhouses, including the ancient buttress of the barn, has, this year, 1865, been pulled down, and four handsome buildings, with spacious shops fronting the Bridge Road, have been erected on their site by Messrs. Martin & Pearson, of Stockton.

The last bull bait at Stockton took place.

June 3. An Address from the Mayor, &c., to His Majesty on his late providential preservation from an attempt upon his life, at the Theatre, by Hatfield.

Population 3,666.

1801. Great rejoicings on account of the peace of Amiens. Vaccination first practised.

Population 4,009.

March 18. A petition to the House of Commons by the Mayor, &c., on the high prices of grain.

An Act of Parliament obtained for shortening the distance and improving the road to Thirsk.

The Loyal Stockton Volunteers disembodied. A letter of thanks with ten guineas as a present to the privates from the Mayor, &c. The non-commissioned officers and privates at the same time presented Capt. Raisbeck with an elegant sword, mounted in gold, and two silver goblets.

Rowland Burdon, Esq., and Sir Ralph Milbank, Bart., elected Members of Parliament for the county.

1803, Feb. 14. The Loyal Stockton Volunteers again enrolled, and an elegant pair of colours presented to them, the gift of the ladies of Stockton.

The Green enclosed with wood rails.

Jan. Maritime Shipping Co. formed, with a set of vessels of heavy burden.

School of Industry established.

Rev. T. Kennedy sixth minister of Dissenter's chapel.

Sept. 23. Joseph Ritson died. He assisted both Brewster and Hutchinson in their respective histories.

1804, April. A Lifeboat established at Redcar. John Backhouse, Esq., afterwards established one at Seaton Carew.

Town Hall Clock taken down and an excellent new one put up, the gift of R. Clark, Esq.

Darlington Volunteers on duty here, and Stockton Volunteers on duty at Hartlepool.

1805. Dissenters' Library established.

Rev. G. S. Faber, M.A., eleventh vicar.

Col. Allison, of Stockton Volunteers, died, highly and deservedly respected. He was buried with military honours.

The Rev. J. Brewster, M.A., vicar, appointed to the rectory of Redmarshall. On his leaving the town, the inhabitants presented him with a cup, value 100 guineas, as a token of their esteem.

1806, Jan. 12. An elegant Cast Iron Bridge, of one arch, 180ft. span, across the Tees, at Yarm, fell during the night. It had to be opened to the public next day.

Sir Ralph Milbank, Bart., and Sir Thomas Henry Liddle, Bart., elected Members of Parliament for the county.

Sept. 6. A Mail Coach commenced running through here.

The Merchants' Shipping Company formed, with a set of eight vessels. A vessel sailed every week from both here and London. The great success of this company caused the dissolution of the United Shipping Company and the establishment of the Stockton Shipping Company on a similar basis to the Merchants' Shipping Company.

1807, April 23. The Mayor, &c., addressed His Majesty against further concessions to the Roman Catholics.

May 2. Sir Ralph Milbank, Bart., and Sir Henry Vane Tempest, Bart., elected Members of Parliament for the county.

1808, June 17. First meeting of the Tees Navigation Company.

July 11. Christopher Allison died.

An Act obtained for making a navigable cut over a neck of land near Stockton, which shortened the distance, from Stockton to the sea, nearly three miles.

1809. Rev. T. Baker, M.A., twelfth vicar.

August. Race course flooded, and the horses, in some parts, ran belly deep in water.

October 25. Day of Jubilee, to commemorate His Majesty's entering the 50th year of his reign, observed with great rejoicings.

A warehouse in West-row converted into the Baptist chapel.

1810. Rev. J. Gilpin, M.A., thirteenth vicar.

East side of High-street flagged.

Sept. 18. The Cut opened. Cost £9,300. Great rejoicing.

1811. The old building, Blue Posts House, High-street, taken down and re-built by John Appleton, printer, and the ancient stone posts added to the remains of the castle.

Monthly fairs established.

Population 4,229.

Oct. 14. Sir Henry Vane Tempest, Bart, and Lord Viscount Barnard elected members for the county.

West side of High-street flagged.

H. Hutchinson, Esq., founder of the Tees bank, died.

1812. An auxiliary Bible Society established.

Copper Penny Tokens issued by Christopher & Jennett.

United Presbyterian Chapel, West Row, erected about this time.

1813, June 13. Methodist Chapel opened, after being re-built. Two appropriate discourses delivered to upwards of two thousand people.

Sir Henry Vane Tempest, Bart., died. His remains passed through here for interment at Longnewton.

Stockton Volunteers disembodied.

A Press-gang arrived from Sunderland.

Silver 1s. and 6d. tokens issued by Christopher & Jennett.

Sept. 20th. John George Lambton, Esq., elected member of parliament for the county in the place of Sir Henry Vane Tempest, Bart.

1814. The Friends' new Meeting-house opened.

Mrs. Sutton died. She was the founder of the Industry School, the Blanket Fund, &c., and a liberal supporter of Alms-houses and other charities.

Severe frost for eight weeks; Tees frozen. Snow remained till March.

An illumination for the "Peace of Paris."

George Brown, Esq., died. He contributed £1,000 to the Charity school, £3,000 to the Alms-houses, and aided several other charities.

The gallant and intrepid Admiral Brunton died.

1815. Rev. W. Darnell, B.D., fourteenth vicar.

Aug. 1. The Hon. William John Frederick Vane Powlett elected member of parliament for the county in the place of Lord Barnard, who retired in July.

The Aurora launched. She was wrecked on the Skaw, March, 1819, when the master and seven hands perished; four were saved by lashing themselves to the fore top rigging. They were taken from their perilous situation by a boat next day.

The Commercial Bank established.

The first number of the Stockton Monthly Magazine; or, Literary and Entertaining Miscellany, printed by John Appleton.

1816, March 13. John Chipchase, an eminent mathematician, died.

The Alms-houses, for the convenient lodging of the poor impotent persons of the town, (erected 1682), having fallen into decay, were re-built in a handsome style on the east side of the High-street.

National School built.

Savings Bank established.

1817. G. Sutton, Esq., died. He left several sums to different charitable institutions.

West Gallery of church enlarged.

Society for the relief of lying-in-women established.

The cause "The Vicar *versus* Moses and others" was decreed by the Vice-Chancellor, and, in 1821, confirmed by the Lord Chancellor, in favor of defendants. This action was to break a lease, supposed contrary to law, of the houses forming Silver and Bishop streets.

1818. The Independent Chapel opened.

Paper tokens, value 2s. 6d. and 5s., issued by Christopher & Jennett, printers, owing to the scarcity of silver.

June 24. J. G. Lambton, Esq., and the Hon. W. J. F. V. Powlett elected members of parliament for the county.

1819. The Marquis and Marchioness of Londonderry first passed through the town to take possession of Wynyard, &c.

Sept. 24. The bridge gates destroyed by a mob, in consequence of the tolls not ceasing as expected.

First Steam Mill erected by Wm. Jickell, in Elysian Place.

Dec. 13. A corps of cavalry having been proposed to be raised here and in the vicinity, the command was offered to and accepted by Lieutenant Colonel Sleigh.

1820. The Bridge free of toll.

Feb. 6. The day of His late Majesty's burial observed with great solemnity. The inhabitants, accompanied by a great concourse of people, and headed by a number of sailors carrying torches, went in procession to church.

March 13. J. G. Lambton, Esq., and the Hon. W. J. F. V. Powlett elected members of parliament for the county.

Rev. James Cundill fifteenth vicar.

Stockton Shipping Company established, on the dissolution of the United Shipping Company.

July 8. An Act obtained for improving, lighting, and watching the town.

An Illumination in consequence of queen Caroline's acquittal, and an address sent to her signed by nearly five hundred people.

Thomas Dixon died. He was the oldest preacher in the Methodist Connexion, having ministered with great credit for fifty years.

1821. Population 5,006. From 1821 to 1827 one hundred and sixty houses were built.

Cook & Co.'s Steam Mill consumed by fire.

Rev. T. C. Meek seventh minister of the Dissenters' chapel.

A Camp Meeting held by the Primitive Methodists on St. Swithin's day, the first held here.

New Shambles agreed to be built.

Sept. Sixty vessels belong the port—tonnage 6,880.

1822, Feb. 10. The Cut from Blue House Point to Newport opened.

May 23. First rail of Stockton and Darlington Railway laid by Thomas Meynell, Esq., of Yarm, near St. John's Well, here, with great rejoicing.

Nov. 15. An Act being obtained, (1820), a gas-house was this year built, and, on the above day, the town was first lighted with gas, amidst the ringing of bells; after which, there was a public dinner.

A subscription of above £130 sent to the distressed in Ireland.

Col. Alexander Mc'Gregor Murray died. Funeral service was read over the body here, (according to Scotch custom), and then it was immediately after removed to Edinburgh for interment.

W. Mc'Mallin, 15 years old, walked on the highroad, near the town, forty miles in eight successive hours; and, six days afterwards, one hundred miles in twenty-four hours, with ease.

The Square enclosed with iron rails.

1823. The "Stockton Midsummer and Christmas Visitor" first published by John Appleton.

Dec. 31. The Wesleyan Methodist Chapel opened.

1824, Jan. 9. A piece of plate in the shape of an epergne, value upwards of £100, presented to Leonard Raisbeck, Esq.

Jan. 31. A parcel, value above £8000 stolen from the mail coach here at 3 o'clock p. m. It was traced to the thieves in London, and returned to the owners after some negotiation.

The Tees Pottery commenced by Messrs. Smith & Co.

A Steam Packet for the use of the Port built.

The Merchant Shipping Co. dissolved. The vessels sold and the concern resumed under the same name, with a change of proprietors and some new regulations.

Sept. 28. The New Shambles opened.

1825, Feb. 13. Col. Sleigh died.

March. Two human skeletons of full grown persons, found whilst digging in a gravel pit near here.

April 1. The Stockton Mechanics' Institute founded.

June 1. Messrs. Green ascended from Stockton in their balloon, amidst an immense number of spectators.

Primitive Methodist Chapel opened.

Sept. 27. Stockton and Darlington Railway opened. Length 25 miles. The first Locomotive used with 450 passengers and goods estimated at ninety tons, and which astonished the people by running some part of the way at what was then considered the fearful velocity of twelve miles an hour.

1826, Jan. Coals first shipped from Stockton.

June 15. J. G. Lambton, Esq., and the Hon. W. J. F. V. Powlett elected members for the county.

Messrs. Backhouses' Bank opened.

1827. South Gallery of the Church finished.

Jan. Fifty-seven vessels belong the port. Tonnage, 5,465.

1827, Sept. 24. The Duke of Wellington entertained at Stockton on his way to Wynyard Park.

The Tees Coal Company formed, who introduced the Tees coal into various ports both at home and abroad.

1828, Feb. 13. Wm. Russell, Esq., elected member for the county in place of J. G. Lambton, Esq., raised to the peerage.

March. A beautiful stained glass window by Gibson, of Newcastle, put up in the parish church. The centre represents Christ bearing the cross, &c. The other part of the window is beautiful and chaste ornamental work.

Seventy-nine vessels belong the port. Tonnage, 6520.

May 23. Clarence Railway Company's Act passed.

1829. Seventy-four vessels belong the port. Tonnage 7206.

July 18. Foundation stone of the chain bridge laid.

Second edition of Brewster's History of Stockton published.

1830. Fortnightly fairs established in lieu of monthly ones.

Aug. 12. Lord Powlett and W. Russell, Esq., elected members for the county.

1831, Jan. 1. An elegant chain bridge across the Tees opened for the Stockton & Darlington railway to pass over to Middlesbro'.

Population, 7,763.

Feb. 10. The Cut between Blue House Point and Newport opened, length $\frac{3}{4}$ mile, breadth 250 feet, depth 16 feet.

Wm. Russell, Esq., and Sir Hedworth Williamson elected members for the county.

Sept. 8. The Shops closed and a general holiday observed in celebration of the coronation of King William IV and his illustrious consort, and Robert Lamb, Esq., mayor, distributed, at his own expense, 100 stones of beef to between 400 and 500 poor families.

June 29. Great rejoicings in celebration of the passing of the Reform Bill, when, about 11 o'clock, the most splendid procession ever witnessed in Stockton commenced moving through the principal streets of the town, amidst the ringing of bells, the firing of cannon, and the enthusiastic cheers of assembled thousands. The arrangements of the procession, which comprised about 3000 persons, was under the able superintendence of Lieut. Henry, of the 7th Fusileers, and it

moved in the following order:—Stockton band. The Town Arms, with a Union flag on each side, followed by the mayor and a numerous body of influential gentlemen. The Sailors, with a splendid banner—inscription, “England expects every man to do his duty.” The Ship Carpenters, with three beautiful banners, each with a suitable motto. Darlington Band. The Shoe-makers, a fine silk flag, showing the arms of the trade. The Joiners and House Carpenters, the arms of the two trades painted on a gorgeous banner, with suitable inscription on each side. The Potters, with six silk flags, admirably got up, especially one painted by the females at Stafford Pottery, South Stockton, which bore the following inscription:—

“Liberty is sweeter than the most delicious flowers.”

The Weavers, their arms on a beautiful banner, and also two silk flags, with inscriptions. The Grocers, a splendid banner, displaying the following inscription:—

“Heaven speed the canvass gallantly unfurl’d
To furnish and accommodate a world;
To give the Pole the produce of the sun,
And knit the unsocial climates into one.”

The Tailors, a costly banner, with their arms and an inscription. The Masons and Bricklayers, their arms united in a tasteful and expressive manner. Band. The Founders, a banner, with painting representing Old Sarum and Gatton recast into Manchester and Birmingham. The Nailors, with a banner, bearing the following emphatic verse:—

“We’ve struck the borough-mongers dead,
We’ve hit the right nail on the head;
But if that nail be struck in vain,
With Vulcan force we’ll strike again.”

The Ropers, their arms and inscription. The Printers, with a beautifully-painted banner, representing a printing-press in the form of John Bull—underneath, “The Man that has the Whip hand of ‘em all,” and above, “The Liberty of the Press” with the Printer’s Devil in a corner. Band. The Sawyers, with a fine banner and their arms. Then followed the Lead Founders and Rollers, the Painters, the Plumbers, the Cork Cutters, the Millwrights, and the Woolcombers, all severally bearing beautiful banners with inscriptions. After perambulating the town, the procession moved to “The Square,” where every one that formed it sat down to an excellent dinner of roast beef and plum pudding, with a liberal allowance of ale.

The dinner was set out on 13 tiers of tables, Robert Lamb, Esq., the mayor, being Chairman at one end, and G. W. Sutton, Esq., of Elton, Vice Chairman at the other. After the repast, several loyal and other toasts were drank, interspersed with patriotic airs by the bands. The ladies were not forgot on the occasion, as they were regaled, at the same time, at various places in the open air, with tea and plum cake. Similar rejoicings took place both at Hartburn and Billingham.

The new burial ground in Yarm Lane opened.

Eighty vessels belong to the port. Tonnage, 7970.

Dec. 21 and 22. Joseph Pease, Esq., and John Bowes, Esq., returned members of parliament for the southern division of the county of Durham. Mr. Pease was the first Quaker who entered parliament.

Aug. 26. About four o'clock in the morning, one of the most dreadful showers of hail ever experienced fell, demolishing glass alone to upwards of £200. Great damage done to gardens and orchards in the vicinity.

1834, Jan. 16. The first cargo of "Crow Trees Wallsend" coals were shipped at the Clarence Railway Co.'s Staithes, on board the brig "Elizabeth", for London.

The "Commercial Shipping Company," the "General Shipping Company," and the "North York and London Shipping Company" formed.

Oct. 16. Mr. Matthew Brown died here, aged 100 years.

Nov. 18. The foundation stone of the new church laid by Charles Thorpe, B.D., the venerable the archdeacon of Durham, accompanied and assisted by the mayor, &c., in the presence of a vast concourse of spectators. Dedicated to the Holy Trinity.

1835, Jan. 13. Joseph Pease, Esq., and John Bowes, Esq., again returned members for South Durham.

May. A subscription made here to reward the gallant and heroic George Robinson, of Redcar, pilot, for putting to sea in a small boat, on the 9th of December, and saving the lives of two boys who had been left by the Life Boat which had rescued the rest of the crew, lashed to the rigging of the brig Mowbray, of Sunderland, wrecked near the former place. A silver tankard was purchased, with an appropriate inscription on it, and presented to him by R. Dickson, Esq., in the names of the Stockton subscribers.

Sept. 8. A gentleman lost a £5 note in the town street, and did not miss it until he got to Darlington. He immediately returned and commenced a diligent search, and found it on the spot where he supposed he had lost it. It had laid upwards of six and a half hours.

Dec. 22. The new church, in Yarm Lane, dedicated to the Holy Trinity, was consecrated by the Lord Bishop of St. David's. The mayor, &c., walked in procession from the town hall to the church, which was completely filled.

Dec. 26. The first election of Councillors under the Municipal Reform Act.

1836. Feb. 17. A tremendous hurricane from the north-east. The Tees rose higher here than was ever known, and did immense damage on both sides of the river, flowing into several dwellings, and washing quantities of goods away. On the carrs, South Stockton, it was six and eight feet deep. Several houses were surrounded with water in the lower stories, the families being unable to leave their homes for two days except by boats. Vessels broke from their moorings and drifted against the bridge, causing great damage to each other. Great fears were, at one time, entertained for the bridge from the vessels driving against it. The tide flowed so rapidly that cattle were saved with difficulty by persons who had themselves narrow escapes. Part of the railway between Stockton and Middlesbro' was washed away. At Middlesbro' the loss was great, the pottery alone sustained damage to the amount of £1,000; it was immersed in water four feet deep. A vessel, Emma Hall, of Sunderland, drifted into a field and was left there by the tide.

Aug. The business of the old established bank of Messrs. Skinner & Co., transferred to the National Provincial Bank of England.

Dec. 11. Mr. T. S. Ward died, aged 100 years.

1836. One hundred and twenty-six vessels belong the port. Tonnage, 17,394.

1837. Feb. 6. As John Harris, Esq. was passing over Stockton bridge, a furious ox which was being driven to a slaughter house, came suddenly on to the bridge and made an attack on him. As there was no other way of escape, he throw himself over the parapet of the bridge, where he sustained himself in his perilous position by his hands and feet until the animal, defeated in his attack, passed on.

June. Queen Victoria proclaimed at Stockton.

Aug. 1. Joseph Pease, Esq., and John Bowes, Esq., again elected members for the southern division of the county.

July 21. The James, of Perth, John McLaren, master, whilst lying at the Clarence Staithes was discovered to have smoke issuing from her hatchway. The vessel was hailed, and the master and mate came upon deck from the cabin. Finding the vessel on fire, they immediately proceeded to the forecandle to awake the other hands, comprising three men and a boy; but melancholy to relate they found the men and boy dead, from having been suffocated by the smoke. The fire was immediately extinguished. It had arisen from one of the coal trimmers having left a candle on the previous evening sticking against the side of the vessel. Verdict, "accidental death." The funeral of the poor fellows was attended by some hundreds of persons.

The port exported coal, 114,827 tons coastwise and 46,407 tons foreign.

Nov. 6. The steamer tug, Freedom, of this port, whilst towing two vessels out of the Tees, burst her boiler, blew up, and almost immediately sank. Part of the boiler was blown so high and with such force as to cut off the topgallant mast of the nearest vessel. The master was blown up with the boat and lost his life, and other two men were much injured.

Stockton and London Shipping Company formed.

1838. The Stockton and Durham County Bank established.

553 Sittings in the parish church set apart and declared free for ever.

May 18. Holy Trinity church opened for divine service.

June 29. Great rejoicings in celebration of Her Majesty's coronation.

July. Twenty-seven large cases, containing machinery for the manufacture of linen, attempted to be exported to Rotterdam, were seized by the comptroller of the Customs.

1839, March 18. Great North of England, Clarence, and Hartlepool Junction Railway opened.

The Stockton and Cleveland Shipping Company formed.

March 19. An engine and two coaches ran off the Clarence Railway near Bishop Middleham. The engine dragged one of the coaches half way down the embankment after it, when the

coupling chain broke. The engineman, fireman, and guard were killed ; but the passengers were unhurt.

No. 30. Foundation stone of the Corporation Hall on the north side of Dovecot-street, laid by Thomas Jennett, Esq.

July. In digging a bond pond on the Carrs, South Stockton, the remains of a forest, some trees of great thickness, and a cannon ball were found.

1840, Feb. 10. Great rejoicing in celebration of the marriage of Her Majesty with Prince Albert.

June 16. Four waggons laden with valuable merchandise from the London steamer at Middlesbro' when proceeding by rail to Stockton were discovered to be on fire, and the whole was consumed. Estimated loss of goods, £1000. The fire was supposed to have originated from a spark from the chimney of the locomotive engine.

June 29. Robert Taylor, alias Lord Kennedy, tried at Durham, and convicted of bigamy. When committed, the police knew of six of his marriages, and there were several others which were not at that time known. He married the sister of a respectable Primitive methodist at Stockton. When this gay and heartless deceiver led this young lady to the church at Acklam, where he was married by license, he had contracted marriage with Miss Jane Summers and Miss Dawson, two young ladies residing at Stockton, and arrangements had been made for the marriages to take place the following week. The wedding garments of both the ladies were in the course of preparation.

June. The Floating Light at the entrance of the Tees brought here to be coppered, and when hauled on the patent slipway, upwards of seven tons of mussels were found adhering to the bottom, and they were sold for manure.

Sept. 27. The ceremony of adult baptism performed in Holy Trinity Church by the Rev. H. K. Collinson, on Miss Special, a member of the Society of Friends.

272 vessels belong the port—tonnage 51,386.

Very Special!

Oct. 3. Corporation Hall opened by a brilliant fete given by the mayor, T. Jennett, Esq., and the principal inhabitants.

Dec. Died at Norton, aged 105, Mary Wilkinson.

1841, Feb. 9. Stockton and Hartlepool Railway opened. The viaduct of this railway at Greatham has ninety-two arches, and it is about half a mile long.

March 23. A spontaneous combustion of a quantity of oats set fire to a stable in West Row, occupied by Mr. Charlton, bacon factor.

May 31. Foundation stone of the Roman Catholic Church of St. Mary, north end of the town, laid in the presence of 2000 persons.

July. The Lords of the Treasury, on the memorial of the mayor, &c. raised the town from a fourth to a third class port.

July 10. Lord Harry Vane and John Bowes, Esq., elected members of the southern division of the county after a severe contest. James Farrer, Esq., was the defeated candidate. This election was the most expensive that ever took place in South Durham. Mr. Bowes afterwards declared that his expenses during this and the preceding contest cost £30,000.

Oct. 19. A man named Robinson attempted twice, between seven and eight o'clock in the morning, to shoot Mr. Harrison, grocer, of this town, near the "Brown Jug Inn," Norton road, but the pistols not going off, he went behind the inn, drew a third one from his pocket, and shot himself through the heart.

Oct. 31. A new organ (built by Thomas Charlton, Stockton,) in the Wesleyan Methodist chapel opened.

Nov. 10. Great rejoicings on receiving the intelligence of the birth of the Prince of Wales.

Population, 9,825.

1842, Jan. 25. In celebration of the christening of the Prince of Wales there was a general holiday here. During the day, which was uncommonly fine, the whole of the shops were closed, while the bells of the parish church rang many a merry peal, and three bands of music belonging to the town paraded the streets, playing airs appropriate for the occasion. Public dinners were held at various places, and in the evening there was a ball at the Town Hall Assembly Rooms. In the afternoon, however, the streets had rather a deserted appearance, as a great part of the population of the town went to enjoy the sports got up for that day at Portrack Lake, situate nearly a mile to the east of Stockton, where there was a beautiful sheet of ice, about a mile in circumference. Here above one thousand persons enjoyed the pleasures of skating, bounding over the extensive "glassy plain," which had been neatly swept for the occasion, in all directions, while nearly another thousand individuals, of both sexes, covered the banks on the west side of the lake, enjoying the pleasing scene

as spectators. The lake at this time had, at a distance, the appearance of a fair or race course;—indeed, two races on skates for legs of mutton excited considerable interest. The gingerbread, orange, and other stalls set out on the ice had plenty of customers, as likewise had those who retailed cigars, porter, spirituous liquors, &c. Amongst the motley groups of those who exhibited articles for sale, the penny-piemen, bawling “hot pies,” and the oystermen, calling “fresh oysters,” equally as loud and sonorous, were the most amusing. During a great part of the afternoon, too, the Stockton Amateur Band promenaded the ice, performing popular airs while skating, for the entertainment of those present. Altogether, such a scene was never before witnessed in the neighbourhood of Stockton, and it appeared to be highly enjoyed by every one who witnessed it. Most of the fair sex of Stockton were present, above three hundred of whom were on the ice at one time, walking three or four abreast, apparently without the least apprehension of danger. Rejoicings in celebration of the event took place at Hartburn, where one hundred and ten bushels of coals were distributed to the poor, and half a bushel of potatoes to each of them.

Jan. 26. As Robert Simpson, farmer, Newport, was returning home late in the evening, he saw three men come from behind his house with bags on their backs, and supposing the men to be stealing corn, he gave chase with the assistance of his men. They threw the bags down and ran, but one of them was captured. On examining the place, leaf tobacco was found in the bags; several other bags were found, weighing altogether 5,948lbs., which were sent to the Custom House.

Jan. 29. Two brothers, named Robert and Thomas Swales, aged thirteen and eleven years, drowned whilst sliding on Portrack lake. The eldest broke in first, and the youngest, in helping him out, got in also. On the 31st some hundreds, old and young, followed them to their silent homes.

May 20. A well, formerly belonging to the castle, and supposed to have been closed for nearly two centuries, was discovered by Mr. Smith in his garden in Cottage row.

July 7. New Roman Catholic Church of St. Mary opened.

July 9. Congratulatory address sent to the Queen on her happy escape from assassination by a man named Franci.

July. About this time Mr. Sutton, of Elton, presented a portrait of Jeremy Taylor, to the University of Durham.

Aug. 22. His Royal Highness the Duke of Cambridge arrived here on his way to Wynyard, to be present at the festivities consequent on the coming of age of Lord Seaham. The Corporation presented the Royal Duke with an address in the Town Hall. He then proceeded to the Assembly room, where an elegant collation was prepared, of which a distinguished party, including the Marchioness of Londonderry and other ladies, partook. His Royal Highness afterwards went to Wynyard amidst the cheers of the inhabitants.

Oct. 27. Died here, aged 103, Mrs. Jane Farrow.

Nov. 15. The first coals from Brancepeth Park colliery sent *via* West Durham and Clarence Railways for shipment here.

Nov. 28. The Rev. John Brewster, M.A., the Historian of Stockton, died at Eaglescliffe, aged 89.

The quantity of coal shipped here this year, was—Foreign, 180,265 tons; coastwise, 1,501,596 tons.

1843, Feb. 23. The members of the Wynyard Hunt gave a dinner to the Marquis of Londonderry and Lord Seaham on their relinquishing the mastership of the hounds. The pack was sold to Mr. Russell, of Brancepeth.

April. The Marchioness of Londonderry published, by subscription, "A Journal of a three months' Tour in Portugal, Spain, Africa, &c." The proceeds were devoted to the establishment of a dispensary at Seaham Harbour.

June 16. A Regatta held, which excited considerable interest.

1844, Feb. 7. The first shipment of coals from Coxhoe colliery took place here with some rejoicing.

March 15. Mr. Thomas Hutchinson, an eminent railway contractor, killed by a train of waggons on the Clarence railway, near Sedgfield.

May 27. The Suspension Bridge, having proved insufficient for the traffic of the Stockton & Darlington Railway, it was taken down, and on this day the first train of waggons passed over the new iron bridge erected in its stead.

July 6. A Regatta here, attended by a large number of spectators. The proceedings concluded with a ball in the evening.

Aug. About this time the Clarence Railway, which had proved unprofitable, and had been offered for sale by the

Public Works Loan Commissioners' was leased for 21 years by the Stockton and Hartlepool Company.

Oct. 3. The Durham County Cattle Show held here.

Nov. The dues payable to the Navigation Company by vessels entering the river were altogether discontinued by the Stockton and Darlington Railway Company, who had taken a lease of the toll. This arrangement terminated with the expiration of the lease, April 30th, 1853.

Stockton Shipping Company dissolved and the vessels sold by auction.

1845, Jan. 6. Seaham, a subport of Stockton, transferred to Sunderland; and Hartlepool, also a subport of Stockton, became a distinct port of the sixth class.

Oct. 29. Mr. Chapman, M.P., and Captain Washington, two of the commissioners appointed to enquire into the state of the tidal harbours of the United Kingdom, sat here to receive evidence connected with the river Tees.

1846, Jan. 27. A Free Trade soiree was held. It was numerously attended, and upwards of £100 subscribed towards the League Fund.

May 8. Died at Whickham, aged 67, the Rev. George Newby, M.A., rector of that parish, previously vicar of Stockton, and for twenty years master of the Grammar School at Witton-le-Wear. The scholars of Mr. Newby, afterwards raised a handsome sum for a memorial of the deceased, and, besides the erection of a monument, a scholarship of £21 a year was founded in his name at the University of Durham.

June. At the beginning of this month, the Stockton and Durham County Banking Companies declined business in favour of the National Provincial Bank of England.

June 4. The Middlesbro' and Redcar Railway opened with the same engine—the "Active"—that was used at the opening of the Stockton & Darlington Railway, Sept. 27, 1825.

June 21. William, Charles, and Thomas Travis, and Thomas Westall, a waterman, drowned by the upsetting of a boat on the Tees below Middlesbro', on their way from Hartlepool.

June 27. Mr. Thomas Jennett, printer and bookseller, died. His funeral was attended by a public procession of all the principal inhabitants. He was several times mayor of the Borough.

1846-7. Bishopton Church re-built and enlarged at the sole cost (about £11,000) of the vicar, the Rev. Thomas Burton Holgate. It was opened about Feb., 1848.

1847. County Court established.

Jan. Lord Harry Vane and John Bowes, Esq., elected members for the southern division of the county.

Jan. 18. The birthday of the Marquis of Londonderry celebrated at Wynyard with extraordinary magnificence. Amongst the distinguished company present on the occasion was Prince Napoleon, now Emperor of the French, and there was a grand ball in the evening.

Feb. A prospectus issued of the London, Northumberland, and Durham Coal Company, which proposed uniting the collieries in Northumberland and Durham into a Joint Stock Company, the capital being estimated at 16 millions and the profit to be limited to ten per cent.

Mar. 25. The Rev. Thomas Grey, vicar, son of the late Bishop of Bristol, appointed Bishop of the Cape of Good Hope.

April. National School in the Square opened.

Aug. 5. Lord Harry Vane and James Farrow, Esq., elected members for the southern division of the county without opposition.

Sept. 2. A grand banquet at Wynyard on the marriage of Lady Alexandra Vane to the Earl of Portarlington. On the following day a splendid ball and supper took place, to which nearly all the leading inhabitants of the district were invited.

Sept. 23. The first grand cricket match between the All England Eleven and twenty-two of this town took place on the ground near Livesome or Lousy Lane. Above 3000 people were present. It terminated as follows:—All England, 173; Stockton, 129.

Sept. The friends of Mr. Thomas Wren, corn merchant, met in the Assembly-room, Town Hall, on the occasion of presenting that gentleman with a splendid silver tea and coffee service. Upwards of eighty gentlemen sat down to a dessert and wines in celebration of the event. The Mayor, John Crosby, Esq., occupied the chair, with Robert Page Seymour, Esq., as vice. On the right of the chairman sat Mr. Wren, and on his left, T. H. Faber, Esq., on whom devolved the pleasing duty of presenting to Mr. Wren the superb testimony of his neighbours' regard. Mr. Faber entered fully into the motives which had induced the friends of Mr. Wren to make

recognition of his public and private worth, and paid a well-merited eulogium on his unswerving integrity and honour, and he added, under feelings of strong excitement, "It further shows to those who have recently dragged you before the tribunal of justice, on the grand charge of perjury, that this large and highly respectable company, by their presence on this interesting occasion, in addition to this superb testimonial, repudiate and despise the insinuation as false, base, and dishonourable." Mr. Faber, on resuming his seat, was applauded by the company, as in one voice, by a general and spontaneous cheer. After a short pause, Mr. Wren rose, evidently under strong emotion, and briefly acknowledged the compliment paid him, by stating that such a splendid present as the one just handed to him was wholly unmerited on his part, and far beyond his power adequately to acknowledge. The kind feeling which had induced his friends to confer upon him this superb present was such as should never be erased from his memory, and he could say that it was received by him with great pride and satisfaction, particularly under the circumstances alluded to by his friend, Mr. Faber. He (Mr. Wren) could not express how highly he appreciated the gift of that day; he hoped it would be held by his family as a sacred trust, and incite them to conduct themselves in all their transactions in life in such a manner as to merit the good esteem of all around them. He then sat down amidst enthusiastic cheering. On one side of each piece of plate was beautifully inscribed the following:—"To Thomas Wren, of Stockton-on-Tees, miller and corn merchant, in public recognition of his high and unimpeachable honour and integrity." On the other side:—"Presented together with three corresponding pieces of plate, by his friends in Stockton, Darlington, Yarm, Newcastle, Sunderland, and other towns, the amount of subscription being limited to 5s. each. September, 1847."

1848, Sept. 19. A grand Bazaar held here in aid of the funds of the new church erected at Thorpe. The Marchioness of Londonderry presided at the principal stall. The entire proceeds were £500. The church was consecrated Nov. 4th, 1849, by the Bishop of Durham.

A sturgeon, weighing eight and a half stones and measuring seven feet five inches in length, caught at Yarm, and sent alive to Darlington.

1849. The price of gas reduced from 6s. 10d. to 5s. 10d. per 1000 cubic feet. A further reduction of 10 per cent. made in September.

March 9. Died in London, Anthony White, Esq., a native of Norton. He was an eminent medical practitioner, and twice president of the College of Surgeons.

June. About this time Mr. Samuel Roxby purchased the theatres in the Stockton circuit.

Sept. 9. Edward Marsh Heavisides died.

Oct. Mr. Ranger, one of the inspectors of the Board of Health, held court here to inquire into the state of the town.

1850, Jan. Chamber of Commerce established.

Feb. Meeting held, and resolutions passed to support an Exhibition of all nations in 1851. C. Trotter, Esq., chairman of the local committee. £95 subscribed for this purpose.

The port contained 182 vessels, tonnage 27,384.

1851. The Clarence Railway Company agreed to lease their line in perpetuity to the Stockton and Hartlepool Company at $2\frac{1}{2}$ per cent on the share capital, the lessees paying off the government and other debts.

Jan. 21. A weekly fair for the sale of cattle, sheep, &c. established in lieu of the fortnightly one.

Feb. 18. A meeting of the inhabitants to take consideration the defalcations of the collector of property and income tax, and it was agreed to make up the amount.

The Borough and County Police amalgamated, and a police station erected in West Row.

Stockton and Hartlepool Mercury established.

July 25. Whilst a party of gentlemen were drinking champagne together in the Bridge Hotel, Sunderland, some practical joking took place amongst them, in the course of which Mr. Buchanan, ship-builder, threw a tumbler glass at Mr. Christopher John Spence, timber merchant, of this place. The missile hit Mr. Spence on the head, and wounded him so severely that he died about nine days afterwards. Mr. Buchanan was tried for the offence at the ensuing assizes, and acquitted.

July 30. Durham County Agricultural Show held here.

The Union Workhouse in Portrack Lane erected.

Population, 10,172, inhabited houses 1,975, uninhabited houses, 128, 3 building.

The viaduct at Yarm, acknowledged to be the finest in the kingdom, built by the contractors, Messrs. James Trowsdale and Co.

1852, March 4. At Durham assizes, Robert Welch, comptroller, and Michael Young, chief clerk at the Custom-house, Stockton, were convicted of embezzlement, and severally sentenced to ten years' transportation. Young was afterwards pardoned.

The Stockton Extension and Improvement Act passed.

May 15. The opening of the Leeds Northern Railway celebrated at Stockton with great rejoicings. The Borough Hall was also opened. The day was kept as a holiday.

June 30. The Bill for the amalgamation of the Stockton and Hartlepool Railway and the Clarence Railway and the Hartlepool Harbour and Docks received the Royal assent.

July 15. Lord Harry Vane and James Farrer, Esq., elected without opposition members of the southern division of the county.

July 21. A collision between the passenger train from Ferryhill to this town, and a Leeds Northern luggage train, at Norton, by which two carriages were shattered to pieces. Mr. Grainger, of Edinburgh, had both his legs broken, and died of his injuries on the 25th. Two ladies, residing at Kelso, had each a leg broken, and one of them expired a few days after. Several other persons were injured.

July. The New Merchants' Shipping Company formed.

Aug. 3. The day appointed by the Mayor for celebrating the successful issue of the Stockton Borough Extension Bill, the Tees Conservancy Bill, and the Stockton Dock Bill. The day was observed as a holiday by the inhabitants. Almost every house was decorated with banners, salutes of cannon were fired, and a grand procession, with bands of music, proceeded through the principal streets to the Green, where no fewer than 4,500 persons were gratuitously provided with a substantial dinner. The ladies also celebrated the event by having tea parties at various places in the open air.

Dec. 25. During a destructive hurricane, the upper part of the spire of Holy Trinity Church was blown down, and much damage done by the falling in of the roof.

The Corporation Hall purchased by the 'Mechanics' Institute for £1,100.

First iron Shipbuilding yard commenced at South Stockton.

1853, Jan. 7. Died at Elton, aged 117, Mary Benton. She could see to read without spectacles to the last.

Jan. 11. During a squall, a boat, containing four men upset; three of the party, named Wilson, Harle, and Williamson, were drowned.

Jan. 13. A dinner given to Charles Trotter, Esq., mayor, in acknowledgment of his valuable services to the town, Alderman Skinner presided, and a numerous party sat down on the occasion.

Feb. 11. One of the heaviest falls of snow for some years commenced this day, and continued for about a week. The roads were blocked, and several lives were lost in various parts of the county.

1853. Ragged School established in Castlegate.

Ships belonging to the port 177, tonnage 31,857.

1854. March 9. Marquis of Londonderry died, and was buried at Longnewton.

July 19. Died at Kilvington, Yorkshire, aged 80, Thomas Meynell, Esq., chairman of the Stockton & Darlington Railway from its commencement.

Nov. 9. The extensive corn mill and granaries of Messrs. Wren & Sons burnt to the ground. Damage nearly £5,000. Every exertion was made by the inhabitants of Stockton to arrest the progress of the flames, but to no purpose, as the fire, having broken out in the night time, had got too strong hold.

Twenty-six registered steam vessels, 4053 tons burthen, and 158 sailing vessels, 28,603 tonnage, belong to the port.

Twelve British and 55 foreign vessels cleared from Stockton, containing 4,634 tons of coal and 1224 tons of coke.

1855, April 23. Died at North Shields, aged 78, Mr. Wm. Richmond, shipowner. He was born at Stockton, and commenced life as a cabin boy, but gradually succeeded in obtaining a small competence, and in acquiring no inconsiderable store of learning. In literature, his compositions, generally controversial in nature, were animated and nervous. His chief work, "A series of Maritime and Mercantile Tables," illustrative of Reciprocity Treaties, was a most laborious

undertaking, and its production cost upwards of £500. He was a member of the New Corporation of Tynemouth, and was held in general estimation. His death was very widely regretted in the district.

The Races revived at Mandale this year.

1856, Oct. 6. The premises of Mr. Samuel Braithwaite, grocer, Silver-street, destroyed by fire. Damage about £6000. Mr. S. Braithwaite and his family, who lived on the premises, were, with great difficulty, rescued in their night clothes.

A handsome testimonial of silver plate presented by the inhabitants to Wm. Richardson, Esq., at the Town Hall, where the subscribers sat down to a sumptuous dinner.

1857, April 3. Henry Pease, Esq., and Lord Harry Vane elected members for the Southern division of the county, after a spirited contested with James Farrer, Esq. Final state of the poll—Pease, 2,570—Vane, 2,545—Farrer, 2091. On the 20th, a dinner was given at the Sun inn, Darlington, to celebrate the event. Upwards of 200 persons sat down.

Sept. 4. The Durham Agricultural Cattle Show held here.

1858, Sept. 23. The new church at South Stockton, dedicated to St. Paul, erected. Estimated cost, £3000.

1859, Jan. 25. The centenary of Burns celebrated by a Grand Dinner at the Vane Arms Hotel. Upwards of ninety persons were present, including most of the influential gentlemen in the town and neighbourhood. John Hansell Wren, Esq., the mayor, presided, the Rev. A. Stewart, minister of the Presbyterian Free Church, vice-president. The dinner was of first-rate quality, and not the least conspicuous dish on the table was a "Scotch Haggis." On the removal of the cloth, there was a plentiful supply of Corporation punch, the gift of the chairman, who introduced the usual loyal toasts. Mr. Farquharson, surgeon, proposed the toast of the evening, "The Memory of Burns," which was done in a feeling speech, suitable to the subject. "A man's a man for a' that," was then sung by Mr. Brown, followed by "Lines to the Memory of Burns" written by Mr. H. Heavisides, and recited by him. Mr. Burgess, of Stokesley, proposed "The surviving members of the Burns family." Mr. Hey then sang "Scots wha hae," after which John Hogg, Esq., barrister, gave "The British Poets" connecting the toast with the name of Mr. Heavisides, and thanks for his poem. Dr. Keenlyside, the Rev. A. Stewart, Dr. Tinniswood, Charles Trotter, Esq., Joseph Dodds, Esq.,

Dr. Keith, Wm. Richardson, Esq., and others, also proposed or responded to toasts during the evening, which was spent in the most agreeable and social manner.

Henry Pease, Esq., and James Farrer, Esq., elected members of the southern division of the county, Lord Harry Vane having retired from the contest.

1860. Grand Polytechnic Exhibition held in the Borough Hall here.

1863, March 10th. The celebration of the marriage of the Prince of Wales with the Princess Alexandra celebrated here by a procession of the children belonging to the various schools in the town, numbering about 3,000, who displayed numerous banners and flags on the occasion, accompanied by bands of music. After the procession had paraded the principal streets, the whole of the children were regaled with tea and plum cake at various places in the town. The Moss Rose Order of Free Gardeners had also a procession and in the evening a great number of houses were illuminated and displayed a variety of beautiful transparencies.

Aug. The Yorkshire Agricultural Society's Show held on the Carrs, South Stockton. At the foot of Castlegate, a pontoon bridge was thrown across the river, and for persons crossing it, at one penny each, a very large sum was taken.

1864, April 23. The Shakspeare Tercentenary celebrated here in the Borough Hall, by a dramatic performance from the "Merchant of Venice," the characters being ably sustained by amateurs. On the occasion the whole of Locke's beautiful music in *Macbeth* was sung by Amateur vocalists with the accompaniments. The hall was crowded, and the profit of the performance amounted to £80.

1865, April. The Temperance Hall opened.

J. W. Pease, Esq., and Captain Surtees elected members for the southern division of the county, after a spirited contest with Captain F. Blackett Beaumont. Final state of the poll for Stockton :—Pease, 446; Beaumont, 408; Surtees, 396. Final state of the poll for the division :—Pease, 3,397; Surtees, 6,196; Beaumont, 2,930.

SUBSCRIBERS' NAMES.

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